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# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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NO. I.

## VENICE.

It is a great pleasure to write the word; but I am not sure there is not a certain impudence in pretending to add anything to it. Venice has been painted and described many thousands of times, and of all the cities of the world it is the easiest to visit without going there. Open the first book and you will find a rhapsody about it; step into the first picture-dealer's and you will find three or four high-colored "views" of it. There is nothing more to be said about it. Every one has been there, and every one has brought back a collection of photographs. There is as little mystery about the Grand Canal as about our local thoroughfare; and the name of St. Mark is as familiar as the postman's ring. It is not forbidden, however, to speak of familiar things, and I believe that, for the true Venice-lover, Venice is always in order. There is nothing new to be said about it certainly, but the old is better than any novelty. It would be a sad day, indeed, when there should be anything new to say. I write these lines with the full consciousness of having no information whatever to offer. I do not pretend to enlighten the reader; I pretend only to give a filip to his memory; and I hold any writer sufficiently justified who is himself in love with his topic.

### I.

MR. RUSKIN has given it up, that is very true; but it is only after extracting half a life-time of pleasure and an immeasurable quantity of fame from it. We all may do the same, after it has served our turn, which it probably will not cease to do for many a year to come. Meantime, it is Mr. Ruskin who, beyond any one, helps us to enjoy. He has, indeed, lately produced several aids to depres-

sion in the shape of certain little humorous—ill-humorous—pamphlets (the series of "St. Mark's Rest"), which embody his latest reflections on the subject of Venice and describe the latest atrocities that have been perpetrated there. These latter are numerous and deeply regrettable; but to admit that they have spoiled Venice would be to admit that Venice is easily spoiled,—an admission pregnant, as it seems to us, with disloyalty. Fortunately, one reacts against the Ruskinian contagion, and one hour of the lagoon is worth a hundred pages of demoralized prose. This queer, late-coming prose of Mr. Ruskin (including the revised and condensed issue of the "Stones of Venice," only one little volume of which has appeared, or, perhaps, will ever appear) is all to be read, though much of it seems to be addressed to children of tender age. It is pitched in the nursery-key, and might be supposed to emanate from an angry government. It is, however, all suggestive, and much of it is delightfully just. There is an inconceivable want of form in it, though the author has spent his life in laying down the principles of form, and scolding people for departing from them; but it throbs and flashes with the love of his subject,—a love disconcerted and abjured, but which has still some of the force of inspiration. Among the many strange things that have befallen Venice, she has had the good fortune to become the object of a passion to a man of splendid genius, who has made her his own, and, in doing so, has made her the world's. There is no better reading at Venice, therefore, as I say, than Ruskin, for every true Venice-lover can separate the wheat from the chaff. The narrow theological spirit, the moralism *à tout propos*, the queer provincialities and pruderies, are mere wild weeds in a mountain of flowers. One may

doubtless be very happy in Venice without reading at all,—without criticising or analyzing, or thinking a strenuous thought. It is a city in which, I suspect, there is very little strenuous thinking, and yet it is a city in which there must be almost as much happiness as misery. The misery of Venice stands there for all the world to see; it is part of the spectacle,—a thorough-going devotee of local color might consistently say it is part of the pleasure. The Venetian people have little to call their own,—little more than the bare privilege of leading their lives in the most beautiful of towns. Their habitations are decayed; their taxes heavy; their pockets light; their opportunities few. One receives an impression, however, that life presents itself to them with attractions not accounted for in this meager train of advantages, and that they are on better terms with it than many people who have made a better bargain. They lie in the sunshine; they dabble in the sea; they wear bright rags; they fall into attitudes and harmonies; they assist at an eternal *conversazione*. It is not easy to say that one would have them other than they are, and it certainly would make an immense difference should they be better fed. The number of persons in Venice who evidently never have enough to eat is painfully large; but it would be more painful if we did not equally perceive that the rich Venetian temperament may bloom upon a meager diet. Nature has been kind to it, and sunshine and leisure and conversation and beautiful views form the greater part of its sustenance. It takes a great deal to make a successful American; but to make a happy Venetian takes only a handful of quick sensibility. The Italian people have, at once, the good and evil fortune to be conscious of few wants; so that if the civilization of a society is measured by the number of its needs, as seems to be the common opinion to-day, it is to be feared that the children of the lagoon would make but a poor figure in a set of comparative tables. Not their

misery, doubtless, but the way they elude their misery, is what pleases the sentimental tourist, who is gratified by the sight of a beautiful race that lives by the aid of its imagination. The way to enjoy Venice is to follow the example of these people, and make the most of simple pleasures. Almost all the pleasures of the place are simple; this may be maintained even under the imputation of ingenious paradox. There is no simpler pleasure than looking at a fine Titian,—unless it be looking at a fine Tintoretto, or strolling into St. Mark's,—it is abominable, the way one falls into the habit,—and resting one's light-wearied eyes upon the windowless gloom; or than floating in a gondola, or hanging over a balcony, or taking one's coffee at Florian's. It is of these superficial pastimes that a Venetian day is composed, and the pleasure of the matter is in the emotions to which they minister. These, fortunately, are of the finest; otherwise, Venice would be insufferably dull. Reading Ruskin is good; reading the old records is, perhaps, better; but the best thing of all is simply staying on. The only way to care for Venice, as she deserves it, is to give her a chance to touch you often,—to linger and remain and return.

## II.

THE danger is that you will not linger enough,—a danger of which the author of these lines had known something. It is possible to dislike Venice, and to entertain the sentiment in a responsible and intelligent manner. There are travelers who think the place odious, and those who are not of this opinion often find themselves wishing that the others were only more numerous. The sentimental tourist's only quarrel with his Venice is that he has too many competitors there. He likes to be alone; to be original; to have (to himself, at least) the air of making discoveries. The Venice of



VENICE. (FROM THE PAINTING BY D. MARTIN RICO. BY PERMISSION OF A. J. DREXEL.)



A VENETIAN BALCONY.

to-day is a vast museum where the little wicket that admits you is perpetually turning and creaking, and you march through the institution with a herd of fellow-gazers. There is nothing left to discover or describe, and originality of attitude is completely impossible. This is often very annoying; you can only turn your back on your impertinent playfellow and curse his want of delicacy. But this is not the fault of Venice: it is the fault of the rest of the world. The fault of Venice is that, though it is easy to admire it, it is not so easy to live in it. After you have been there a week, and the bloom of novelty has rubbed off, you wonder whether

you can accommodate yourself to the peculiar conditions. Your old habits become impracticable, and you find yourself obliged to form new ones of an undesirable and unprofitable character. You are tired of your gondola (or you think you are), and you have seen all the principal pictures and heard the names of the palaces announced a dozen times by your gondolier, who brings them out almost as impressively as if he were an English butler bawling titles into a drawing-room. You have walked several hundred times around the Piazza, and bought several bushels of photographs. You have visited the antiquity-mongers, whose horrible sign-boards dis-

honor some of the grandest vistas in the Grand Canal; you have tried the opera and found it very bad; you have bathed at the Lido and found the water flat. You have begun to have a shipboard-feeling,—to regard the Piazza as an enormous saloon and the Riva degli Schiavoni as a promenade-deck. You are obstructed and engaged; your desire for space is unsatisfied; you miss your usual exercise. You try to take a walk, and you fail, and meantime, as I say, you have come to regard your gondola as a sort of magnified baby's cradle. You have no desire to be rocked to sleep, though you are sufficiently kept awake by the irritation produced, as you gaze across the shallow lagoon, by the attitude of the perpetual gondolier, with his

ness. The loss is your own, moreover; it is not,—with all deference to your personal attractions,—that of your companions who remain behind; for though there are some disagreeable things in Venice, there is nothing so disagreeable as the visitors. The conditions are peculiar, but your intolerance of them evaporates before it has had time to become a prejudice. When you have called for the bill to go, pay it and remain, and you will find on the morrow that you are deeply attached to Venice. It is by living there from day to day that you feel the fullness of its charm; that you invite its exquisite influence to sink into your spirit. The place is as changeable as a nervous woman, and you know it only when you know all the

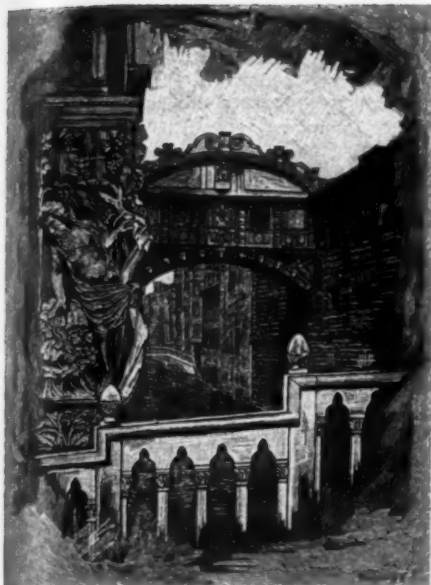


FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN ST. MARK'S SQUARE.

turned-out toes, his protruded chin, his absurdly unscientific stroke. The canals have a horrible smell, and the everlasting Piazza, where you have looked repeatedly at every article in every shop-window and found them all rubbish, where the young Venetians who sell bead-bracelets and "panoramas" are perpetually thrusting their wares at you, where the same tightly buttoned officers are forever sucking the same black weeds, at the same empty tables, in front of the same *caffès*,—the Piazza, as I say, has resolved itself into a sort of magnificent tread-mill. This is the state of mind of those shallow inquirers who find Venice all very well for a week; and if in such a state of mind you take your departure, you act with fatal rash-

aspects of its beauty. It has high spirits or low, it is pale or red, gray or pink, cold or warm, fresh or wan, according to the weather or the hour. It is always interesting and almost always sad; but it has a thousand occasional graces, and is always liable to happy accidents. You become extraordinarily fond of these things; you count upon them; they make part of your life. Tenderly fond you become; there is something indefinable in those depths of personal acquaintance that gradually establish themselves. The place seems to personify itself, to become human and sentient, and conscious of your affection. You desire to embrace it, to caress it, to possess it; and, finally, a soft sense of possession grows up, and your visit becomes a per-

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THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

petual love-affair. It is very true that if you go there, like the author of these lines, about the middle of March, a certain amount of disappointment is possible. He had not been there for several years, and in the interval the beautiful and helpless city had suffered an increase of injury. The barbarians are in full possession, and you tremble for what they may do. You are reminded, from the moment of your arrival, that Venice scarcely exists any more as a city at all; that it exists only as a battered peep-show and bazaar. There

was a horde of savage Germans encamped in the Piazza, and they filled the Ducal Palace and the Academy with their uproar. The English and Americans came a little later. They came in good time, with a great many French, who were discreet enough to make very long repasts at the Caffè Quadri, during which they were out of the way. The months of April and May, of the year 1881, were not, as a general thing, a favorable season for visiting the Ducal Palace and the Academy. The valet-de-place had marked them for his own and held triumphant possession of them. He celebrates his triumphs in a terrible brassy voice, which resounds all over the place, and has, whatever



ST. MARK'S AND THE CAMPANILE.

language he be speaking, the accent of some other idiom. During all the spring months in Venice these gentry abound in the great resorts, and they lead their helpless captives through churches and galleries in dense, ir-

little warrant for regarding it as a religious affair. The restoration of the outer walls, which has lately been so much attacked and defended, is certainly a great shock. Of the necessity of the work only an expert is, I sup-



IN ST. MARK'S.

responsible groups. They infest the Piazza; they pursue you along the Riva; they hang about the bridges and the doors of the *caffés*. In saying just now that I was disappointed at first, I had chiefly in mind the impression that assails me to-day in the whole precinct of St. Mark's. The condition of this ancient sanctuary is surely a great scandal. The peddlers and commissioners ply their trade—often a very unclean one—at the very door of the temple; they follow you across the threshold, into the sacred dusk, and pull your sleeve, and hiss into your ear, scuffling with each other for customers. There is a great deal of dishonor about St. Mark's altogether, and if Venice, as I say, has become a great bazaar, this exquisite edifice is now the biggest booth.

### III.

It is treated as a booth in all ways, and if it had not, somehow, a great spirit of solemnity within it, the traveler would soon have

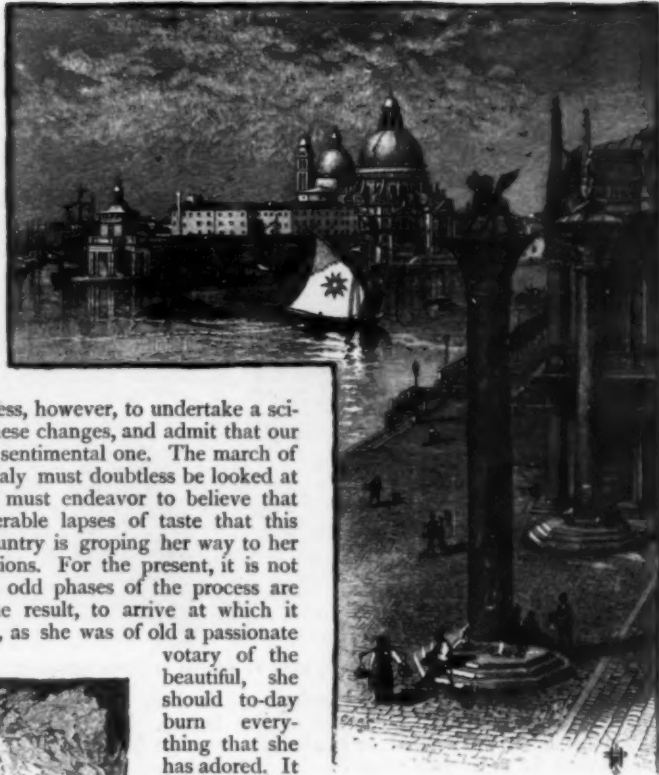
pose, in a position to judge; but there is no doubt that, if a necessity it be, it is a deeply regrettable one. To no more distressing necessity have people of taste lately had to resign themselves. Wherever the hand of the restorer has been laid, all semblance of beauty has vanished, which is a sad fact, considering that the external loveliness of St. Mark's has been for ages less impressive only than that of the still comparatively uninjured interior. I know not what is the measure of necessity in such a case, and it appears indeed to be a very delicate question. To-day, at any rate, that admirable harmony of faded mosaic and marble, which, to the eye of the traveler emerging from the narrow streets that lead to the Piazza, filled all the farther end of it with a sort of dazzling, silvery presence,—to-day this lovely vision is in a way to be completely reformed, and, indeed, well-nigh abolished. The old softness and mellowness of color,—the work of the quiet centuries and of the breath of the salt sea,—is giving way to large, crude patches of new material, which

have the effect of a monstrous malady rather than of a restoration to health. They look like blotches of red and white paint and dishonorable smears of chalk on the cheeks of a noble matron. The face toward the Piazzetta is in especial the newest-looking thing conceivable,—as new as a new pair of boots, or as the morning's paper.

We do not profess, however, to undertake a scientific quarrel with these changes, and admit that our complaint is a purely sentimental one. The march of industry in united Italy must doubtless be looked at as a whole, and one must endeavor to believe that it is through innumerable lapses of taste that this deeply interesting country is groping her way to her place among the nations. For the present, it is not to be denied, certain odd phases of the process are more visible than the result, to arrive at which it seems necessary that, as she was of old a passionate

votary of the beautiful, she should to-day burn everything that she has adored. It is, doubtless, too soon to

judge her, and there are moments when one is willing to forgive her even the restoration of St. Mark's. Inside, as well, there has been a considerable attempt to make the place more tidy; but the general effect, as yet, has not seriously suffered. What I chiefly remember is the straightening out of that dark and rugged old pavement,—those deep undulations of primitive mosaic, in which the wandering tourist was thought to perceive an intended resemblance to the waves of the ocean. Whether intended or not, the analogy was an image the more in a treasure-house of images; but from a considerable portion of the church it has now disappeared. Throughout the greater part, indeed, the pavement remains as recent generations have known it,—dark, rich, cracked, uneven, spotted with porphyry and time-blackened malachite, and polished by the knees of innumerable worshippers; but in other large sections the idea imitated by the restorers is that of the ocean in a dead calm, and the model they have taken, the floor of a London club-house or of a New York hotel. I think no Venetian and scarcely any Italian cares much for such differences; and when, a year ago, people in England were writing to the "Times" about



THE PIAZZETTA.



DESDEMONA'S HOUSE.



RIALTO BRIDGE, BUILT BY ANTONIO DA FONTE, 1588-91.

the whole business, and holding meetings to protest against it, the dear children of the lagoon (so far as they heard, or heeded, the rumor) thought them partly busy-bodies and partly asses. Busy-bodies they doubtless were, but they took a good deal of disinterested trouble. It never occurs to the Venetian mind of to-day that such trouble may be worth taking; the Venetian mind vainly endeavors to conceive a state of existence in which personal questions are so insipid that people have to look for grievances in the wrongs of brick and marble. I must not, however, speak of St. Mark's as if I had the pretension of giving a description of it, or as if the reader desired one. The reader has been too well served already. It is surely the best-described building in the world. Open the "Stones of Venice," open Théophile Gautier's "Italia," and you will see. These writers take it very seriously, and it is only because there is another way of taking it that I venture to speak of it: the way that offers itself after you have been in Venice a couple of months, and the light is not in the great Square, and you pass in under the pictured porticoes, with a feeling of habit and friendliness, and a desire for something cool and dark. There are moments, after all, when the church is comparatively quiet and empty, when you may

sit there with an easy consciousness of its beauty. From the moment, of course, that you go into our Italian church for any purpose but to say your prayers, or look at the ladies, you rank yourself among the trooping barbarians I just spoke of; you treat the place like an orifice in the peep-show. Still, it is almost a spiritual function,—or, at the worst, an amorous one,—to feed one's eyes on the mighty color that drops from the hollow vaults and thickens the air with its richness. It is all so quiet and sad and faded; and yet it is all so brilliant and living. The strange figures in the mosaic pictures, bending with the curve of niche and vault, stare down through the glowing dimness; and the burnished gold that stands behind them catches the light on its little, uneven cubes. St. Mark's owes nothing of its character to the beauty of proportion or perspective; there is nothing grandly balanced or far-arching; there are no long lines nor triumphs of the perpendicular. The church arches indeed; but it arches like a dusky cavern. Beauty of surface, of tone, of detail, of things near enough to touch and kneel upon and lean against,—it is from this the effect proceeds. In this sort of beauty the place is incredibly rich, and you may go there every day and find afresh some lurking pictorial nook. It is a treasury of bits, as

the painters say; and there are usually three or four painters, with their easels set up in uncertain equilibrium, on the undulating floor. It is not easy to catch the real complexion of St. Mark's, and these laudable attempts at portraiture are apt to look either lurid or livid. But, if you cannot paint the old loose-looking marble slabs, the great panels of basalt and jasper, the crucifixes, of which the lonely anguish looks deeper in the vertical light, the tabernacles whose open doors disclose a dark Byzantine image, spotted with dull, crooked gems,—if you cannot paint these things, you can at least grow fond of them. You grow fond even of the old benches of red marble, partly worn away by the breeches of many generations, and attached to the base of those wide pilasters, of which the precious plating, delightful in its faded brownness, with a faint gray bloom upon it, bulges and yawns a little with honorable age.

## IV.

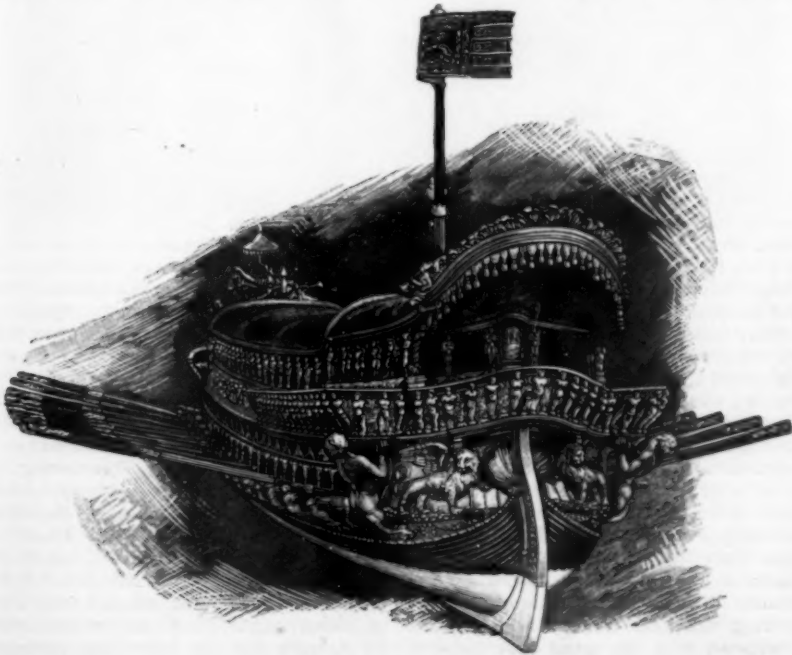
EVEN at first, when the vexatious sense of the city of the Doges having been reduced to earning its living as a curiosity-shop was in its keenness, there was a great deal of entertainment to be got from lodging on the Riva degli Schiavoni and looking out at the far-

shimmering lagoon. There was entertainment indeed in simply getting into the place and observing the queer incidents of a Venetian *aménagement*. A great many persons contribute, indirectly, to this undertaking, and it



SAN GIORGIO MAGGIORE.

is surprising how they spring out at you during your novitiate, to remind you that they are bound up in some mysterious manner with the constitution of your little establishment. It was an interesting problem, for instance, to trace the subtle connection existing between the niece of the landlady and the occupancy of the fourth floor. Superficially,



BUCINTAUR, THE STATE BARGE OF VENICE.



A NARROW CANAL.

it was not easily visible, as the young lady in question was a dancer at the Fenice theater—or when that was closed, at the Rossini—and might have been supposed to be absorbed by her professional duties. It proved to be necessary, however, that she should hover about the premises in a velvet jacket and a pair of black kid gloves, with one little, white button; as, also, that she should apply a thick coating of powder to her face, which had a charming, oval, and a sweet, weak expression, like that of most of the Venetian young girls, who, as a general thing (it was not a peculiarity of the landlady's niece), are fond of besmearing themselves with flour. It soon became plain that it is not only the wavy-twinkling lagoon that you behold from a habitation on the Riva; you see a little of everything Venetian. Straight across, before my windows, rose the great pink mass of San Giorgio Maggiore, which, for an ugly

Palladian church, has a success beyond all reason. It is a success of position, of color, of the immense detached Campanile, tipped with a tall, gold angel. I know not whether it is because San Giorgio is so grandly conspicuous, and because it has a great deal of worn, faded-looking brick-work; but for many persons the whole place has a kind of suffusion of rosiness. If we were asked what is the leading color at Venice we should say pink, and yet after all we cannot remember that this elegant tint occurs very often. It is a faint, shimmering, airy, watery pink; the bright sea-light seems to flash with it, and the pale whitish-green of lagoon and canal to drink it in. There is, indeed, in Venice a great deal of very evident brick-work, which is never fresh nor loud in color, but always burnt out, as it were, always exquisitely mild. There are certain little mental pictures that rise before the sentimental tourist at the simple mention, written or

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spoken, of the places he has loved. When I hear, when I see, the magical name I have written above these pages, it is not of the great Square that I think, with its strange basilica and its high arcades, nor of the wide mouth of the Grand Canal, with the stately steps and the well-poised dome of the Salute; it is not of the low lagoon, nor the sweet Piazzetta, nor the dark chambers of St. Mark's. I simply see a narrow canal in the heart of the city,—a patch of green water and a surface of pink wall. The gondola moves slowly; it gives a great, smooth swerve, passes under a bridge, and the gondolier's cry, carried over the quiet water, makes a kind of splash in the stillness. A girl is passing over the little bridge, which has an arch like a camel's back,

looking at it from his window, when he is not floating about with that delightful sense of being for the moment a part of it, which any gentleman in a gondola is free to entertain. Venetian windows and balconies are a dreadful lure, and while you rest your elbows on these cushioned ledges the precious hours fly away. But, in truth, Venice is not, in fair weather, a place for concentration of mind. The effort required for sitting down to a writing-table is heroic, and the brightest page of MS. looks dull beside the brilliancy of your *milieu*. All nature beckons you forth, and murmurs to you sophistically that such hours should be devoted to collecting impressions. Afterward, in ugly places, at unprivileged times, you can convert your



MONKS GOING TO THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE, ON THE FÊTE OF SANTO ANTONIO.  
(FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF PAINTING BY MISS CLARA MONTALBA.)

with an old shawl on her head, which makes her look charming; you see her against the sky as you float beneath. The pink of the old wall seems to fill the whole place; it sinks even into the opaque water. Over the wall is a garden, out of which the long arm of a white June rose—the roses of Venice are splendid—has flung itself by way of spontaneous ornament. On the other side of this small water-way is a great, shabby façade of gothic windows and balconies,—balconies on which dirty clothes are hung, and under which a cavernous-looking doorway opens from a low flight of slimy water-steps. It is very hot and still, the canal has a queer smell, and the whole place is enchanting. It is poor work, however, talking about the colors of things in Venice. The sentimental tourist is perpetually

impressions into prose. Fortunately for the present prosier, the weather was not always fine; the first month was wet and windy, and it was better to look at the lagoon from an open casement than to respond to the advances of persuasive gondoliers. Even then, however, there was a constant entertainment in the view. It was all cold color, and the steel-gray floor of the lagoon was streaked the wrong way by the wind. Then there were charming, cool intervals, when the churches, the houses, the anchored fishing-boats, the whole gently curving line of the Riva, seemed to be washed with a pearly white. Later, it all turned warm,—warm to the eye as well as to other senses. After the middle of May the whole place was in a glow. The sea took on a thousand shades, but they were

only infinite variations of blue, and those rosy walls I just spoke of began to flush in the thick sunshine. Every patch of color, every yard of weather-stained stucco, every glimpse of nestling garden or daub of sky above a *calle*, began to shine and sparkle,—began, as the painters say, to “compose.” The lagoon was streaked with odd currents, which played across it like huge, smooth finger-marks. The gondolas multiplied and

as you see this movement in profile, in a gondola that passes you,—see, as you recline on your own low cushions, the arching body of the gondolier lifted up against the sky,—it has a kind of nobleness which suggests an image on a Greek frieze. The gondolier at Venice is your very good friend,—if you choose him happily,—and on the quality of the personage depends a good deal that of your impressions. He is a part of your daily life,



MAY-BOATS—SMALL CANAL OFF “CANALE DELLA GIUDECCA.”

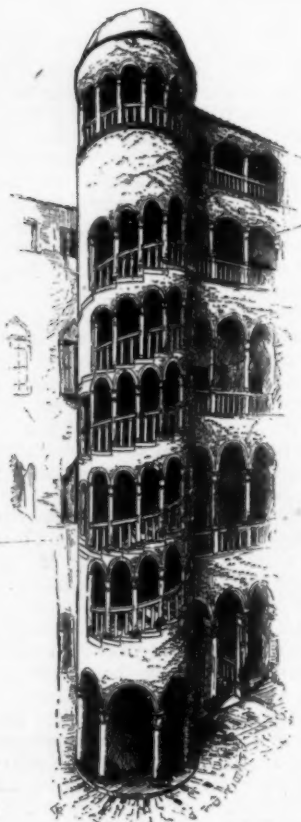
spotted it all over; every gondola and every gondolier looking, at a distance, precisely like every other. There is something strange and fascinating in this mysterious impersonality of the gondola. It has an identity when you are in it, but, thanks to their all being of the same size, shape, and color, and of the same deportment and gait, it has none, or as little as possible, as you see it pass before you. From my windows on the Riva there was always the same silhouette,—the long, black, slender skiff lifting its head and throwing it back a little, moving, yet seeming not to move, with the grotesquely graceful figure on the poop. This figure inclines, as may be, more to the graceful or to the grotesque,—standing in the “second position” of the dancing-master, but indulging, from the waist upward, in a freedom of movement which that functionary would deprecate. One may say, as a general thing, that there is something rather awkward in the movement of even the most graceful gondolier, and something graceful in the movement of the most awkward. In the graceful men of course the grace predominates, and nothing can be finer than the large, firm way in which, from their point of vantage, they throw themselves over their tremendous oar. It has the boldness of a plunging bird, and the regularity of a pendulum. Sometimes,

your double, your shadow, your complement. Most people, I think, either like their gondolier or hate him; and if they like him, like him very much. In this case they take an interest in him after his departure; wish him to be sure of employment, speak of him as the gem of gondoliers, and tell their friends to be certain to “secure” him. There is usually no difficulty in securing him; there is nothing elusive or reluctant about a gondolier. They are, for the most part, excellent fellows, and the sentimental tourist must always have a kindness for them. More than the rest of the population, of course, they are the children of Venice; they are associated with its idiosyncrasy, with its safest charm, with its silence, with its melancholy. When I say they are associated with its silence, I should immediately add that they are associated, also, with its sound. Among themselves they are an extraordinary talkative company. They chatter at the *traghetto*, where they always have some sharp point under discussion; they bawl across the canals; they bespeak your commands as you approach; they defy each other from afar. If you happen to have a *traghetto* under your window, you are well aware that they are a vocal race. I should go even further than I went just now, and say that the voice of the gondolier is, in fact,

V.

the sound of Venice. There is scarcely any other, and that, indeed, is part of the interest of the place. There is no noise there save distinctly human noise; no rumbling, no vague uproar, nor rattle of wheels and hoofs. It is all articulate, personal sound. One may say, indeed, that Venice is, emphatically, the city of conversation; people talk all over the place, because there is nothing to interfere with their being heard. Among the populace it is a kind of family party. The still water carries the voice, and good Venetians exchange confidences at a distance of half a mile. It saves a world of trouble, and they don't like trouble. Their delightful garrulous language helps them to make Venetian life an long *conversazione*. This language, with its soft elisions, its odd transpositions, its kindly contempt for consonants and other disagreeables, has in it something peculiarly human and accommodating. If your gondolier had no other merit, he would have the merit that he speaks Venetian. This may rank as a merit, even—some people perhaps would say especially—when you don't understand what he says. But he adds to it other graces which make him an agreeable feature in your life. The price he sets on his services is touchingly small, and he has a happy art of being obsequious, without being, or, at least, without seeming abject. For occasional liberalities he evinces an almost lyrical gratitude. In short, he has delightfully good manners, a merit which he shares, for the most part, with Venetians at large. One grows very fond of these people, and the reason of one's fondness is the frankness and sweetness of their address. That of the Italian people, in general, has much to recommend it; but in the Venetian manner there is something peculiarly ingratiating. One feels that the race is old, that it has a long and rich civilization in its blood, and that if it has not been blessed by fortune, it has, at least, been polished by time. It has not a genius for morality, and, indeed, makes few pretensions in that direction. It scruples not to represent the false as the true, and is liable to confusion in the assignation of property. It is peculiarly susceptible to the tender sentiment, which it cultivates with a graceful disregard of the more rigid formalities. I am not sure that it is very brave, and was not struck with its being very industrious. But it has an unflinching sense of the amenities of life; the poorest Venetian is a natural man of the world. He is better company than persons of his class are apt to be among the nations of industry and virtue—where people are also, sometimes, perceived to lie and steal. He has a great desire to please and to be pleased.

IN this latter point the cold-blooded stranger begins at last to imitate him; he begins to lead a life that is, before all things, good-humored: unless, indeed, he allow himself, like Mr. Ruskin, to be put out of his good-humor by Titian and Tiepolo. The hours he spends among the pictures are his best hours in Venice, and I am ashamed of myself to have written so much of common things when I might have been making festoons of the names of the masters. But, when we have covered our page with such festoons, what more is left to say? When one has said Carpaccio and Bellini, Tintoretto and the Veronese, one has struck a note that must be left to resound at will. Everything has been said about the mighty painters, and it is of little importance to record that one traveler the more has found them to his taste. "Went this morning to the Academy; was very much pleased with Titian's 'Assumption.'" That honest phrase has doubtless been written in many a traveler's diary, and was not indiscreet on the part of its author. But it appeals little to the general reader, and we must, moreover, not expose our deepest feelings. Since I have mentioned Titian's "Assumption," I must say that there are some people who, have been less pleased with it than the gentleman we have just imagined. It is one of the possible disappointments of Venice, and you may, if you like, take advantage of your privilege of not caring for it. It imparts a look of great richness to the side of the beautiful room of the Academy on which it hangs; but the same room contains two or three works less known to fame which are equally capable of inspiring a passion. "The 'Annunciation' struck me as coarse and superficial": that was once written in a simple-minded traveler's note-book. At Venice, strange to say, Titian is altogether a disappointment; the city of his adoption is far from containing the best of him. Madrid, Paris, London, Florence, Dresden, Munich,—these are the homes of his greatness. There are other painters who have but a single home, and the greatest of these is Tintoretto. Close beside him sit Carpaccio and Bellini, who make with him the dazzling Venetian trio. Paul Veronese may be seen and measured in other places; he is most splendid in Venice, but he shines in Paris and in Dresden. You may walk out of the noon-day dusk of Trafalgar Square in November, and in one of the chambers of the National Gallery see the family of Darius rustling and pleading and weeping at the feet of Alexander. Alexander is a beautiful young Venetian in crimson



SCALA ANTICA IN THE COURT OF GOLDONI'S HOUSE.

pantaloon, and the picture sends a glow into the cold London twilight. You may sit before it for an hour, and dream you are floating to the water-gate of the Ducal Palace, where a certain old beggar, with one of the handsomest heads in the world—he has sat to a hundred painters for Doges, and for personages more sacred—has a prescriptive right to pretend to pull your gondola to the steps and to hold out a greasy, immemorial cap. But you must go to Venice, in fact, to see the other masters, who form part of your life while you are there, and illuminate your view of the universe. It is difficult to express one's relation to them; for the whole Venetian art-world is so near, so familiar, so much an extension and adjunct of the actual world, that it seems almost invidious to say one owes more to one of them than to another. Nowhere (not even in Holland, where the correspondence between the real aspects and the little polished canvases is so constant and so exquisite) do art and life seem so inte-

fused and, as it were, so consanguineous. All the splendor of light and color, all the Venetian air and the Venetian history, are on the walls and ceilings of the palaces; and all the genius of the masters, all the images and visions they have left upon canvas, seem to tremble in the sunbeams and dance upon the waves. That is the perpetual interest of the place,—that you live in a certain sort of knowledge, as in a rosy cloud. You don't go into the churches and galleries by way of a change from the streets; you go into them because they offer you an exquisite reproduction of the things that surround you. All Venice was both model and painter, and life was so pictorial that art could not help becoming so. With all diminutions, life is pictorial still, and this fact gives an extraordinary freshness to one's perception of the great Venetian works. You judge of them not as a connoisseur, but as a man of the world, and you enjoy them because they are so social and so actual. Perhaps, of all works of art that are equally great, they demand least reflection on the part of the spectator,—they make least of a mystery of being enjoyed. Reflection only confirms your admiration, but it is almost ashamed to show its head. These things speak so frankly and benignantly to the sense that we feel there is reason as well in such an address. But it is hard, as I say, to express all this, and it is painful as well to attempt it—painful, because in the memory of vanished hours, so filled with beauty, the sense of present loss is overwhelming. Exquisite hours, enveloped in light and silence, to have known them once is to have always a terrible standard of enjoyment. Certain lovely mornings of May and June come back with an ineffaceable fairness. Venice is not smothered in flowers at this season, in the manner of Florence and Rome; but the sea and sky themselves seem to blossom and rustle. The gondola waits at the wave-washed steps, and if you are wise you will take your place beside a discriminating companion. Such a companion, in Venice, should, of course, be of the sex that discriminates most finely. An intelligent woman who knows her Venice seems doubly intelligent, and it makes no woman's perceptions less keen to be aware that she cannot help looking graceful as she glides over the waves. The handsome Pasquale, with uplifted oar, awaits your command, knowing, in a general way, from observation of your habits, that your intention is to go to see a picture or two. It perhaps does not immensely matter what picture you choose: the whole affair is so charming. It is charming to wander through the light and shade of intricate canals, with perpetual



STATUE OF COLLEONI, BY VERROCCHIO. (IN THE CAMPO DI S. ZANIPOLLO.)

architecture above you and perpetual fluidity beneath. It is charming to disembark at the polished steps of a little empty *campo*—a sunny, shabby square, with an old well in the middle, an old church on one side, and tall Venetian windows looking down. Sometimes the windows are tenantless; sometimes a lady

Baptism of Christ, by Cima, which, I believe has been more or less repainted. You can make the thing out in spots; you can see that it has a fullness of perfection. But you turn away from it with a stiff neck, and promise yourself consolation in the Academy and at the Madonna dell' Orto, where two



VIEW FROM THE GARDEN ON THE ISLAND OF SAN LAZZARO.

in a faded dressing-gown is leaning vaguely on the sill. There is always an old man holding out his hat for coppers; there are always three or four small boys dodging possible umbrella-pokes while they precede you, in the manner of custodians, to the door of the church.

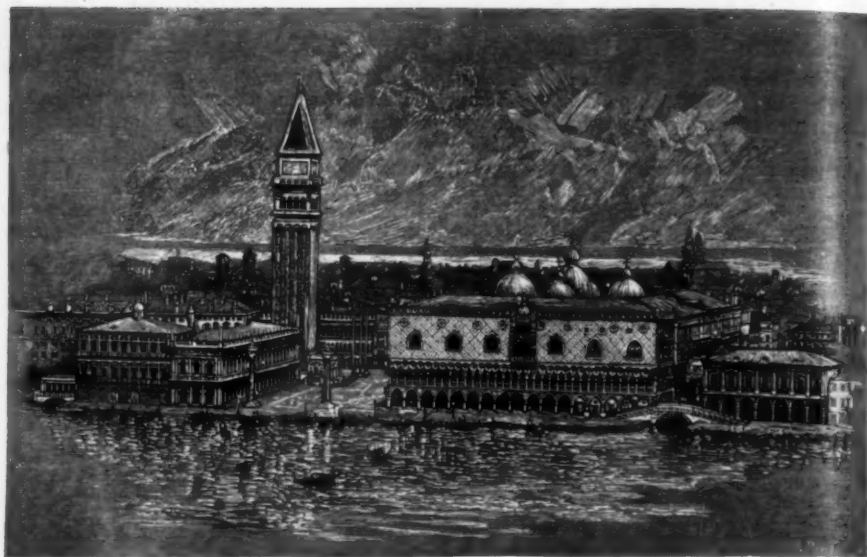
#### VI.

THE churches of Venice are rich in pictures, and many a masterpiece lurks in the unaccommodating gloom of side-chapels and sacristies. Many a noble work is perched behind the dusty candles and muslin roses of a scantily visited altar; some of them, indeed, are hidden behind the altar, in a darkness that can never be explored. The facilities offered you for approaching the picture, in such cases, are a kind of mockery of your irritated desire. You stand on tip-toe on a three-legged stool, you climb a rickety ladder, you almost mount upon the shoulders of the *custode*. You do everything but see the picture. You see just enough to perceive that it is beautiful. You catch a glimpse of a divine head, of a fig-tree against a mellow sky; but the rest is impenetrable mystery. You renounce all hope, for instance, of approaching the magnificent Cima le Conegliano in San Giovanni in Bragora; and bethinking yourself of the immaculate purity that dwells in the works of this master, you renounce it with chagrin and pain. Behind the high altar, in that church, there hangs a

noble picture, by the same hand,—pictures as clear as a summer twilight,—present themselves in better circumstances. It may be said, as a general thing, that you never see Tintoretto. You admire him, you adore him, you think him the greatest of painters, but, in the great majority of cases, you don't see him. This is partly his own fault: so many of his works have turned to blackness, and are positively rotting in their frames. At the Scuola di San Rocco, where there are acres of Tintoretto, there is scarcely anything at all adequately visible, save the immense "Crucifixion" in the upper story. It is true that in looking at this huge composition you look at many pictures; it has not only a multitude of figures, but a wealth of episodes; and you pass from one of these to the other, as if you were "doing" a gallery. Surely, no single picture in the world contains more of human life; there is everything in it, including the most exquisite beauty. It is one of the greatest things of art; it is always interesting. There are pictures by Tintoretto which contain touches more exquisite, revelations of beauty more radiant, but there is no other such vision of an intense reality and a splendid execution. The interest, the impressiveness, of that whole corner of Venice, however melancholy the charm of these gorgeous and ill-lighted chambers, gives a strange importance to a visit to the Scuola. Nothing that all travelers go to see appears to suffer less from the incursions

of travelers. It is one of the loveliest booths of the bazaar, and the author of these lines has always had the good fortune, which he wishes to every other traveler, of having it to himself. I think most visitors find the place rather alarming and wicked-looking. They walk about a while among the fitful figures that gleam here and there out of the great tapestry (as it were) with which Tintoretto has hung all the walls, and then, depressed and bewildered by the portentous solemnity of these objects, by strange glimpses of unnatural scenes, by the echo of their lonely footsteps on the vast stone floors, they take a hasty departure, and find themselves again, with a sense of release from danger, and of the *genius loci* having been a sort of mad white-washer who worked with a bad mixture, in the bright light of the *campo*, among the beggars, the orange-venders, and the passing gondolas. Solemn, indeed, is the place, solemn and strangely suggestive, for the simple reason that we shall scarcely find four walls elsewhere that inclose within a like area an equal quantity of genius. The air is thick with it, and dense and difficult to breathe; for it was genius that was not happy, inasmuch as it lacked the art to fix itself for ever. It is not immortality that we breathe at the Scuola di San Rocco, but conscious, reluctant mortality. Fortunately, however, we have the Ducal Palace, where everything is so brilliant and splendid that poor, dusky Tintoretto is lifted in spite of himself into the concert. This deeply original building is, of course, the loveliest thing in Venice, and a morning's stroll there is a wonderful illumination. Cunningly select your hour—half the enjoyment of Venice is a question of dodging—and go at about one o'clock, when the tourists have gone to lunch and the echoes of the charming chambers have gone to sleep among the sunbeams; there is no brighter place in Venice, by which I mean that, on the whole, there is none half so bright. The reflected sunshine plays up through the great windows from the glittering lagoon, and shimmers and twinkles over gilded walls and ceilings. All the history of Venice, all its splendid, stately past, glows around you in a strong sea-light. Every one here is magnificent, but the great Veronese is the most magnificent of all. He swims before you in a silver cloud; he thrives in an eternal morning. The deep blue sky burns behind him, streaked across with milky bars; the white colonnades sustain the richest canopies, under which the first gentlemen and ladies in the world both render homage and receive it. Their glorious garments rustle in the air of the sea, and their sun-lighted faces are the very complexion of Venice. The mixture of

pride and piety, of politics and religion, of art and patriotism, gives a magnificent dignity to every scene. Never was a painter more nobly joyous, never did an artist take a greater delight in life, seeing it all as a kind of breezy festival and feeling it through the medium of perpetual success. He revels in the gold-framed ovals of the ceilings, with the fluttering movement of an embroidered banner that tosses itself into the blue. He was the happiest of painters, and he produced the happiest picture in the world. The "Rape of Europa" hardly deserves this title; it is impossible to look at it without aching with envy. Nowhere else in art is such a temperament revealed; never did inclination and opportunity combine to express such enjoyment. The mixture of flowers and gems and brocade, of blooming flesh and shining sea and waving groves, of youth, health, movement, desire,—all this is the brightest vision that ever descended upon the soul of a painter. Happy the artist who could entertain such a vision; happy the artist who could paint it as the "Rape of Europa" is painted. Tintoretto's visions were not so bright as that; but he had several that were radiant enough. In the room that contains the "Rape of Europa" are several smaller canvases by the greatly more complex genius of the Scuola di San Rocco, which are almost simple in their loveliness, almost happy in their simplicity. They have kept their brightness through the centuries, and they shine with their neighbors in those golden rooms. There is a piece of painting in one of them which is one of the sweetest things in Venice, and which reminds one afresh of those wild flowers of execution that bloom so profusely and so unheeded in the dark corners of all of Tintoretto's work. "Pallas chasing away Mars" is, I believe, the name that is given to the picture; and it represents in fact a young woman of noble appearance, administering a gentle push, to a fine young man in armor, as if to tell him to keep his distance. It is of the gentleness of this push that I speak, the charming way in which she puts out her arm, with a single bracelet on it, and rests her young hand, with its rosy fingers parted, upon his dark breast-plate. She bends her enchanting head with the effort,—a head which has all the strange fairness that Tintoretto always sees in women,—and the soft, living, flesh-like glow of all those members, over which the brush has scarcely paused in its course, is as pretty an example of genius as all Venice can show. But why speak of Tintoretto when I can say nothing of the great "Paradise," which unfolds its somewhat smoky splendor, and the won-



THE DUCAL PALACE.

der of its multitudinous circles, in one of the other chambers? If it were not one of the first pictures in the world, it would be about the biggest, and it must be confessed that at first the spectator gets from it chiefly an impression of quantity. Then he sees that this quantity is really wealth; that the dim confusion of faces is a magnificent composition, and that some of the details of this composition are supremely beautiful. It is impossible, however, in a retrospect of Venice, to specify one's happiest hours, though, as one looks backward, certain ineffaceable moments start here and there into vividness. How is it possible to forget one's visits to the sacristy of the Frari, however frequent they may have been, and the great work of John Bellini which forms the treasure of that apartment?

## VII.

NOTHING in Venice is more perfect than this, and we know of no work of art more complete. The picture is in three compartments: the Virgin sits in the central division with her child; two venerable saints, standing close together, occupy each of the others. It is impossible to imagine anything more finished or more ripe. It is one of those things that sums up the genius of a painter, the experience of a life, the teaching of a school. It seems painted with molten gems, which have only been clarified by time, and it is as solemn as it is gorgeous, and as simple

as it is deep. John Bellini is, more or less, everywhere in Venice, and wherever he is, he is almost certain to be first—I mean, in his own line; he paints little else than the Madonna and the saints; he has not Carpaccio's care for human life at large, nor Tintoretto's, nor that of the Veronese. Some of his greater pictures, however, where several figures are clustered together, have a richness of sanctity that is almost profane. There is one of them on the dark side of the room at the Academy, containing Titian's "Assumption," which, if we could only see it,—its position is an inconceivable scandal,—would evidently be one of the mightiest of so-called sacred pictures. So, too, is the Madonna of San Zaccaria, hung in a cold, dim, dreary place, ever so much too high, but so mild and serene, and so grandly disposed and accompanied, that the proper attitude for even the most critical amateur, as he looks at it, seems to be the bended knee. There is another noble John Bellini, one of the very few in which there is no Virgin, at San Giovanni Crisostomo,—a St. Jerome, in a red dress, sitting aloft upon the rocks, with a landscape of extraordinary purity behind him. The absence of the peculiarly erect Madonna makes it an interesting surprise among the works of the painter, and gives it a somewhat less strenuous air. But it has brilliant beauty, and the St. Jerome is a delightful old personage. The same church contains another great picture, for which he must find a shrine apart in his

memory; one of the most interesting things he will have seen, if not the most brilliant. Nothing appeals more to him than three figures of Venetian ladies which occupy the foreground of a smallish canvas of Sebastian del Piombo, placed above the high altar of San Giovanni Crisostomo. Sebastian was a Venetian by birth, but few of his productions are to be seen in his native place; few, indeed, are to

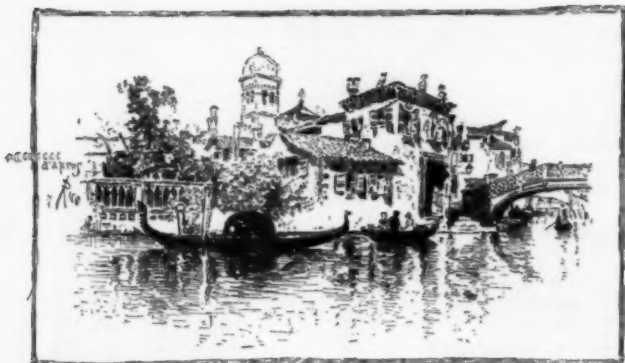
cure that she is gentle, and so quiet that, in comparison, all minor assumptions of calmness suggest only a vulgar alarm. But, for all this, there are depths of possible disorder in her light-colored eye. I had meant, however, to say nothing about her, for it is not right to speak of Sebastian when one has not found room for Carpaccio. These visions come to one, and one can neither hold them nor brush



A MEMORY OF VENICE.

be seen anywhere. The picture represents the patron saint of the church, accompanied by other saints, and by the worldly votaries I have mentioned. These ladies stand together on the left, holding in their hands little white caskets; two of them are in profile, but the foremost turns her face to the spectator. This face and figure are almost unique among the beautiful things of Venice, and they leave the susceptible observer with the impression of having made, or rather having missed, a strange, a dangerous, but a most valuable, acquaintance. The lady, who is superbly handsome, is the typical Venetian of the sixteenth century, and she remains in the mind as the perfect flower of that society. Never was there a greater air of breeding, a deeper expression of tranquil superiority. She walks like a goddess—as if she trod, without sinking, the waves of the Adriatic. It is impossible to conceive a more perfect expression of the aristocratic spirit, either in its pride or in its benignity. This magnificent creature is so strong and se-

them aside. Memories of Carpaccio, the magnificent, the delightful—it is not for want of such visitations, but only for want of space, that I have not said of him what I would. There is little enough need of it for Carpaccio's sake, his fame being brighter to-day—thanks to the generous lamp Mr. Ruskin has held up to it—than it has ever been. Yet there is something ridiculous in talking of Venice without making him, almost, the refrain. He and Tintoretto are the two great realists, and it is hard to say which is the more human, the more various. Tintoretto had the mightier temperament, but Carpaccio, who had the advantage of more newness and more responsibility, sailed nearer to perfection. Here and there he quite touches it, as in the enchanting picture, at the Academy, of St. Ursula asleep in her little white bed, in her high, clean room, where the angel visits her at dawn; or in the noble St. Jerome in his study, at S. Giorgio degli Schiavoni. This latter work is a pearl of sentiment, and I may add, without being



A CANAL IN VENICE. (FROM THE PAINTING BY D. MARTIN RICO. BY PERMISSION OF GEO. BARRIE, ESQ.)

fantastic, a ruby of color. It unites the most masterly finish with a kind of universal largeness of feeling, and he who has it well in his memory will never hear the name of Carpaccio without a throb of almost personal affection. This, indeed, is the feeling that descends upon you in that wonderful little chapel of St. George of the Slaves, where this most personal and sociable of artists has expressed all the sweetness of his imagination. The place is small and incommodious, the pictures are out of sight and ill-lighted, the custodian is rapacious, the visitors are mutually intolerable, but the shabby little chapel is a palace of art. Mr. Ruskin has written a pamphlet about it which is a real

aid to enjoyment, though I cannot but think the generous artist, with his keen senses and his just feeling, would have suffered at hearing his eulogist declare that one of his other productions—in the Museo Civico in Palazzo Correr, a delightful portrait of two Venetian ladies, with pet animals—is the “finest picture in the world.” It has no need of that to be thought admirable; and what more can a painter desire?

#### VIII.

MAY in Venice is better than April, but June is best of all. Then the days are hot, but not too hot, and the nights are more



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF VENICE.

A, Lagoon—B, Grand Canal—C, Murano—D, Island of S. Pietro—E, Public Gardens—F, Place of St. Mark—G, Campanile—H, Ducal Palace and St. Mark's—I, Island of S. Giorgio Maggiore—J, S. Giorgio Maggiore—K, Canal of the Gudecca—L, SS. Redentore—M, Island of the Gudecca—N, Bridge of the Rialto—O, Custom-house—P, S. Maria della Salute—Q, Arsenal—R, Railroad.

beautiful than the days. Then Venice is rosier than ever in the morning, and more golden than ever as the day descends. It seems to expand and evaporate, to multiply all its reflections and iridescences. Then the life of its people and the strangeness of its constitution becomes a perpetual comedy, or, at least, a perpetual drama. Then the gondola becomes your habitation, and you spend days between sea and sky. You go to the Lido, though the Lido has been spoiled. When I was first in Venice, in 1869, it was a very natural place, and there was only a rough lane across the little island, from the landing-place to the beach. There was a bathing-place in those days, and a restaurant, which was very bad, but where, in the warm evenings, your dinner did not much matter as you sat letting it cool upon the wooden terrace that stretched out into the sea. To-day the Lido is a part of United Italy, and has been made the victim of villainous improvements. A little cockney village has sprung up in its rural bosom, and a third-rate Boulevard leads from Santa Elisabetta to the Adriatic. There are bitumen walls and gas-lamps, lodging-houses, shops, and a day theater. The bathing establishment is bigger than before, and the restaurant as well; but it is a compensation, perhaps, that the cuisine is no better. Such as it is, however, you will not scorn occasionally to partake of it on the breezy platform under which bathers dart and splash, and which looks out to where the fishing-boats, with sails of orange and crimson, wander along the darkening horizon. The beach at the Lido is still lovely and beautiful, and you can easily walk away from the cockney village. The return to Venice in the sunset is classical and indispensable, and those who, at that glowing hour, have floated toward the towers that rise out of the lagoon, will not easily part with the impression. But you indulge in larger excursions—you go to Burano and Torcello, to Malamocco and Chioggia. Torcello, like the Lido, has been improved; the deeply interesting little cathedral of the eighth century, which stood there on the edge of the sea, as touching in its ruin, with its grassy threshold and its primitive mosaics, as the bleached bones of a human skeleton washed ashore by the tide, has now been restored and made cheerful, and the charm of the place, its strange and suggestive desolation, has well-nigh departed. It will still serve you as a pretext, however, for a day on the lagoon, especially as you will disembark at Burano and admire the wonderful fisher-folk, whose

good looks—and bad manners, I am sorry to say—can scarcely be exaggerated. Burano is celebrated for the beauty of its women and the rapacity of its children, and it is a fact that though some of the ladies are rather bold about it, every one of them shows you a handsome face. The children assail you for coppers, and, in their desire to be satisfied, pursue your gondola into the sea. Chioggia is a larger Burano, and you carry away from either place a half-sad, half-cynical, but altogether pictorial impression; the impression of bright-colored hovels, of bathing in stagnant canals, of young girls with faces of a delicate shape and a susceptible expression, with splendid heads of hair, and complexions smeared with powder, faded yellow shawls that hang like old Greek draperies, and little wooden shoes that click as they go up and down the steps of the convex bridges; of brown-cheeked matrons with lustrous tresses and high tempers, massive throats encased with gold beads, and eyes that meet your own with a certain traditional defiance. The men throughout the islands of Venice are almost as handsome as the women; I have never seen so many good-looking fellows. At Burano and Chioggia they sit mending their nets, or lounge at the street-corners, where conversation is always high-pitched, or clamor to you to take a boat; and everywhere they decorate the scene with their splendid color—cheeks and throats as richly brown as the sails of their fishing-smacks—their sea-faded tatters, which are always a “costume”—their soft Venetian jargon, and the gallantry with which they wear their hats—an article that nowhere sits so well as on a mass of dense Venetian curls. If you are happy, you will find yourself, after a June day in Venice (about ten o'clock), on a balcony that overhangs the Grand Canal, with your elbows on the broad ledge, a cigarette in your teeth, and a little good company beside you. The gondolas pass beneath, the watery surface gleams here and there from their lamps, some of which are colored lanterns that move mysteriously in the darkness. There are some evenings in June when there are too many gondolas, too many lanterns, too many serenades in front of the hotels. The serenading (in particular) is overdone; but on such a balcony as I speak of you needn't suffer from it, for in the apartment behind you,—an accessible refuge,—there is more good company, there are more cigarettes. If you are wise you will step back there presently.

*Henry James, Jr.*



*S. J. J. J. J.*

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## HENRY JAMES, JR.

THE events of Mr. James's life—as we agree to understand events—may be told in a very few words. His race is Irish on his father's side and Scotch on his mother's, to which mingled strains the generalizer may attribute, if he likes, that union of vivid expression and dispassionate analysis which has characterized his work from the first. There are none of those early struggles with poverty, which render the lives of so many distinguished Americans monotonous reading, to record in his case: the cabin hearth-fire did not light him to the youthful pursuit of literature; he had from the start all those advantages which, when they go too far, become limitations.

He was born in New York city in the year 1843, and his first lessons in life and letters were the best which the metropolis—so small in the perspective diminishing to that date—could afford. In his twelfth year his family went abroad, and after some stay in England made a long sojourn in France and Switzerland. They returned to America in 1860, placing themselves at Newport, and for a year or two Mr. James was at the Harvard Law School, where, perhaps, he did not study a great deal of law. His father removed from Newport to Cambridge in 1866, and there Mr. James remained till he went abroad, three years later, for the residence in England and Italy which, with infrequent visits home, has continued ever since.

It was during these three years of his Cambridge life that I became acquainted with his work. He had already printed a tale—"The Story of a Year"—in the "Atlantic Monthly," when I was asked to be Mr. Fields's assistant in the management, and it was my fortune to read Mr. James's second contribution in manuscript. "Would you take it?" asked my chief. "Yes, and all the stories you can get from the writer." One is much securer of one's judgment at twenty-nine than, say, at forty-five; but if this was a mistake of mine I am not yet old enough to regret it. The story was called "Poor Richard," and it dealt with the conscience of a man very much in love with a woman who loved his rival. He told this rival a lie, which sent him away to his death on the field,—in that day nearly every fictitious personage had something to do with the war,—but Poor Richard's lie did not win him his love. It still seems to me that the situation was strongly and finely felt. One's

pity went, as it should, with the liar; but the whole story had a pathos which lingers in my mind equally with a sense of the new literary qualities which gave me such delight in it. I admired, as we must in all that Mr. James has written, the finished workmanship in which there is no loss of vigor; the luminous and uncommon use of words, the originality of phrase, the whole clear and beautiful style, which I confess I weakly liked the better for the occasional gallicisms remaining from an inveterate habit of French. Those who know the writings of Mr. Henry James will recognize the inherited felicity of diction which is so striking in the writings of Mr. Henry James, Jr. The son's diction is not so racy as the father's; it lacks its daring, but it is as fortunate and graphic; and I cannot give it greater praise than this, though it has, when he will, a splendor and state which is wholly its own.

Mr. James is now so universally recognized that I shall seem to be making an unwarrantable claim when I express my belief that the popularity of his stories was once largely confined to Mr. Fields's assistant. They had characteristics which forbade any editor to refuse them; and there are no anecdotes of thrice-rejected manuscripts finally printed to tell of him; his work was at once successful with all the magazines. But with the readers of "The Atlantic," of "Harper's," of "Lippincott's," of "The Galaxy," of "The Century," it was another affair. The flavor was so strange, that, with rare exceptions, they had to "learn to like" it. Probably few writers have in the same degree compelled the liking of their readers. He was reluctantly accepted, partly through a mistake as to his attitude—through the confusion of his point of view with his private opinion—in the reader's mind. This confusion caused the tears of rage which bedewed our continent in behalf of the "average American girl" supposed to be satirized in Daisy Miller, and prevented the perception of the fact that, so far as the average American girl was studied at all in Daisy Miller, her indestructible innocence, her invulnerable new-worldliness, had never been so delicately appreciated. It was so plain that Mr. James disliked her vulgar conditions, that the very people to whom he revealed her essential sweetness and light were furious that he should have seemed not to see what existed through him. In other

words, they would have liked him better if he had been a worse artist—if he had been a little more confidential.

But that artistic impartiality which puzzled so many in the treatment of *Daisy Miller* is one of the qualities most valuable in the eyes of those who care how things are done, and I am not sure that it is not Mr. James's most characteristic quality. As "frost performs the effect of fire," this impartiality comes at last to the same result as sympathy. We may be quite sure that Mr. James does not like the peculiar phase of our civilization typified in *Henrietta Stackpole*; but he treats her with such exquisite justice that he lets *us* like her. It is an extreme case, but I confidently allege it in proof.

His impartiality is part of the reserve with which he works in most respects, and which at first glance makes us say that he is wanting in humor. But I feel pretty certain that Mr. James has not been able to disinherit himself to this degree. We Americans are terribly in earnest about making ourselves, individually and collectively; but I fancy that our prevailing mood in the face of all problems is that of an abiding faith which can afford to be funny. He has himself indicated that we have, as a nation, as a people, our joke, and every one of us is in the joke more or less. We may, some of us, dislike it extremely, disapprove it wholly, and even abhor it, but we are in the joke all the same, and no one of us is safe from becoming the great American humorist at any given moment. The danger is not apparent in Mr. James's case, and I confess that I read him with a relief in the comparative immunity that he affords from the national facetiousness. Many of his people are humorously imagined, or rather humorously *seen*, like *Daisy Miller's* mother, but these do not give a dominant color; the business in hand is commonly serious, and the droll people are subordinated. They abound, nevertheless, and many of them are perfectly new finds, like Mr. Tristram in "*The American*," the bill-paying father in the "*Pension Beaurepas*," the anxiously Europeanizing mother in the same story, the amusing little *Madame de Belgarde*, *Henrietta Stackpole*, and even Newman himself. But though Mr. James portrays the humorous in character, he is decidedly not on humorous terms with his reader; he ignores rather than recognizes the fact that they are both in the joke.

If we take him at all we must take him on his own ground, for clearly he will not come to ours. We must make concessions to him, not in this respect only, but in several others, chief among which is the motive for

reading fiction. By example, at least, he teaches that it is the pursuit and not the end which should give us pleasure; for he often prefers to leave us to our own conjectures in regard to the fate of the people in whom he has interested us. There is no question, of course, but he could tell the story of *Isabel* in "*The Portrait of a Lady*" to the end, yet he does not tell it. We must agree, then, to take what seems a fragment instead of a whole, and to find, when we can, a name for this new kind in fiction. Evidently it is the character, not the fate, of his people which occupies him; when he has fully developed their character he leaves them to what destiny the reader pleases.

The analytic tendency seems to have increased with him as his work has gone on. Some of the earlier tales were very dramatic: "*A Passionate Pilgrim*," which I should rank above all his other short stories, and for certain rich poetical qualities, above everything else that he has done, is eminently dramatic. But I do not find much that I should call dramatic in "*The Portrait of a Lady*," while I do find in it an amount of analysis which I should call superabundance if it were not all such good literature. The novelist's main business is to possess his reader with a due conception of his characters and the situations in which they find themselves. If he does more or less than this he equally fails. I have sometimes thought that Mr. James's danger was to do more, but when I have been ready to declare this excess an error of his method I have hesitated. Could anything be superfluous that had given me so much pleasure as I read? Certainly from only one point of view, and this a rather narrow, technical one. It seems to me that an enlightened criticism will recognize in Mr. James's fiction a metaphysical genius working to æsthetic results, and will not be disposed to deny it any method it chooses to employ. No other novelist, except George Eliot, has dealt so largely in analysis of motive, has so fully explained and commented upon the springs of action in the persons of the drama, both before and after the facts. These novelists are more alike than any others in their processes, but with George Eliot an ethical purpose is dominant, and with Mr. James an artistic purpose. I do not know just how it should be stated of two such noble and generous types of character as *Dorothea* and *Isabel Archer*, but I think that we sympathize with the former in grand aims that chiefly concern others, and with the latter in beautiful dreams that primarily concern herself. Both are unselfish and devoted women, sublimely true to a mistaken ideal in their marriages; but,

though they come to this common martyrdom, the original difference in them remains. Isabel has her great weaknesses, as Dorothea had, but these seem to me, on the whole, the most nobly imagined and the most nobly intentioned women in modern fiction; and I think Isabel is the more subtly divined of the two. If we speak of mere characterization, we must not fail to acknowledge the perfection of Gilbert Osmond. It was a profound stroke to make him an American by birth. No European could realize so fully in his own life the ideal of a European *dilettante* in all the meaning of that cheapened word; as no European could so deeply and tenderly feel the sweetness and loveliness of the English past as the sick American, Searle, in "The Passionate Pilgrim."

What is called the international novel is popularly dated from the publication of "Daisy Miller," though "Roderick Hudson" and "The American" had gone before; but it really began in the beautiful story which I have just named. Mr. James, who invented this species in fiction, first contrasted in the "Passionate Pilgrim" the New World and Old World moods, ideals, and prejudices, and he did it there with a richness of poetic effect which he has since never equalled. I own that I regret the loss of the poetry, but you cannot ask a man to keep on being a poet for you; it is hardly for him to choose; yet I compare rather discontentedly in my own mind such impassioned creations as Searle and the painter in "The Madonna of the Future" with "Daisy Miller," of whose slight, thin personality I also feel the indefinable charm, and of the tragedy of whose innocence I recognize the delicate pathos. Looking back to those early stories, where Mr. James stood at the dividing ways of the novel and the romance, I am sometimes sorry that he declared even superficially for the former. His best efforts seem to me those of romance; his best types have an ideal development, like Isabel and Claire Belgarde and Bessy Alden and poor Daisy and even Newman. But, doubtless, he has chosen wisely; perhaps the romance is an outworn form, and would not lend itself to the reproduction of even the ideality of modern life. I myself waver somewhat in my preference—if it is a preference—when I think of such people as Lord Warburton and the Touchetts, whom I take to be all decidedly of this world. The first of these especially interested me as a probable type of the English nobleman, who amiably accepts the existing situation with all its possibilities of political and social change, and insists not at all upon the surviving feudalities, but means to be a

manly and simple gentleman in any event. An American is not able to pronounce as to the verity of the type; I only know that it seems probable and that it is charming. It makes one wish that it were in Mr. James's way to paint in some story the present phase of change in England. A titled personage is still mainly an inconceivable being to us; he is like a goblin or a fairy in a story-book. How does he comport himself in the face of all the changes and modifications that have taken place and that still impend? We can hardly imagine a lord taking his nobility seriously; it is some hint of the conditional frame of Lord Warburton's mind that makes him imaginable and delightful to us.

It is not my purpose here to review any of Mr. James's books; I like better to speak of his people than of the conduct of his novels, and I wish to recognize the fineness with which he has touched in the pretty primness of Osmond's daughter and the mild devotedness of Mr. Rosier. A masterly hand is as often manifest in the treatment of such subordinate figures as in that of the principal persons, and Mr. James does them unerringly. This is felt in the more important character of Valentin Belgarde, a fascinating character in spite of its defects,—perhaps on account of them—and a sort of French Lord Warburton, but wittier, and not so good. "These are my ideas," says his sister-in-law, at the end of a number of inanities. "Ah, you call them ideas!" he returns, which is delicious and makes you love him. He, too, has his moments of misgiving, apparently in regard to his nobility, and his acceptance of Newman on the basis of something like "manhood suffrage" is very charming. It is of course difficult for a remote plebeian to verify the pictures of legitimist society in "The American," but there is the probable suggestion in them of conditions and principles, and want of principles, of which we get glimpses in our travels abroad; at any rate, they reveal another and not impossible world, and it is fine to have Newman discover that the opinions and criticisms of our world are so absolutely valueless in that sphere that his knowledge of the infamous crime of the mother and brother of his betrothed will have no effect whatever upon them in their own circle if he explodes it there. This seems like aristocracy indeed! and one admires, almost respects, its survival in our day. But I always regretted that Newman's discovery seemed the precursor of his magnanimous resolution not to avenge himself; it weakened the effect of this, with which it had really nothing to do. Upon the whole, however, Newman is an adequate and satisfying representative of Americanism, with

his generous matrimonial ambition, his vast good-nature, and his thorough good sense and right feeling. We must be very hard to please if we are not pleased with him. He is not the "cultivated American" who redeems us from time to time in the eyes of Europe; but he is unquestionably more national, and it is observable that his unaffected fellow-countrymen and women fare very well at Mr. James's hands always; it is the Europeanizing sort like the critical little Bostonian in the "Bundle of Letters," the ladies shocked at Daisy Miller, the mother in the "Pension Beaurepas" who goes about trying to be of the "native" world everywhere, Madame Merle and Gilbert Osmond, Miss Light and her mother, who have reason to complain, if any one has. Doubtless Mr. James does not mean to satirize such Americans, but it is interesting to note how they strike such a keen observer. We are certainly not allowed to like them, and the other sort find somehow a place in our affections along with his good Europeans. It is a little odd, by the way, that in all the printed talk about Mr. James—and there has been no end of it—his power of engaging your preference for certain of his people has been so little commented on. Perhaps it is because he makes no obvious appeal for them; but one likes such men as Lord Warburton, Newman, Valentin, the artistic brother in "The Europeans," and Ralph Touchett, and such women as Isabel, Claire Belgarde, Mrs. Tristram, and certain others, with a thoroughness that is one of the best testimonies to their vitality. This comes about through their own qualities, and is not affected by insinuation or by downright *petting*, such as we find in Dickens nearly always and in Thackeray too often.

The art of fiction has, in fact, become a finer art in our day than it was with Dickens and Thackeray. We could not suffer the confidential attitude of the latter now, nor the mannerism of the former, any more than we could endure the prolixity of Richardson or the coarseness of Fielding. These great men are of the past—they and their methods and interests; even Trollope and Reade are not of the present. The new school derives from Hawthorne and George Eliot rather than any others; but it studies human nature much more in its wonted aspects, and finds its ethical and dramatic examples in the operation of lighter but not really less vital motives. The moving accident is certainly not its trade; and it prefers to avoid all manner of dire catastrophes. It is largely influenced by French fiction in form; but it is the realism of Daudet rather than the realism of Zola

that prevails with it, and it has a soul of its own which is above the business of recording the rather brutish pursuit of a woman by a man, which seems to be the chief end of the French novelist. This school, which is so largely of the future as well as the present, finds its chief exemplar in Mr. James; it is he who is shaping and directing American fiction, at least. It is the ambition of the younger contributors to write like him; he has his following more distinctly recognizable than that of any other English-writing novelist. Whether he will so far control this following as to decide the nature of the novel with us remains to be seen. Will the reader be content to accept a novel which is an analytic study rather than a story, which is apt to leave him arbiter of the destiny of the author's creations? Will he find his account in the unflagging interest of their development? Mr. James's growing popularity seems to suggest that this may be the case; but the work of Mr. James's imitators will have much to do with the final result.

In the meantime it is not surprising that he has his imitators. Whatever exceptions we take to his methods or his results, we cannot deny him a very great literary genius. To me there is a perpetual delight in his way of saying things, and I cannot wonder that younger men try to catch the trick of it. The disappointing thing for them is that it is not a trick, but an inherent virtue. His style is, upon the whole, better than that of any other novelist I know; it is always easy, without being trivial, and it is often stately, without being stiff; it gives a charm to everything he writes; and he has written so much and in such various directions, that we should be judging him very incompletely if we considered him only as a novelist. His book of European sketches must rank him with the most enlightened and agreeable travelers; and it might be fitly supplemented from his uncollected papers with a volume of American sketches. In his essays on modern French writers he indicates his critical range and grasp; but he scarcely does more, as his criticisms in "The Atlantic" and "The Nation" and elsewhere could abundantly testify.

There are indeed those who insist that criticism is his true vocation, and are impatient of his devotion to fiction; but I suspect that these admirers are mistaken. A novelist he is not, after the old fashion, or after any fashion but his own; yet since he has finally made his public in his own way of storytelling—or call it character-painting if you prefer,—it must be conceded that he has chosen best for himself and his readers in choosing the form of fiction for what he has to say. It is,

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after all, what a writer has to say rather than what he has to tell that we care for now-  
adays. In one manner or other the stories  
were all told long ago; and now we want  
merely to know what the novelist thinks about  
persons and situations. Mr. James gratifies  
this philosophic desire. If he sometimes for-  
bears to tell us what he thinks of the last  
state of his people, it is perhaps because that  
does not interest him, and a large-minded  
criticism might well insist that it was childish  
to demand that it must interest him.

I am not sure that my criticism is suf-

ficiently large-minded for this. I own that I  
like a finished story; but then also I like  
those which Mr. James seems not to finish.  
This is probably the position of most of his  
readers, who cannot very logically account  
for either preference. We can only make  
sure that we have here an annalist, or analyst,  
as we choose, who fascinates us from his first  
page to his last, whose narrative or whose  
comment may enter into any minuteness of  
detail without fatiguing us, and can only  
truly grieve us when it ceases.

W. D. Howells.

FAITH'S FORTITUDE.

WITH but a sail and bank of fragile oars,  
And only stars to guide their aimless aim,  
The ancient Northmen crossed the seas, and came  
Triumphant to our sunny unknown shores.  
It was the legends of these dauntless rowers—  
Vague legends, giving no man place or name—  
Which kindled in Columbus' breast, like flame,  
His dream of western lands of boundless stores.  
Such ocean lies around our little life,  
Trackless, and deeper than our fathoms run;  
We, brave, launch out, and steer by sails or sun:  
Of fiercest storms we take the brunt and strife;  
To later voyagers our wrecks are rife  
With good, long after all our pain is done.  
The ignorant Sepoy soldiers, when they saw  
The pontoon bridges tossing frail and light  
Upon deep waters rushing swift and white,  
Marched on them, tranquil, with no doubting awe:  
Their faith and fine obedience had no flaw.  
But, halting, terror-stricken at the sight,  
The elephants, immovable from fright,  
Refused to cross. By dull material law  
Their clumsy instinct reckoned and was bound.  
They would not trust what they had never tried.  
So faith, to calm obedience allied,  
Transports our souls triumphant over ground  
Where reason halts; across abysses wide  
And deep, which reason cannot span nor sound.  
Our selfish hearts rebel and chafe at this,  
And take a specious refuge in pretense  
Of comprehending God's omnipotence.  
Our one sure safety we reject and miss,  
When once we make our good the test of His.  
His final ends surpass our feeble sense;  
His plan is greater than our preference;  
Who told us we had any right to bliss?  
Our tears are but our arrogant conceit.  
Two things that grow and yield the sweetest sweet,  
The lofty cocoa-palm, and sugar-cane,  
As well on waters salt as on fresh rain  
Will thrive, and in their sap and fruit complete,  
No lurking taste of bitter will remain.

H. H.

# VICTOR HUGO.\*

ALL of my generation—all who have reached the age of forty, have known Hugo from childhood. To Hugo I owe my first emotions. My family then lived at Lyons, which to people of the south of France is a place of exile. Black, foggy, comfortless, it is a dreary home for children who need gayety and sunshine. Our sun was Victor Hugo. My elder brother, having a little pocket-money to spend, invested it in the large illustrated *livraisons* of the poet's works,—the popular edition, with plates, by Bezucé,—and at night, lying in the same bed, we devoured the feast of poesy with the appetite natural to lads twelve years old. Many a time, wrapping the candle in thick paper lest the light should betray us, have we lain awake till dawn to read Victor Hugo. "Are you asleep, children?" Papa Daudet would cry from the next room, and we would be silent, pretending to sleep. When, by and by, we returned to the interrupted reading, our alarm gave zest to the banquet. He who thus charmed us was to us more than human. We murmured the cadence of his cradle-song; we caught the throb, the rhythmic beat of his ballad:

"Par saint Gille!  
Viens nous-en,  
Mon agile  
Alezan;  
Viens, écoute,  
Par la route,  
Voir la jôûte  
Du roi Jean . . ."

—and with feverish hand we turned the pages of the "Feuilles d'Automne," the "Chants du Crépuscule," the "Orientales," and all those noble works in whose sonorous names I still feel the magic of old, though less in the words themselves than in the memory of my earliest sensations.

After those nights of poetic enthusiasm came my school days,—the period of formal and wearisome drilling in text-books, rules, and grammars. To understand what I suffered during that epoch one must recall the condition of our provincial schools in 1851. Hugo was still under the ban of the university. I can only remember one professor at Lyons who read us any of the poet's works, and I think of him gratefully still. All the rest considered Hugo's name a synonym for false taste and false style. A professor of rhetoric used to read and ridicule a few passages, a few detached phrases, as an example of

errors that we should avoid. He recited them with absurd emphasis and shook in his chair with laughter. My school-mates were servile enough to join in the merriment, applauding their teacher; for my part I was as sorely wounded by these sarcasms as though they had been directed at myself. Whatever was quoted as false, harsh, or trivial, seemed to me excellent. I heartily approved of it. I had the divine instinct of childhood, the freshness of impression which no university tutor could wrest from me.

In 1857, when I came to Paris, Hugo was in exile. I now had my second revelation of the poet. It was the hour when the "Châtiments" was in everybody's hands. Its sale was forbidden in France, but the Belgian editions passed from friend to friend. Hugo was no longer the poet only; he had become the great citizen—the mouth-piece of the outraged conscience of the nation. This book brought him into our modern life. All our young men, of whom Gambetta was one, knew the "Châtiments" by heart. I can recall Castagnary, who is to-day a Councillor of State, and was then an attorney's clerk,—I can recall him as he declaimed Hugo's verses in a café near the Tuileries, a meeting-place of the body-guard, the armed retainers of the castle. In his waistcoat, with large lappels, à la Robespierre,—made from the velvet of an old arm-chair,—I can see him still, standing on a table and reciting, in his soft and flute-like voice, the strophes of the "Manteau Impérial:"

"Chastes buveuses de rosée,  
Qui, pareilles à l'épousée,  
Visitez le lis du coteau,  
Ô sœurs des corolles vermeilles,  
Filles de la lumière, Abeilles,  
Envolez vous de ce manteau!

Ruez vous sur l'homme, guerrières!  
Ô généreuses ouvrières—  
Aveuglez l'immonde trompeur!  
Acharnez-vous sur lui, farouches,  
Et qu'il soit chassé par les mouches,  
Puisque les hommes en ont peur!"

Our pretorian guards understood little of the allegory, but they were charmed by the harmony of the language and the meter, and unwittingly applauded the ode of retribution.

From that moment all eyes in France turned to the exile's island. From time to time came master-works therefrom,—the "Contempla-

\* Translated from the original French, which was written expressly for the CENTURY MAGAZINE.

tions," the "Chansons des Rues et des Bois," the "Misérables," the "Travailleurs de la Mer," "L'Homme qui Rit," and the admirable "Légende des Siècles," which marked a forward step in the poet's life-labors. Each was received with unanimous acclamation. Admiration held us bound to the poet. We read with affectionate sorrow his noble and mournful dedications:

"Livre qu'un vent t'emporte  
En France où je suis né:  
L'arbre déraciné  
Donne sa feuille morte. . ."

And below them the flaming initials: V. H.

The attitude of his friends, the romanticists, served as example to us of a younger generation. All were faithful to him; even those who accepted the Empire, like Théophile Gautier and Sainte-Beuve, refused to desert the veteran. In the closing days of the Empire, "Hernani" was represented at the Théâtre Français. Édouard Thierry, a romanticist, was the manager, and it was he who put the heroic drama on the stage. The audience received it very warmly. So, by his memory and by his books, during the entire reign of Napoleon III., Hugo lived in the midst of us.

All the poets of to-day, who are his sons, sent him their enthusiastic homage, for the imperial police could not close the mouth of the muse. Banville wrote his "Ballade à Victor Hugo, Père de tous les Rimeurs." Its sad refrain expressed the thought which dwelt in our hearts and presided at our gatherings:

"Gautier parmi ces joailliers  
Est prince, et Leconte de Lisle  
Forge l'or dans ses ateliers:  
Mais le Père est là-bas dans l'île."

We could imagine him, "le Père," seated on those rocks which he loves to describe, on the shore of the sounding sea, the coast-line of France traced dimly on the horizon. We could see his eyes follow the white sails, innocently cruel in their invitations to him who could not follow them to his fatherland. His banishment clothed him with a wild and sublime majesty. Guernsey was only a pedestal for his fame, an observatory from which he viewed and encouraged us.

"Islands," said a friend of mine the other day, "occupy a large place in the history of our time. Think of Corsica and Saint Helena, of Guernsey and Caprera! Things that exceed the common stature of humanity take place on the islands." The island where Hugo lived is no less glorious than that which saw the birth of Napoleon.

To visit our proscribed king the seas had to be crossed. From time to time pilgrimages

were made to Guernsey. The Empire was so confident of its stability that it ceased to trouble itself about these matters,—the lyre could be no serious rival to the sword. The doors of his country were opened, but Hugo would not come in. He continued his protest by submitting to voluntary exile; he was one of those whom the success of brute force could not tame.

"S'il n'en reste que dix, je serai le dixième,  
Et s'il n'en reste qu'un, je serai celui-là."

Those eighteen years of banishment did much to keep his fame untarnished. He reigned without diminution of popularity. He would have been less great had he not suffered proscription. His terrible ordeal was of use to him; it not only added to his lyre a new and powerful chord, it also served, by keeping his life remote, to prevent his admirers from ever growing weary of him.

But at last the king came home again, and events combined to give him a welcome worthy of his renown. The prophecy of the poet was fulfilled. Improbable as they had sounded when foretold, in the early days of the victorious empire, all the predicted chastisements were turned to reality. Sedan was, indeed, a sorry counterpart of the First Empire,—the inglorious collapse of the edifice of December. France, alas! seemed to bend beneath the blow; defeat struck not the sovereign alone, but the nation. All was wreck and ruin. Prussia's iron band was closing around Paris. It was therefore a day full of emotion for us all when, amid the anguish of invasion, we learned that Victor Hugo was coming. He came at the very moment when the investment was complete, with the last train, the last breath of free air. On the way, he had seen the Bavarians; he had seen villages burnt with petroleum, and he came to imprison himself in Paris. On his arrival at the Saint-Lazare station, a memorable ovation was given him by the people,—a clamorous people, stirred by the revolutionary spirit, ready for great deeds, rejoicing in its reconquered liberty rather than frightened by the cannon which growled at its ramparts. I can see the carriage making its way down the Rue d'Amsterdam, Victor Hugo standing upright in it, borne by the mob, and weeping. Surely, this was the pinnacle of greatness: that a poet's destiny should thus be made part of occurrences so fateful.

On the morrow, the memory of this great reception was swept away in a wave of lamentable events. But at least the poet was among us; his poems were read in the theaters, in the guard-rooms, even in the forts,

while the shells were whistling through the air. It was during the siege that I saw him for the first time face to face. I was at the Théâtre Français, the vestibule of which had been turned into a hospital. Beds were laid in rows under the mirrors; Édouard Thierry, the manager, in the cap of the ambulance service, the red cross on the ground-work of white worked upon his sleeve, was directing the dressing of wounds; Madam Favart, Nathalie, and Madeleine Brohan, were tending the wounded; and the poet, with the *képi* of a national guard upon his head, was passing silent and sorrowful among the beds of the vanquished.

Hugo took up his abode in the Rue de Clichy. All Paris, which had suffered his absence so long, came there to visit him; there were dinners and parties every day at his house. I, among the rest, went to call on the master, and took my wife, who, being reared in a family of artists, knew Hugo's poetry as well as I, and held him in equal regard. Flaubert was to introduce us. In a troubled voice we asked the porter to tell us on which story Victor Hugo lived. The simple words seemed hard to pronounce. We were asking on which story lived Bug-Jargal, Hernani, Ruy-Blas. Could they inhabit a *bourgeois* lodging in the Rue de Clichy? The poet lived on the third story; his rooms were adorned with works of art; in the drawing-room were fine pieces of bronze and a large Venetian chandelier.

In meeting Victor Hugo, my preconceived ideas suffered no shock. His simple, peaceful dignity fascinated me. I contemplated at leisure that extraordinary forehead; those cheeks which had the tint of a rock embrowned by the sea-winds; the beard and hair short and bristling, shaded like old wood-moss; the eye deep and soft, generally motionless, fastened upon an image within itself. After my first visit, I could chat with him familiarly, and on these occasions the cold eyes would brighten, and Hugo would regard me with the expression of playful slyness which he sometimes assumes. Those who talk freely with the poet are few. His genius inspires too much respect.

I spent a delicious evening—for, to have heard Hugo talk, is one of the pleasantest recollections of my literary life. He has a prodigious memory which forgets nothing, grasps the entire century, links together twenty generations, and passes with all the freshness of youth from M. de Talleyrand to M. de Broglie, from the first Bonaparte to Napoleon III. We, like him, had seen the siege of Paris; but, unlike us, he had seen the War in Spain. His mode of address is

an original mixture of lofty politeness and easy good-nature, having something of the manner of an old French peer, who in antique style kisses the hand of a lady,—and combined with this something also of the affectionate familiarity of the exile.

Madame Drouët did the honors of Hugo's drawing-room. She was his companion in banishment, his invaluable friend, and, as she stood beside us smiling, her hair white as swan's down, she amply justified the reputation for beauty which she enjoyed in her day. The poet's grandchildren entered the room, all tumbled and disordered. Jeanne and Georges are the children of Charles Hugo, the poet's eldest son, who died in 1871, and was brought by his father from Bordeaux to Paris at the moment when the revolution of March 18 burst on us. The barricades of the Place de la Bastille opened respectfully before the mourning father, and let the hearse go by which held the body of his son. This son, whose death was so deeply lamented, left Victor Hugo two charming children, who love him and are worshiped by him. Their grace and dainty qualities he has sung in "*l'Art d'être Grand-Père*." Their mother, who accompanied them, is a very pretty young woman, with large, bright eyes, a person of elegance and fashion, who knows how to bring to the poet all that he needs of the bustle and gossip of Paris. Near her stood one who was to become her second husband,—Édouard Lockroy, who, in the last days of the Empire, founded the newspaper "*Le Rappel*," having for partners Meurice, Vacquerie, and the two sons of Victor Hugo. Lockroy's face is bright and lively, typical of Paris which has chosen him for its deputy,—a witty, saucy face, without fear or reproach, young, in spite of its prematurely whitened hair. I knew him as an art-student, when he was leaving the studio, a true *rapin*, fond of making caricatures. He might have become a painter, too, but his father, an author and actor, had played in Hugo's romantic dramas, and that achievement, it appears, marked out the son for a career of adventure. And, in truth, the jovial fellow, taking life broadly, asking no better than to laugh, met with adventures in abundance. He was sent to Syria by an illustrated paper to sketch the massacres of Christians by the Druses. He was found by M. Renan under some forlorn Mussulman roof, abandoned, robbed, shivering with fever. Still thirsting for travel and excitement, he donned a red shirt, and accompanied the cosmopolitan hero, whom Italy so loudly mourns to-day. He took part in nearly all the expeditions of Garibaldi. At present he is simply the wittiest of our deputies.

Vacquerie, a masterly writer, I also saw, and Meurice, his inseparable crony. Both were recruits, though now promoted, of the great wars of romanticism. One is tall, the other short: Auguste Vacquerie thin and long,—a Norman Don Quixote; Paul Meurice of Kalmuck build, with hair brushed straight and mustache hard and stiff. Both formed part of the family. Then came the intimate friends of the house,—Paul de Saint Victor, the author of "*Hommes et Dieux*," the most delicate worker in prose known to our literature since Gautier; Théodore de Banville, the latest, but not the least fervid of the romanticists; Leconte de Lisle, chief of the poetic school of the Parnassians; Emile de Girardin, Ivan Tourguéneff, Gustave Flaubert, Monselet, and others whom I forget. Of those whom I saw in Hugo's drawing-room, surrounding him under the chandelier, listening to him, hymning his glory, some are no more. Flaubert, Girardin, Saint-Victor,—the novelist, the journalist, the critic: these have passed out of the circle of the poet's friends. Death has taken them from us.

In the midst of the tributes paid by so many master-minds to Victor Hugo, as to a king who, after a long voyage, returns to take possession of his throne, I felt more than once a very singular emotion. One notices that, in spite of all, the poet retains evidences of his adventurous life, even in the short and easy jacket which he wears. One thinks involuntarily of the promiscuous society with which he must so long have mingled. Of the flood of visitors who thronged Hugo's drawing-room, many came and were received—who had never been seen there before December. I often reflected on the life of exiled kings, as I stood in this throng and saw the purest diamond in Parisian society rubbed by the commonest pebble. Kings, as well as proscribed poets, must adopt the same tolerant mode of existence, make the same submission to social necessities, permit the same facility of intercourse. I will add, moreover, that the serious side of my book, "*Les Rois en Exil*," was studied in the drawing-room of Victor Hugo.

In those days, when the great poet talked more than to-day, he would install himself on a narrow, little sofa, where there was only room for two. Each of us, in turn, would there take seat beside him and chat for a few moments. Now, in later days, the evenings are less prolonged than of old, and come to an end about ten o'clock; but when I first used to go to the Rue de Clichy, we still indulged in those midnight cups of tea which Hugo would fortify with rum and transform to grog of formidable strength. One day

he served me himself, and emptied into both our cups about half a bottle of rum mixed with Spanish wine, thus concocting an old Guernsey sea-dog's "night-cap." I felt scorched for a week, but Hugo drank it without winking, and with Olympian serenity.

His health, in fact, is wonderfully robust. His eighty years are full of sap. At table, he is well worth watching. Sound in digestion, strong in appetite, between each dish he pours out huge draughts of sweet wine. He eats slowly, with majestic air, masticating his food like an old lion. You feel that he is a man always in good health; one who bathes every morning in cold water; who works with open windows; who, when he comes home in winter from the Senate, does not even close the carriage windows. He seems to grow no older. His voice alone has changed somewhat. There are longer pauses in his speech. His words seem to come from a distance.

His life has always been scrupulously exact. In the days of the Rue de Clichy, he rose at five and went out at eight, save in extraordinarily bad weather. Like Montaigne and Madame de Staël, he always loved the great city, even its gutters, even its evil spots. But since his return from exile this passion has grown stronger than ever. Who does not know the lines which he addressed to Paris at the moment of his return,—the lines which breathe so deep an affection:

"J'irai, je rentrerai dans ta muraille sainte,  
O Paris!  
Je te rapporterai l'âme jamais éteinte  
Des pros crits."

He had scarcely arrived in the beloved city before he was anxious to know its new districts, its latest passages, its broad avenues, now filled with the noise of the horns of the tramway conductors, the Seine covered with ferry-boats. All those innovations of late years, which give Paris a new physiognomy, rejoiced the heart of the poet. His greatest pleasure, at early morning, was to climb to the top of an omnibus, and so traverse the whole city, passing the sumptuous boulevards, the workmen's quarters, the districts of the poor, until he reached the gloomy streets of the suburbs, near the fortifications where, along the walls that skirt the yards of low, one-storied houses, grow in luxuriance the dandelion and the nettle. Every day, in the heart of Paris, which is undergoing so many changes, Victor Hugo would discover some picturesque, unknown corner; and it is in this manner, on the top of an omnibus, observing and dreaming, at the time when the streets awaken to their morning life,

that he has written most of his latest poems. Indeed, there can be no better observatory, none more propitious to the flashing glance of thought, the straying of the imagination, than this humble post on the public conveyance, which, going from one barrier to the other, making its easy journey in three-quarters of an hour, introduces you successively to all the quarters of Paris, revealing and anon concealing, as in a dream, the rich first floor, with its heavy, ornamented curtains half-opened, and with its creamy waves of muslin, and, farther on, the poorer suburbs, where the eye looks into basements sombre and bare, for which a tin reflector steals from the street a few rays of sunlight, or where, for the needs of work or of trade, the gas is lighted before noon. Victor Hugo was known to his neighbors on the omnibus. They had learnt the name of the fine-looking, strong, old man, in his short jacket, with a felt hat on his head, who took his place beside them and politely passed their change. Sometimes the conductor had to inform them, whispering in their ear, "It is Victor Hugo." But the poet's wish to be unrecognized was more gallantly respected than that of a queen on her travels. His desire was understood by all, and while they might glance at him aside, out of a corner of the eye, they pretended not to know him. In the south of France, at Marseilles for example, where everything is expressed, where the people are turbulent and enthusiastic, the carriage would have been unharnessed, the pavements lined with people, the drive interrupted. In Paris, the citizens are of finer instinct, their discretion is exquisitely delicate. At the time of François Victor Hugo's death—François, the last of his sons,—the poet, leaving the deserted home, the distracted household, and seeking solitude in the crowd, had contracted an almost daily habit of lunching on a cutlet or a couple of eggs, and of reading the papers at a tavern in the district of Saint Georges. It was a meeting-place of painters and men of letters. One of my friends, a poet, who took his meal at the same hour, would sometimes find himself seated at a table near the master. Often he would pass him the newspaper, the salt forgotten by the waiter, or the bottle of ice-water. He was sorely tempted to make himself known, for Hugo would have recalled his name. But he was discreet, and held his peace, and even now, his dream, his most ardent desire, is to be introduced to the poet.

When his morning ride is over, Victor Hugo comes home, takes lunch, and, if there be no session in the Senate, writes and works

till evening. In his wonderful organism, so healthy and well balanced, the production of literary work has never been for a moment arrested, either by sorrow or by exile. His capacity resembles a vast spring of water, a Vaucluse fountain fed perennially by the fall of snow and recent rain, drawing from unfathomable depths into the sunlight, with astonishing fullness, force, and regularity, its overflowing waters, bubbling and clear. What glorious verses, what waves of thought and imagery, still lie hidden beneath the soil! Victor Hugo will never check the supply; he can keep nothing back; he would give us all he has. It is admirable to hear him talk, with his placid smile, and the serene tranquility of a sage, concerning the few years which are left him to live, the grand schemes which he carries in his head, and which he would not leave unfinished. Happily, there is no limit at hand beyond which his green old age may not expand, and here, in these latest months, is a splendid work which the whole world reads with admiration,—*"Torquemada,"* the dramatic epic of the Inquisition.

Hugo himself reads nothing, for he has no time to spare. No literary work of our day has ever passed under his eyes. He has never read one of my books. On one occasion, when he was about to pay me some compliment, I hastened to interrupt him. His almost paternal friendship for the man is more dear to me than would be his esteem for the writer. By way of exception, however, he read the articles which Emile Zola devoted to him in the *"Figaro."* In the midst of the great concert of admiration which France performed at the feet of the old poet, one discordant note, and one alone, was heard. The novelist attacked Hugo with zeal, often with harshness. He had no personal antipathy for the poet, but made the attack in accordance with his literary theories. In assailing the author of *"Notre Dame de Paris"* he meant to assail the chief of the romantic movement. For my own part, without being at all embarrassed by the recollection of those attacks, I told Hugo how sincerely I prized the abilities of Emile Zola. And Zola, on his side, knows perfectly well what I think of the criticisms showered by him on the patriarch of romanticism. Whatever may be said or done, Hugo's literary influence is unbounded, and we all are subject to it, Zola as well as the rest. Hugo has invented a language and has imposed it on his epoch. It is a violent language and a bold one; it is full of resonance and color; it is, in brief, the language of the nineteenth century, the only language that can express the passions and paint the aspects of our society, which a complex civil-

ization has thrown into disorder. We may regret the language of the seventeenth century, or that of Voltaire. But, whether we will or no, from the day we take a pen in hand, we must write the language of Victor Hugo. Verse-maker or prose-maker, none escapes him, not even Balzac: nay, Balzac less than others, for the keen steel of Balzac's tools was tempered in the master's forge. For this reason we should only speak of him and his work with a profound sentiment of gratitude and admiration. A dutiful son, though he be strong and tall, will not war with his grandfather, particularly if his weapons are borrowed from the elder's panoply.

Moreover, whatever inevitable signs of weakness may be shown by a genius which is too prolific to be always perfect, Victor Hugo performs in our country, at the present time, an office which is his alone, and the glory of which none can dispute. Without Hugo, I am fond of repeating, France, being devoted to prose, would have lost the habit of the great language of poetry. Save a few stage verses, which are the better received the more they resemble prose, I can say in sober earnest, that the poems of Victor Hugo are the only poems to which the French public lends ear to-day. The sisterhood which worshiped Lamartine, the lily-browed and fair-tressed maidens, have long since closed their dreamy eyes. Our young men have forgotten Musset, and care no more for wild orgies. Pierre Dupont is forgotten; Béranger, the great Béranger whom Châteaubriand admired, is sung no more, not even in the tap-rooms. Those admirable artists, Baudelaire and Gautier, who are dead, Banville and Leconte de Lisle, who live, have no fit renown outside the narrow circle of men of letters and men of taste. As for the young contemporary poets, with the possible exception of François Coppée, they know that their flasks, filled with refined essences, are not to the taste of the public. In this general disarray of our poets, Hugo alone covers the retreat: blowing the horn of Roncevaux, creating the din and doing the work of an army.

If fame so great as his brooks few contradictions, in practical life on the other hand it has its inconveniences. Unless he learns to keep his working-hours free from the trespass of the importunate, the life of a distinguished man of our time is no longer his own. The folks who scribble and rhyme have not always observed, in their relations with Victor Hugo, the discretion and reserve which we have applauded in his fellow-travelers of the omnibus. They deny the poet his free and peaceful enjoyment of his small fragment of life, some corner, some particle of which is being daily

worn away by the current of the century. Worthy people, thinking no harm, write to Victor Hugo, begging a reply and demanding his opinion of several stout volumes of five hundred pages each. Well, I really am not spiteful, but I cannot conceal the satisfaction with which I now shatter their illusions, the joy with which I say to them: "Write, good friends, send Victor Hugo your volumes; Victor Hugo will not read them. Victor Hugo will not even open your letters." He has two good watch-dogs, Mme. Drouët and Richard Lesclide, the latter an enthusiast from Bordeaux, whose admiration for the poet made him take the part of secretary. It is Mme. Drouët and Richard Lesclide who read and reply. While they are thus engaged, the poet is at leisure to write poetry. What would become of him, ye gods! if he had merely to open the mail which reaches him every morning from France and from abroad. What would he do with the particularly impertinent letters which sometimes find their way into his correspondence. Hugo once received a request from a country lawyer, quite unknown to him, who wanted one hundred thousand francs by return of post, or was else determined to blow out his brains. Nobody can imagine, indeed, what strange demands we literary people, who are somewhat before the public, are liable to receive. It is barely six weeks ago that a young Prussian countess, whose name I had never heard, took to sending me letters and notes of every size and shape. She said that she needed eighty thousand francs to unite her to the man of her choice, and make her life happy. She added that nothing could be easier for me than to obtain this sum among my Parisian friends. If I could obtain it, I confess I would put it to another use than that of joining this unknown Dorothea to her Hermann.

After his correspondence, the reception of visitors causes a considerable waste of the poet's time. Admiration is naturally as indiscreet as it is candid. All who go through Paris want to see Victor Hugo: from the Emperor of Brazil and the King of the Sandwich Islands to the English or American young ladies who, with a letter of introduction in their hand, and a guide-book under their arm, go to see the poet after they have paid their respects to the tomb of Napoleon, the treasure of Notre Dame, and the well of Grenelle. Victor Hugo's household undertakes to defend him from the enthusiasm of travelers and the attentions of foreigners. But, if the days when the poet lived in the Rue de Clichy, this defense was difficult. The easiest way to save him from vulgar impertinence was to remove him from the center of Paris.

He has been living for several years in one of the avenues which lead from the Arc de Triomphe to the fortifications. A recent decision of the Municipal Council of Paris has changed its name from the Avenue d'Eylau to the Avenue Victor Hugo. The district is in a state of transition, being not yet wholly Paris, and nevertheless being no longer the country. Its mansions, all of white, too high to stand solitary, seem unstable enough to cause alarm, and look like children's toy-houses, lost in the monotonous expanse of building-sites clotted with scanty grass and heaped with rubbish, enclosed by gray palings, with a cabbage-garden or a patch of artichokes kept in order by the janitor of the place, and here and there with a board marking the lots which are for sale and giving the address of the agent. Few go by in the day-time; a white-washer's cart may be seen, or a market-gardener's, or perhaps a couple of red-trousered soldiers strolling disconsolate through the neighborhood. At night there is complete solitude: gas-lamps stand at long distances apart, in a melancholy row, serving no other purpose than that of making the night more visible; and beyond, in the endless darkness of the avenue, shining like a light-house to the visitor who has lost his way, are the kitchens of two little solitary residences, always open and always gleaming, throwing their hospitable light over five or six yards of the pavement. Those two residences are the home of Victor Hugo. They are built in the English fashion, after the style now popular in the belt of houses which gird Paris,—commodious and private, having neither janitor nor neighbors, realizing the dream of being truly at home.

The poet occupies one of them. In the neighboring house, which has a door in its wall, live the grandchildren of Victor Hugo, with their mother and Edouard Lockroy, her second husband. I name the children first because they are the masters, and, in a degree, the tyrants of the two houses. The mode of life, indeed, has undergone no change in the new home. We occasionally go to dinner in the Avenue Victor Hugo, as we went in the Rue de Clichy, and we are still fascinated by the simple welcome that awaits us. The evening receptions are attended by the same friends as of old; but there is less crowding and more intimacy.

This dwelling, which to the stranger seems so modest, has had its day of epic grandeur; it is for ever memorable to those who, like myself, witnessed the rejoicings of February 25, 1881. On that day it became for an instant the center of the first city in the world: for the whole of Paris came to its doors to lay there a tribute of admiration. In 1879, when

"Ruy Blas" was revived at the Théâtre Français, Victor Hugo had already been acclaimed by those whom convention calls "All Paris." The emotion and cheers of this distinguished throng, which saw the old master-work revived after so many years, were very sweet to Victor Hugo. In 1880, at the fiftieth anniversary of "Hernani" he saw his bust crowned, amid the actors, by the hands of Sarah Bernhardt; and on that day he truly felt that, being still alive, he had passed into immortality. But there still was wanting the popular festival, more spontaneous, conceived on a grander scale, which should show the poet how deeply his work had penetrated France, how much he was loved even by those who could scarcely read,—by the poor, the artisans, the "misérables" for whom he had often written, whose sufferings he had told, whose cause he had championed. All were full of gratitude, and the seed sown in the shadow, in so many thousand hearts, was bound to bear at least one glorious harvest.

Such was the character of last year's festival. Springing from an instinctive and enthusiastic movement of public opinion, it took as its pretext the celebration of the eightieth birthday of the poet, who, in reality, was only seventy-nine. An immense crowd, such as Paris alone can gather, passed in surging waves, for hours together, beneath Hugo's windows. They came from all points of the city, and formed a procession in the Place de l'Étoile. The trumpeters went first, sounding their brazen melodies; the corporation followed after, bearing their ensigns as before a sovereign. Flowers were carried in the crowd, and crowns and flags. Banners floated in the wind, and on these standards of peace, inscribed, not with the names of bloody victories, but with the date of the greatest battles of thought, I could read "Hernani," "Les Feuilles d'Automne," "Les Orientales," and see all the dreams of my childhood passing before me in a worthy apotheosis.

I walked in the throng with my wife and children. We advanced with difficulty, so long was the procession. We were placed by chance amid a group of freemasons, who were marching behind their banner, each carrying his scarf in a shoulder-knot, as on a holiday. We marched behind a poorly dressed couple, a man and a woman, and when we came in sight of the house, covered already with tributary flowers, and observed the poet standing with his grand-children, while all Paris defiled before his window—

"Put on your scarf," cried the woman in front of us.

"I dare not," replied her husband, "it is too dirty."

"What does that matter?" cried she. "He will not see it."

So the old, soiled scarf was brought out, having done duty at all the ceremonies of the order; and as we passed the house our friend rolled it around him. In truth, the poet did not see the scarf,—this simple token of respect,—but I afterward related to him the little dialogue, and he smiled.

I did not go to see Hugo on the day of the festival. I remained in the street with the crowd, and shouted like the rest—like a hundred thousand other Parisians. But I did go the next day. The house wore a new aspect. The crowns were heaped up in the

conservatory; in the drawing-room hung banners and garlands, grouped with excellent taste amid palms and bouquets; the furniture was hidden beneath the flower-offerings. The children were there, wearied with standing so long at the window and replying with their little hands to the acclamations of the crowd. Alone, unwearied, amid the gifts of our City of Light, which, in one day, had paid its debt of gratitude to him who adds so much to its splendor, appeared Victor Hugo, still calm, serious, majestic, his serenity unbroken by the most glorious homage which has ever been received by man living among men.

*Alphonse Daudet.*



## THE POET YEARS.

(1807 TO 1812.)

(Longfellow, Whittier, Mrs. Browning, Dr. Holmes, Tennyson, Poe, and Robert Browning were born during these years.)

Drop those six pages from the century's story,  
And how much of its radiance were gone;  
Drop from the day its crowning sunset glory,  
The calm light of its dawn!

From that glad spring-time broke a full-voiced bevy,  
With singing every heart and house to fill—  
Perennial, though bound and stark and heavy  
The wintry earth lies still.

The robin, caroling so cheer, so docile;  
The shy wood-thrush's chiming vesper-bell;  
New England's bobolink, old England's throble,  
With blithe or plaintive swell;

The British blackbird's musical elations  
America's wide vales and corn-fields thrill;  
Far Britain hears the nightly iterations  
Of mourning whip-poor-will.

And both lands catch the wild-bird notes obscurer  
That yet rise ever and again so strong,  
So high and clear—his flight than petrel surer,—  
Imperial his song.

O choral jubilant! O years of healing,  
Of joy and light and solace, hope and peace!  
Long, long ere shall be hushed your anthem pealing,  
Your consolation cease!

*James T. McKay.*

## A COAL FRAGMENT.

AMID the fields of snow and ice  
Which block the passage to the pole,  
Mysterious lands which still entice  
The adventurous modern soul,

This fragment of a softer clime,  
Of some dead summer-world, was found,  
The unburied relic of a time  
That slumbers in its mound:

A black coal fragment marked with ferns,  
No thing of beauty—yet to me  
A dream of life that darkly burns  
Beneath the arctic sea.

*G. E. Montgomery.*

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## A NEW PROFESSION FOR WOMEN.

THE stranger in New York who may chance to visit the east side of the city in the neighborhood of Twenty-sixth street will have his attention called to a long, grayish, four-story prison-like structure, with a wing, situated in a block which extends to the East River, and inclosed by a high, forbidding stone wall. This is Bellevue Hospital, the chief free public institution of the kind in New York. For many years it has been famous for the high medical and surgical skill of which it is the theater, its faculty embracing many leading members of the profession in the city. For many years to come it is likely to be popularly associated with another high development of the curative arts,—the results of the founding, in 1873, of the Bellevue Training-school for Nurses, and of a new profession for women in America.

Not long ago, a lady living in the suburbs of one of our eastern cities, whose daughter was ill with fever, was urged by her physician to employ a professional nurse. She was loth to do this, but, as the malady increased in virulence, she finally yielded. The following morning the servant announced "the nurse." To the mother's imagination—overwrought as it was by lack of rest and by unremitting watching—the words called up the most disagreeable anticipations of a careless and disorderly person, and perhaps even a dark reminiscence of Sairey Gamp scolding trembling invalids, removing their pillows, or drinking copiously from black bottles, while grim-visaged Betsey Prig looked on with unconcern. With these pictures of the professional nurse before her, she descended to the hall. There, to her surprise, she found a young woman of intelligent face, neat apparel, and quiet demeanor.

"You are ——"

"The nurse, madam."

Saying which, the stranger exhibited a badge inscribed with the words "Bellevue Hospital Training-school for Nurses," and decorated with a stork, the emblem of watchfulness.

The physician now appearing, the nurse listened attentively to his instructions. Her movements, while preparing for duty, inspired with confidence both mother and patient. Her skillful hand prepared the food, her watchful eye anticipated every want. She was calm, patient, and sympathizing; but, though eager to please and cheer the invalid, she did not stoop to simulate an affection she did not feel, nor to express hopes of recovery that could not be realized. The exaction, the impatience incident to illness, seemed but to incite her to renewed effort in behalf of her charge. She met every emergency with knowledge and unruffled spirit. To the physician she proved an invaluable assistant, executing his orders intelligently, and recording accurately the various symptoms as they were developed. She watched the temperature of the room as closely as she did that of the patient, and, while always polite and obliging, was never obsequious. The mother had doubtless heard indirectly of the school of which her efficient nurse was a graduate, but she was, as many others are, unfamiliar with its work and aims.

To understand the almost revolutionary progress that, through the instrumentality of this school, has been made in the system of nursing the sick, let us look for a moment at the previous condition of this great hospital. The present building was constructed about

sixty years ago, by the poor-house authorities; for thirty years it was an almshouse, and since then it has been used exclusively for hospital purposes. So unenlightened was the general view of the obligations of a city toward its sick and injured in those days, that for years the only nursing was done by convicts of the Female Penitentiary. The profanity, drunkenness, theft, and profligacy of these attendants were soon too scandalous to be ignored, and in 1848 this system was abolished, and "hired nurses, selected from among poor women of reputable character and decent habits," were employed in all the wards.\* The advance from no nursing to poor nursing told sensibly on the death-rate, which, however, owing to poor hospital supplies, bad ventilation and beds, defects of heating and cleanliness, and the general indifference to the welfare of the patients, still continued large; the best medical skill was useless against incompetence and neglect.

So matters continued until the year 1872, when the attention of the Local Visiting Committee of the New York State Charities Aid Association† was called to Bellevue. This committee was composed of sixty members, chiefly ladies of high social position and intelligence, two visitors being assigned to each ward. Their duties were to visit the hospital weekly, and to report its actual condition to the Association. They found in the building nine hundred patients, most of them in want, many in positive distress. The men's wards were so crowded that three patients would have to sleep on two beds and five on three. Others were forced to sleep on the floor without blankets or pillows, as there was no supply of extra clothing, except what could be obtained from the stock belonging to deceased patients. A few of the "hired nurses" were still there, and they seemed to have learned nothing by experience, save indifference to suffering. There were no night nurses, and only three night watchmen for six hundred patients. They sometimes drugged the patients with morphine to keep them quiet, and drank the stimulants that had been prescribed. In the kitchen it was ascertained that tea and soup were frequently made in the same boiler; the coffee was nauseous, and the beef dry and hard. "Special diet" existed only in name, and, even if ordered and provided, it had little chance of reaching the patients or even the nurses, being confiscated on the way up from the kitchen by the work-house women, who had been committed for drunkenness or dis-

orderly conduct, and had been transferred to Bellevue as "helpers."

Judging from these inspections, the committee became convinced that no improvement could be hoped for in the management of the hospital until a complete reform of the nursing should be effected; and, inspired by the example and success of similar work in England by Florence Nightingale, the founder of the modern system of nursing, they set themselves to this task with resolution, tact, and intelligence. At first they met with little encouragement from the medical profession, but now their staunchest supporters are found within it. One distinguished physician said, "I do not believe in the success of a training-school for nurses at Bellevue. The patients are of a class so difficult to deal with, and the service is so laborious, that the conscientious, intelligent women you are looking for will lose heart and hope long before the two years of training are over."‡ A clergyman well acquainted with the hospital echoed this opinion, and thought it was "not a proper place for ladies to visit." One or two physicians thought the lives of such people not worth saving. Other grades of opposition or indifference presented themselves—political, social and professional. The experiment was a new one, and the theory on which it was undertaken ran counter to the traditions of those employed in the hospital. Before such obstacles, stout hearts might well have hesitated, but the courageous and intelligent managers were only thereby the more firmly convinced of the necessity of patient and persistent effort.

The first step was to learn how to organize the school in the best way, and for this end Dr. W. Gill Wylie, of New York, volunteered to go to Europe at his own expense, to study the foreign systems. Upon his return he brought a cordial letter from Miss Nightingale, in which she set forth the principles upon which the management of the school has been based. Chief of these is the entire subordination of the nursing corps to the medical staff, the nurses being under the discipline of a superintendent, or matron, whose duty it is to see that the work is performed to the satisfaction of the physicians. To her report the head-nurses, who have a surveillance of both the day and night nurses. The position assigned to the matron, by which she is made solely responsible for the effi-

\* Exceptions to the general attitude were found in the cordial coöperation of the late Dr. James R. Wood, Dr. Austin Flint, and Dr. Stephen Smith, who were fast friends of the enterprise from the start, and have been of the greatest aid as advisers to the Board of Management.

\* Address of Dr. Reese.

† See "A Great Charity Reform," in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for July, 1882.

ciency of the nursing corps, is one of the most important features. The tact and judgment displayed by the training-school managers in the practical application of these sensible ideas of the function of nursing, have saved a vast amount of friction, and won for the school the friendship of many physicians who were naturally prejudiced against it, and might easily have been forced into opposition by any encroachment upon their rights.

The boundaries of the nurses' duties having been laid down with circumspection, voluntary subscriptions were called for and made to the amount of \$23,000, and a house was rented near the hospital, in which the nurses should lodge and board.

To find a person capable of taking charge of such an institution proved a difficult task. Miss Bowden, otherwise known as "Sister Helen, of All Saints," then of Baltimore, but formerly of the well-known school at University College, London, was finally selected. Equal difficulty was experienced in procuring assistants for her. Advertisements were inserted in the journals, and physicians were applied to; but such was the scarcity of educated nurses in this country at that time, that, after a search of many months, and after the most liberal offers, only four were found who were in any wise capable, one of whom proved inefficient. Later on, Sister Helen, compelled to return to England, was succeeded by Miss Perkins, of Norwich, Conn., under whose management the school has continued to increase in numbers and usefulness. At first but six pupils were obtained. The scheme adopted—that developed by Miss Nightingale—demanded in the applicant a combination of requisites the mere enumeration of which appalled many who had been encouraged to seek admission to the school. These are: Good education, strong constitution, freedom from physical defects, including those of sight and hearing, and unexceptionable references. The course of training consists in dressing wounds, applying fomentations, bathing and care of helpless patients, making beds, and managing positions. Then follow the preparation and application of bandages, making rollers and linings of splints. The nurse must also learn how to prepare, cook, and serve delicacies for the invalid. Instruction is given in the best practical methods of supplying fresh air, and of warming and ventilating the sick-room. In order to remain through the two years' course and obtain a diploma, still more is required, viz.: Exemplary deportment, patience, industry, and obedience. The first year's experience was far from satisfactory. Among seventy-three applicants, hailing from the various States, only twenty-nine were found

that gave promise of ability to fulfill the conditions. Of these, ten were dismissed for various causes before the expiration of the first nine months. To serve medicine to the patients in the wards of a great public hospital smacks not a little of novelty and of romance, and goes far, at first, to compensate for a hospital's unpleasant surroundings and its odor of disinfectants; but a short period of wound-dressing and night-watching is sufficient to dispel such illusions. Every year, young women whose abilities warranted their admittance at the commencement of the course have been permitted to depart before its completion, owing to an evident distaste on their part for the duties imposed upon them. But the managers, though surprised at the result of their first efforts, were not discouraged. As time went by, the number of applicants increased, and, though the high standard first established was not departed from, the proportion of those capable of fulfilling the requirements multiplied. Some applicants, who did not seem especially adapted to the work, proved most efficient, and on this topic the managers say that, after their long experience, they have found that the fitness of an applicant can be determined only by absolute trial.

The nurses at the Bellevue school may be divided into two classes: those who study the art of nursing with a view to gaining a livelihood or supporting their families, and those who look forward to a life of usefulness among the poor sick. All are lodged and boarded free of charge during the two years' course, and are paid a small sum monthly, while in the school, to defray their actual necessary expenses, and, in order to avoid all distinction between rich and poor, every nurse is expected to receive this pay.

The "Nurses' Home," the head-quarters of the school, is No. 426 East Twenty-sixth street, a large and handsome building, erected for the purpose and given to the school by Mrs. W. H. Osborn. From the outside of this building the tastefully arranged curtains and polished panes of its several chambers present a striking contrast to the somber, frowning walls of the great charity hospital opposite. Besides studying from text-books, and attending a systematic course of lectures, the pupils are occupied by the care of the patients in the hospital, and in the general management of the wards. The nurses are taught how to make accurate observations and reports of symptoms for the physicians' use, such as state of pulse, temperature, appetite, intelligence, delirium or stupor, breathing, sleep, condition of wounds, effect of diet, medicine, or stimulant. This instruction is given by the visiting and resident physicians and surgeons of Bellevue, at the bedside

of the patients, and by the superintendent and head-nurse. At first, only the female wards were supplied; but, as illness makes no distinction of sex, it was found impossible to complete the nurse's education without practice among sick men, and early in the career of the institution some of the male wards were included, until now 14 wards of from 16 to 20 beds each are under the supervision of the new system. There is no reason,

after a *mêlée* in which he was shot through the chest. His face wears a puzzled expression as the nurse quietly and skillfully dresses the wound; such kind attention is a revelation to him. In the next cot is a man who has been run over, while intoxicated, by a truck. His injuries are serious, and require the almost undivided attention of a skilled nurse; if she had not been at hand, the surgeon would be obliged to amputate the leg that now swings



BELLEVUE HOSPITAL AND GROUNDS.

except the want of money, why this system should not be extended to the entire hospital.

Look in at the male surgical ward. These young women in white caps and aprons and blue-and-white striped seersucker dresses seem to have had something of the training of the soldier added to that of the nurse. There is little talking and no laughing. When they do speak, it is in subdued tones. Each seems to understand her duties. One of the house physicians enters, and, beckoning to a nurse, gives her directions regarding a particular patient recently visited. She listens attentively makes no reply, and turns at once to obey. A soldier, pausing in his rounds, presenting arms to his superior officer and listening respectfully for orders, would not have exhibited a more perfect discipline. On either hand the patients lie on their cots, in the various stages of relapse or recovery. As a rule, these are hard-featured, ill-favored men. Some are only waiting here until the healing of their wounds to be tried for felonious assault, house-breaking, or murder. One is a bar-keeper, brought in the previous night in an ambulance,

easily upon the strap-support. On the opposite side of the ward, stretched upon a cot near the door, is a workman who has been injured by falling from a scaffold. He has a careworn, anxious expression, that proceeds not from physical, but mental troubles. He has just told the nurse that his wife is very ill, and that there is no one to look after her and the children. He does not know, but will soon learn, that another young woman with even more experience than the one sitting near him, is already on her way to his wife, the number of his house having been ascertained from the hospital entry-book on the ground floor. In another division of this ward are gathered the most complicated cases. The labors of the nurse must here be unremitting; yet little medicine is required. Some of these poor fellows who lie in rows are, doubtless, beyond the influence of that, but the world is still sweet to them, and the spark of life that fitfully lights up their wan, colorless faces may, if carefully tended, still be kept aglow. One patient is undergoing an operation, though not a dangerous one. The nurse stands by,



A DEMONSTRATION IN BANDAGING.

supporting his head and shoulders. Ether is not required, but the man has been already broken down with his malady; his face twitches with pain, his hands open and shut convulsively, and a groan escapes him, deep, prolonged, and expressive not only of present pain, but of the weary months of suffering that he has experienced. Now the surgeon's work is done, and the poor fellow, before sinking back again upon his pillow, murmurs a stuttering apology to the nurse for having shown what he takes to be weakness while under the lancet.

In the female wards the work of the trained nurses is employed to better purpose probably than elsewhere within the walls of the institution. The old and the young hobble about on crutches, or lie on their cots with blanched, careworn faces, and deep-sunken eyes. A kindly faced nurse is feeding an old woman from a bowl. Whatever it contains, it causes a smile to light up what before had been sullen and frigid features. Another is carefully bandaging a wounded arm, striving, meanwhile, to argue away from the sufferer the specter that haunts her. The most uninviting and wretched tenement-houses do not reveal a class more in need of help and sympathy than the patients in the female wards of Bellevue.

The bell of an ambulance which has just arrived strikes three startling strokes, the signal for the medical division. A few minutes pass, and two men bring in a stretcher, on which rests the form of a woman clad in genteel but much-worn apparel. Two nurses lift the motionless form upon a bed, and examine the card made out for each patient upon her arrival. It is superscribed "No Friends," and a careful examination of the small leather bag tightly clasped in her hand fails to furnish additional intelligence. She was found lying insensible upon the pavement, and, though she regained consciousness for a few minutes previous to the arrival of the ambulance, she stubbornly refused to answer questions, to give her name, or tell what ailed her. But the nurses soon discovered this trouble. The woman was starving—had been starving herself purposely. She had had some misfortune, of which she refused to speak. Her first words upon recovering consciousness were of regret that she had not been permitted to die. Later on, however, she was encouraged to partake of nourishing food. With this and good nursing, her spirits to a certain extent revived, until, upon her departure, she had, to all appearance, ceased to reflect upon that which had caused her distress.

Upon the completion of their labors in the

Training-School, and after passing a satisfactory examination, the nurses, furnished with diplomas, signed by the managers and the examining board of the hospital, begin their several careers. Some are called to superintend state and city hospitals, a continually increasing number seek private practice, or rather are sought by it, while not a few, as has already been said, devote themselves to the sick among the poor.

The value of the service performed by these noble women cannot be adequately estimated

tages of a nurse's training, would fail significantly where she would succeed. For the mere attendance on the invalid is not the whole of the service performed by the visiting nurse. She sweeps and cleans the rooms, cooks the food, does the washing, if necessary, goes upon errands—in short, takes the place of the mother, if she be ill. All this has been learned at the training-school. Neither illness nor death itself can appall her: she has served a long novitiate in nursing the one, and the other has long since lost its terrors.



TENEMENT-HOUSE WORK.

without visiting the tenement-house district wherein it is performed. They lodge in a house provided for the purpose by the Woman's Branch of the City Missions, by which they are supported, and are to New York what the "District Nurses" are to London. From early morning until evening they endure fatigue, heat, cold, and storm, in their efforts to relieve the distressed. Neither the gruff responses, nor the ingratitude of those for whom they toil, have, in a single known instance, forced them to cease their work. An equally zealous person, without the advan-

Here is the substance of an account given by one of these charitable women, of a typical day's work.

"I heard that a young man was dying of consumption in a tenement-house on the east side. After searching for some time, I found the house, squeezed in between two larger and equally dilapidated structures, in the rear of those facing the street. It had no door, and, like such houses generally, was so dark, even in broad daylight, that I had to grope my way to the upper chambers by aid of the stair-rail. A woman in the yard told me that the



THE PATIENT.

man I wished to see lodged, she thought, on the top floor. Upon my arrival I knocked for some time at the doors of the front chambers, but no one answered. Then I tried the back hall-room. 'Who's there?' a man's voice roughly demanded. 'I want to speak with you,' I answered. 'Well, who are you?' I said that I would explain my business, if he would open the door, and, after a few moments, it was opened just a few inches. The face of a little, weazened old man appeared. 'What do you want?' he demanded, scowlingly. 'I heard there was an invalid here, and I want to try and do something for him.' 'Well, he doesn't want anything.' 'But,' I persisted, 'can't I see him for a moment?' 'No, you can't.' He would have slammed the door in my face, but I had caught sight of the poor fellow, his son, who was crouched in one corner. I beckoned to him, and he unwillingly came toward the door in time to prevent its being closed. 'Don't you like beef-tea?'

I asked. 'No, I don't,' he returned. 'But I have some here that you will like. I'm sure it's different from what you've seen. Let me make some for you. You needn't take it, if you don't like it.' 'I don't know,' he said. 'I might.' And, despite the scowls of the father, who was opposed to my entrance, I sat down by the stove, gathered some pieces of wood from a pile in the corner, and made a fire warm enough to heat the beef-tea. The young man was in the last stages of consumption, and said he had not eaten anything for some time, though I saw some bits of dry bread and pork upon an adjoining shelf. He had no sooner tasted the tea I made for him than he smacked his lips with evident surprise and pleasure, and declared it very good. It seemed to warm him up mentally as well as physically, seeing which, I plied him with questions regarding his illness and means of support,—questions which, notwithstanding the evident displeasure of his father, he an-



THE NURSE.

swered courteously and intelligently. Before my departure I put the room in order, and brought to the invalid and his father sufficient good food for a few days, and showed them how to prepare it.

"My next visit was to a little boy who had been run over while playing in the street. He was dead when I reached him, and his mother, worn out alike by mental and physical exhaustion, for she had not slept at all, and had eaten but little for several days, was lying moaning upon a bed. Another child lay in an adjoining room, quite ill with malarial fever. This is so prevalent among tenement-house children in warm weather, that we usually carry with us something to relieve them. So I did what I could for her, and then began to arrange the rooms and prepare the dinner. The mother appeared indifferent to what was taking place; but the father, a truck-driver by profession, who sat silent at the window, seemed much pleased with my efforts. The rooms were close and the atmosphere was permeated with bad air coming from the lower halls. The back windows looked into those of ill-kept, tumble-down structures across a court, the odors of which were alike offensive. The family clothes were suspended upon some of the ropes that formed a sort of cobweb between the adjoining buildings. They had remained hanging there for nearly a week, and after serving the dinner, I set about taking them in. This was no easy matter. While tugging upon the lines, they caught upon those belonging to the inmates of the other houses, and clogged up the pulley, and, before I had completed my labors, I had been roundly scolded for my awkwardness by the stout, red-faced occupants of the windows in the quadrangle. The cartman had been compelled to remain home and neglect his work for several days, in order to assist his wife. His money was almost gone in consequence,—at a time, too, when an unusual outlay was necessary. So I returned early the following day, and remained until the affairs of the household were again in smooth-running order.

"The most unsatisfactory visits we make are to those addicted to the use of intoxicating liquor. It was upon one of these I next called. In a little, dingy apartment in the wing of an old house which seemed to lean for support upon its neighbor, equally unsteady, I found a woman whose children I had nursed for weeks at a time. I had before seen her when under the influence of liquor, but now she seemed to be almost crazed with it. The children, ragged and dirty, were lying upon the floor, and, when I offered to look after them during her absence—for she was putting

on her bonnet—she almost flew at me, with taunts that I had abandoned her when she was starving. As a matter of fact, I had been with her upon the previous day."

Such is the work, such the experience of those of the training-school graduates who elect to exchange the comforts (often the luxuries) of home, and the society of friends, for the exposures and dangers incident to a life among the poor sick.

When the managers of the training-school announced, some years since, that they would send nurses to private families in cases of illness, the applications were so few that they were led to fear that this branch of the school would be unsupported, and that the nurses would find themselves deceived regarding their future prospects. But the value of the trained nurse, little known at that time in America, soon began to be recognized, and the demand for such services increased, until, at the present time, there is a greater call for nurses than can be supplied. Many who formerly refused to consider a suggestion to call in a nurse, now eagerly apply for them; and surgeons, in certain instances, have refused to perform operations without the subsequent assistance of a trained nurse.

Before going to a private house, the nurse is carefully instructed by the superintendent. She must not leave it without communicating with her, nor return from her duties without a certificate of conduct and efficiency from the family of the patient or the physician attending. She is expected and urged to bear in mind the importance of the situation, and to show, at all times, self-denial and forbearance. She must take upon herself the entire charge of the sick-room. Above all, she is charged to hold sacred any knowledge of its private affairs which she may acquire through her temporary connection with the household. She receives a stipulated sum for her services, but this will not always compensate her for the annoyances with which the position is occasionally beset.

In addition to this field in New York city and vicinity, there is an increasing demand throughout the country for experienced nurses to take charge of hospitals and schools. Graduates of the Bellevue school have been called to be superintendents of the nursing departments of the following institutions: Massachusetts General Hospital; Boston City Hospital; New Haven City Hospital; New York Hospital; Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York City; Brooklyn City Hospital; Cook County Hospital, Chicago; St. Luke's Hospital, Denver; Charity Hospital, New Orleans, and the Minneapolis (Minn.) Hospital; others are matrons of Roosevelt Hospital,

New York City; Charleston (S. C.) Hospital; Lawrence (Mass.) Hospital, and the Seaman's Hospital, Savannah, Ga.

Thus has the great work set afoot by a few noble women of New York developed, little by little, amid difficulties of which it would be useless to complain, since all have been surmounted. The results have amply justified their conviction that a demand for efficient nurses would speedily follow their supply, and that American women could be found willing to nurse the pauper sick, provided they were at the same time assured of a competence. That the profession of trained nurse will rise in estimation as the value of her services becomes better known, there is little doubt. Other occupations than hers have successfully met and overcome prejudice. Less than two centuries ago, the English clergy were entertained in the servants' hall, were sent upon errands, and were expected to marry my lady's waiting-maid. It was later yet when the surgeon was separated from the barber, as that by no means ancient pile, the Barber-Surgeons' hall, still standing in London—may remind us. Against any such lingering prejudice the moral and professional character of the school will prove an ample defense. Founded in the belief that the value of a nurse is in proportion to her intelligence, capacity, and refinement, it has proved an important step forward in our civilization, and its standard is not likely to be lowered in order to make a show of graduates. During the nine years of its existence one hundred and forty-nine pupils have received diplomas, seventy-eight of whom are now practicing in New York city. Perhaps twice as many capable women have been

turned away because the school cannot be further enlarged until the financial support of the enterprise is more considerable than at present.

In conclusion it must be said that, while Miss Nightingale's theories are the basis of the Training-School, its managers have found it necessary to depart from the English system in some important particulars. For instance, Miss Nightingale regards it as indispensable that the superintendent and the nurses should live within the hospital. "Our experience is the reverse of this," say the committee. "American women, being of a sensitive, nervous organization, are at first depressed by the painful aspects of hospital life, and when they become interested in the work they take it greatly to heart. Hence it is of importance to have a cheerful, comfortable home where they can each day throw off the cares of their profession." To the restfulness of the Home is attributed the exceptional health of the nurses, among whom but one death and very few dangerous illnesses have occurred since the opening of the school, almost ten years ago. Another necessity in an American training-school is the abolition of caste. In England the "ward sister" (who has received thorough training) is expected to be a lady, superior in social position and intelligence to the nurses, who are drawn from the class of domestic servants. At Bellevue, the preliminary examination, and the high standard subsequently exacted, exclude, and are meant to exclude them. But among those who enter there is no distinction. All submit to the same discipline and perform the same duties, none of which, being connected with the sick, is considered menial.\*

*Franklin H. North.*

\* The introduction of trained nurses into county poor-houses is a natural sequence of their successful introduction into this hospital department of a city almshouse. In many poor-houses but little or no care is taken of the sick, one of the least disabled paupers usually being put in charge of those more seriously ill. Not in vain has the State Charities Aid Association called public attention to this state of things. The old barbarisms are passing away, and a new era is at hand. New York city wears the proud laurel of having first introduced trained nursing into a city almshouse, as Rensselaer County (Troy) leads the van of its introduction into a county poor-house. The authorities of this poor-house have recently engaged a graduate of the Bellevue School to take charge of the nursing department, and it is hoped that other counties of the State of New York may follow this humane example.



NURSE'S BADGE.



VIEW IN NEW ENGLAND WOODS. (ENGRAVED DIRECT FROM NATURE, BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY.)

## WOOD-ENGRAVING DIRECT FROM NATURE.

[At the request of the Editor, Mr. Kingsley has prepared the following brief account of his method of engraving the block on the opposite page, an experiment which is likely to lead to good results.]

IN Thomas Bewick the artist and engraver were combined. He selected the scenes he loved best, and wrought them out on the block in a manner individual to himself. That the engraver nowadays has no time for training and study as an artist may be the fault of no one but himself, and yet there are certain circumstances that force him to keep his position as an interpreter of other men's thoughts. But, if the engraver should wish to interpret his own thoughts, must he leave the profession in which he has been trained and turn to etching or painting? We believe not. His material is capable of expressing everything; every stroke of his graver will answer back from the smooth surface exactly as the hand impresses it, and the nerve-power flowing from the brain to the hand determines its quality. Wood, under the graver, is capable of the finest artistic expression.

During the last few years many methods of wood-engraving have been practiced, and many beautiful effects produced, in seeming defiance of the old methods, until the conclusion is forced upon the mind that the real vitality of any work does not consist in its method, but rather in the hiding of its construction altogether. The artist should forget his hand and his graver entirely, and give his mind fully to the thought to be expressed. Every kind of art-study has already been reproduced on wood. The mind and the hand that can produce quality, can express it with a piece of chalk on a cliff, or with a stick in the sand.

A description of how the engraving on the opposite page was produced involves, to some extent, its history. Camping alone in a New England wood, from the window of a car fitted up with every convenience for painting in oils, engraving on wood, and photographing whatever appealed to the fancy, I overlooked the scene before me and wrought it on my block. This was my first attempt to engrave direct from nature. The subject was photographed on the block in the beginning, but the photographic copy was of no assistance in getting the true values of tone and color. Most engravers use

a strong magnifying-glass, resting the block upon a sand-bag, and also using many gravers,—one kind for tints, one kind for figures, and another for ground, foliage, etc. This engraving was produced almost entirely with one graver, the block being held in the hand. For a part of the time I left the car, and, going out upon the scene itself, worked with the sunlight upon the block. This tends to force the mind away from finish in the mere execution; but there is sure to be a compensation in the greater breadth of the masses by the keeping of the whole under the eye at once, and, by a careful study of the refined portions of the scene at hand, a greater delicacy can be reached than can be found in a shining line under a magnifying-glass. There was necessarily much preparatory material belonging to the work, but nothing as a whole was photographed, nothing that would be recognized as such, and much was cut away of that which was traced at the outset, and other forms were drawn in with the graver as the work progressed. The leading thought was, to be faithful to the great masses and values, simplifying the form as much as possible. To hold the mind up to its first impressions required constant effort, and all the ordinary means employed in getting form and material were of no use whatever. It was a matter of simple feeling and nerve-power held up to their best level till the work was completed.

Hamerton, in his "Graphic Arts," while noticing favorably the work of American engravers, advances the idea that it is too difficult an undertaking to work direct from nature, because of the patience required. This is true only in part. More patience is required to plod away on a drawing that the engraver cares little for, and that he knows has not the life and power that it should have. Nerve-power and speed increase fourfold when the feelings are engaged and one is working on what he loves. It is useless for artists or engravers to copy one another. Let them study and train themselves as much as possible, and they will realize that in neither brush nor graver, but in themselves, in their personality, lies the power.

*Elbridge Kingsley.*

## THE CHRISTIAN LEAGUE OF CONNECTICUT.

BY WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

### I.

THE first of the many snow-storms that made memorable the winter of eighteen hundred and seventy-five had just fallen on the smooth roads of New Albion; a slight thaw with a following frost had polished up the sleighing, and two hearty-looking gentlemen, behind a powerful gray horse that needed no urging, were taking their first taste of the winter pastime. They seemed to be enjoying it, for, as they flew past the pedestrians toiling along the sidewalk, their faces shone, and their laughter rang merrily. The one who held the reins was a man of forty, smooth-shaven, but for a narrow, brown side-whisker; with a clear and fair skin, into which the stinging winter air was bringing a healthy crimson tint; a strong chin, a well-chiseled nose and brow, a blue eye, and a kindly smile. You would have guessed that he was a clergyman, and would have missed: he was the cashier and manager of the First National Bank of New Albion. The other was perhaps a little younger, with dark skin, full beard, and bright, black eye; his figure was slight, but well made, and he wore a gray ulster, and a seal-skin cap without a visor: a journalist, you would have said, or perhaps an artist, and would have been wrong again; for he was the Rev. Theodore Strong, pastor of the Second Congregational Church in the same thriving town. The cashier, Mr. Franklin, was his parishioner, and had been his college classmate; the old friendship had been the cause of the minister's location in his present pastorate, and was now one of its strong supports. Old Major, the good gray horse, had learned well the way to the parsonage, before which he used often to halt after banking hours; whence the parson, if he was to be had, was whirled away for a breezy hour or two on the country roads. These drives with his old friend were unadulterated recreation. It was a distinct understanding between them that the cares of the bank and the parish were always to be left behind.

"No shop, now, old fellow!" Franklin had said when he came for his friend the first time; "religion and business ought to be mixed sometimes, no doubt; but, for you and me, just now, rest is both business and religion."

To such a respite the hard-worked parson

was nothing loth, and the hours thus spent were full of the keenest delight. All anxieties being resolutely left behind, the minds of both friends were free to take in every fresh phase of roadside beauty, every new glory of sky or river or meadow. Other common pleasures they had in books and studies beyond the range of their work, of which they communed with much invigorating conversation; while, as each was a good story-teller, and sure to pick up a budget of mirthful anecdote, their discourse was plentifully spiced with fun.

It must not be inferred that the banker always refused to consult with the pastor about the parish work; on the contrary, he was his most trusted and judicious counselor; it was only that these hours of recreation were sacredly guarded from the intrusion of professional anxieties.

On this December afternoon the talk had ranged widely as usual, and had kept clear, as usual, of all work-day topics, when, suddenly, Mr. Strong, in a tone half apologetic, broke out:

"Ware, Walt! I'm coming perilously near to the Second Parish in my next remark—as near as Bradford."

"Twenty miles! Rather dangerous! Well, go ahead; but see that you keep your distance."

"The matter is this: Johns, of the East Church, in that metropolis, is trying to start a Congregational club, into which he wants to gather all of that ilk in this region,—representatives, at any rate, of all the principal churches; he has written me to come up to help him incubate the project. Shall I go?"

"Yes, go, and 'sit on it' hard."

"You are explicit, as usual. Now, tell me why. Don't you like Congregational clubs?"

"Never tried one. But clubs are generally wooden things. What is it proposed to do with this one?"

"Oh, there is to be a supper, of course, once a month; and a paper read by somebody after supper, and a discussion of the paper, and a general powwow after the discussion."

"Just so. Stuff, talk,—that's a club. But what special topics do you think this one will be most apt to light on?"

"Denominational topics, largely, of course: how to consolidate our churches; how to increase the *esprit du corps*; how to promote our various benevolent enterprises."

"Certainly. It is part of a movement to stiffen the last syllable of that sesquipedalian sectarian substantive, 'Congregationalism.' I do not like the name at all, and the sting in its tail, which it is now proposed to sharpen and harden, is the part I like least."

"There you go again," laughed the parson. "It's a downright insult when a man with such a horse as Major insists on riding a hobby."

"Oh, well," continued the banker, "there's nothing particularly sinful in this indulgence that the Bradford Congregationalists propose, doubtless the fellows who like to run things will enjoy it much, but I doubt if the outcome is valuable. There will be some increase of good-fellowship, and much burning of incense under the nose of the idol of the tribe. The more perfect the success of the club shall be, the further off will be the practical coöperation to which we must come at last."

"There is truth in what you say," answered the parson; "and I own that I am coming more and more to your way of thinking about such matters. But, when two ride a hobby, one must ride behind, and I am not yet quite so fierce a foe of the sects as you are."

For a few moments there was silence, broken only by the click of Major's hoofs upon the icy road, and the sigh of the wind through the pine-forest by the side of which they were driving.

"Look here, Theo," the banker at length continued, "couldn't we do a better thing?"

"Several things, no doubt. But what, for instance?"

"Couldn't we organize a Christian League Club here in New Albion?"

"Softly, softly, sir; you are breaking over bounds."

"I know I am; but you began it."

"And what was said, a few minutes ago, about clubs?"

"I remember; but there are clubs and clubs. This need not be a wooden one—indeed, it couldn't be; it would have to be made on a very pliable pattern."

"Show us how."

"The thing has no shape in my own mind yet; but why shouldn't we strike for a little practical Christian union in this town? We have enough of the sentimental sort, and bad enough it is. The union meetings of the week of prayer always bring out the prayer-meeting rounders,—men who have no standing in their own churches nor among their fellow-citizens; men like old Bill Snodgrass, who can reel off cant by the fathom, and whose word, in any business transaction, is as good as his bond only because neither of them is worth a row of pins. There never is a union

meeting in which Bill doesn't exalt his horn at least twice. Then there is young Cyrus Smiley, the effusive and irrepressible, and Tom Trafton, the censorious sputterer, whose prayers are mainly digs at the ministers."

"I know it," broke in Mr. Strong, greatly amused at the vivid characterization of his friend. "But have you heard Trafton's last on his own pastor?"

"No; what was it?"

"Dr. Sampson told me the story himself. You know that Tom has taken a special dislike to the Doctor, and betrays it in all his prayers. The other night, in the prayer-meeting, he said in his jerky way: 'O Lord, grant that our temp'r'l food may not be so skerse and poor as the spiritooal food pervided for us; for ef it is, we sh'll all be in the poor-house within six months.'"

Franklin laughed.

"Tom outdid himself that time. Think of letting such a creature loose in a prayer-meeting! But that is the sort of person that revels in union meetings. At home he can be suppressed, at least in part; but a joint service of the churches gives him vent. So that, practically, our attempt at Christian union consists mainly in meeting together a few times a year, to be rasped and disgusted by these persons who put themselves forward as the representatives of our common Protestantism. Now, I wonder whether some plan could not be devised by which the real people in our churches could be brought into working union, and the flood-trash kept out."

"Yes, that's the question. But you don't seem to get ahead very fast in answering it."

"Patience, patience, young man! We'll work this thing out, but it will take time. The fact is, New Albion is an excellent place to start such an experiment. The relations between the churches are amicable; there has been no unnecessary multiplication of religious societies as yet; there are no churches here that ought to be killed, except one or two colored churches; the population is intelligent, the ministers are all good friends; the thing can be done."

"Undoubtedly, my eloquent friend; but, what thing?"

"We can have a meeting, from time to time, of the ministers and certain representative men of the various churches, to consult about the interests of morality and religion in this community. That's the dry bones of it."

"The next question is how to make these dry bones live."

"Yes, and you must help me solve that. Your practical tact and skill in managing people come in play just here."

"Thank you! I wish devoutly that something of the sort could be brought about, and I will do my best to devise a feasible way of accomplishing it. But it must be managed cautiously. Don't flush your game!"

Old Major had arrived at the parsonage, and the parson dismounted, with a promise to give the matter of which they had been talking early and full attention.

## II.

THE problem which we have seen the banker and the parson getting ready to attack is a knotty and an urgent one. How to bring the Christian churches of our country into practical unity: this is a question round about which a great deal of talk has been going on, but to the careful consideration of which but few minds have been turned. All the discussion has vibrated between two points: the desirableness of a spiritual fellowship among denominations, and the feasibility of an organic union of the denominations. A great multitude agree in saying that the sects ought to dwell together in unity,—that is to say, that the ministers ought to exchange pulpits, and that members ought to pass freely by letter from one church to another, and that Christians ought to meet now and then in union meetings, and say pleasant things in their prayers and speeches about one another, and sing together,

"Blest be the tie that binds,"

and so on. So much of Christian union as this nearly everybody believes in. The more strenuous sectarians stick at some of these points, but not very persistently; to refuse this much involves some measure of opprobrium. But there are many who insist that, while Christian union may have this extent, it can have no more; that it is vain, and, indeed, rather sacrilegious to ask for anything beyond this. Others declare that this sentimental union is of no value; that what we want and must have is organic union, a consolidation of all the sects into one church, so that Protestantism shall stand over against Romanism, compact and united, all under one central government, moving with well-ordered and harmonious march to the conquest of the world. These two conceptions have divided between them the debaters about Christian unity; and it must be owned that each side brings against the other arguments that are well-nigh unanswerable. The believers in what is called spiritual unity insist that the organic unity asked for is impossible;

the believers in organic unity declare that spiritual unity, as it now exists, is of very little consequence.

Some abatement of these extreme views must, indeed, be made on both sides. The measure of unity to which the churches have already attained is by no means to be despised: their relations are vastly better than they were forty years ago, when Presbyterians or Congregationalists had no more dealings with Methodists or Baptists than the Jews once had with the Samaritans, when keen contempt and bitter abuse were common currency among the sects. It is not a slight, but an important gain, that Christians of all names are able now to meet together on friendly terms in social worship. On the other side, it is too much to say that the dream of the church existing as one compact body can never be realized. Stranger things than that have come to pass. The truth lies about midway between these disputants. The spiritual unity to which we have attained, though not worthless, is ridiculously inadequate to the present needs of the Church; and the organic unity for which we are exhorted to labor, though it may not be impossible, is yet a long way off. Is there not, somewhere between the emotional fellowship of the present and the organized ecclesiasticism of the future, a measure of coöperation that is both desirable and attainable? This was the problem to which the practical mind of Mr. Walter Franklin had turned. He was a man, as his pastor well knew, who had a way of bringing things to pass; and Mr. Strong was not therefore surprised, at the close of the next Sunday evening's service, to be joined at the church-door by his friend, with an ominous gleam of speculation in his eyes.

"Pretty well used up to-night, Theo?" he queried. The Romans knew how to convey more delicately the hope of a negative answer.

"Not at all," said the minister, who never knew on Sunday night how tired he was. "Fresh as a lark. Come home with me, and we'll have it out."

"Have what out?"

"That matter that you're eager to talk about. You have done bravely in keeping away till the Sunday work was over, and I haven't the heart to put you off any longer. Come on."

"Seems to me I have detected a few delicate allusions to it in sermons and prayers to-day. Your mind's as full of it as mine is, dissembler! And I am only going over with you to find out your plans."

"Well," said the parson, as he let his friend in at the door of the parsonage, "it has been

on my mind now and then, I own. And the place to begin is Jerusalem. I saw Dr. Phelps last week, and, in talking about church sociables and so forth, I asked him why the Old Church did not sometimes invite their neighbors to their festivities? He took me up at once, of course, and told me very cordially to come over to their sociable on Tuesday evening, and to bring along a good delegation of the Second Church people. I replied that it was rather hard to be obliged to beg an invitation; but that I should pocket my humiliation and go, which seemed to please the old gentleman mightily. So I want you and your wife, and Deacon Hunter and his wife, and Shaw and his mother, and the Burnham girls, and a few others—a dozen or fifteen of our wide-awake people—to meet here on Tuesday night, and we will go over in a body and take 'em by storm."

"Capital!" exclaimed Franklin. "The church sociable is one of the strongholds of sectarian exclusiveness; if we can capture that and turn its guns upon the enemy, one great point will be gained."

"There is no need of despising the church sociable," replied the minister. "It serves a good purpose, and is no more accountable than the Church itself for 'sectarian exclusiveness.' Human nature is to blame for that, not the Church, nor the sociable."

"But I am not talking about remote causes," persisted the banker. "What I see is this: the church sociables in most of our villages and large towns cut up society into cliques. Active and zealous church-members find but little time for the cultivation of social relations beyond the bounds of their own parishes. I have heard it said, more than once, by intelligent citizens, that there is not much general social intercourse among the best people of this town, and that the fault lies at the doors of the churches. The First Church people are a set by themselves, and so are the Second Church people, and the Episcopalians, and the Baptists, and all the rest. The devotion of the church-members to their own societies hinders the development of a broad social life."

"That is true," answered Strong, "and there is something here to regret, beyond question. Nevertheless, there are compensations, which you, Walter Franklin, must not overlook. If the churches have somewhat hindered the cultivated classes outside of the large cities from consorting together, they have also helped to bring together the cultivated and the uncultivated classes, and that is one of the things that most need to be done. They have substituted vertical lines of division in society for horizontal ones. Bad as the church cliques are, they are not so bad

as the stratifications of social æstheticism. But I am not defending social exclusiveness in the churches; I am trying to overcome it, as a step toward something higher."

"You are perfectly right, and you may count on me. We will be on hand Tuesday evening. Good-night!"

It was a merry company that followed Mr. Strong into the parlors of the First Church; and though they were received at first with polite bewilderment, it was not long before hospitality and good-fellowship asserted themselves in the heartiest fashion. The hosts exerted themselves to entertain their guests, voted the innovation a delightful one, and promised to return the visit. This was the beginning of a series of fraternizations among the churches of New Albion; none were neglected; the Adventists, who worshipped in Central Hall, and the two colored churches, were surprised in their turn by visiting delegations from the other churches that dropped in at their prayer-meetings, and stopped afterward to shake hands, and to say a few pleasant words. So far as it could be done socially, the ecclesiastical *entente cordiale* was fairly established in this prosperous town.

All this was so much of the nature of a recreation, that the banker and his friend accepted it from the list of forbidden subjects, and often chanted the praises of Christian fraternity to the music of Major's sleigh-bells.

"It is all excellent, so far as it goes," said the banker one day in January; "but I want to see the thing put on a business basis. The improvement in the social relations of the churches is a great gain; it signifies vastly more to have the people meet in this friendly way, and show each other neighborly courtesies, than to have them talk the cant of Christian union now and then in a prayer-meeting—but it is not enough. We want some method by which this fraternity shall have a distinct and influential expression."

"Exactly," answered the parson; "we have been getting up steam; now we want to utilize our power. How shall we do it?"

"I thought you were managing the business," replied Franklin; "but, since you ask the question, I'll give you my idea. Let us have a little party at my house some evening, including the ministers and about three of the best members of each church, and see what comes of it."

"How shall the three best members of each church be chosen?"

"We must choose them ourselves. We know this community well enough to pick our men."

The preparation of this list was not, however, an easy matter, as the banker and his

pastor found. Mr. Franklin's knowledge of the business standing of the "leading members" served to thin out Mr. Strong's ample catalogue of nominees.

"Rodney Merrill? Yes; he's a good talker, but his word doesn't stand for much. Better put young Porter, the carpenter, in his place. Stevenson? H'm! He's a customer of mine; but I don't like his way of doing business. Montgomery? I've got some memoranda on Montgomery. He failed not long ago; and not ten days before the collapse he borrowed a thousand dollars at our bank, solemnly assuring me that he had not less than twenty thousand dollars in available assets, and not more than five thousand dollars of debts. The inventory showed that his figures were exactly right, only the debts were twenty thousand, and the assets five. It was a mere slip of the tongue, no doubt; but we'll pass Montgomery. This company must be a clean one, and there is no lack of sound and reputable men in our churches."

"How about the colored brethren?" queried Mr. Strong.

"The colored brethren must be left out," was the answer; "not for social, but for ecclesiastical reasons. One of the first duties of this league of ours, if it ever gets into operation, will be the suppression of these colored churches. When the colored people abandon their own organizations, and join the other churches, they may come in as representatives from them. We will have no color-line in the Christianity for which this club stands. I'll go as far as any other man in fraternizing with colored men; but, with colored churches, never. The sectarianism whose only basis is the color of the skin is the meanest kind of sectarianism."

### III.

OUT of the thirty-two persons invited, thirty, representing all of the eight churches of New Albion, gathered in Mr. Franklin's parlors on the sixteenth of January. The clergymen were all present, and the absentees were not conspicuous. Tea was served in the parlors, and Mr. Franklin was amused to see how completely sectarian lines were blotted out in the grouping of the guests about the small tables. To the eye of the social devotee it would have seemed, no doubt, a mixed multitude—people of all grades of society were here; but the hospitality was so frank and hearty, and the entertainment of such a simple sort, that the humblest people were at their ease. And what was of more consequence, these people were all known to one another as being engaged in various

kinds of benevolent work in the community; the camaraderie of Christian service was a stronger bond than that by which most social circles are drawn together. Dr. Emmons Hopkins Phelps, the venerable and well-beloved pastor of the "First Church of Christ in New Albion," was *tête-à-tête* with the Rev. Murray Henderson, the young pastor of the Universalists; Dr. Thomas Sampson, the stalwart wit and excellent scholar, who adorned the pulpit of the Baptist Church, was cheek by jowl with the genial Dr. Philip Strickland, of St. Mark's Episcopal Church; and here and there Congregational deacons were sandwiched between Episcopal vestrymen and Methodist stewards.

"What are you going to do with your happy family when you get them trained?" asked the Rev. John Wesley Thorpe, Methodist, of the beaming host.

"Travel with 'em," was the prompt answer. "Take 'em up to Hardscrabble, and West Northfield, and over to Hockset, and show 'em to the natives for ten cents admission, the proceeds to be divided equally among the home missionary societies of the several denominations."

"Such a show would be a great curiosity in those parts, no doubt," said the clergyman. "But, my friend Peters, here, thinks that the saints in Hardscrabble would be horrified to see Dr. Phelps eating and drinking with a Universalist."

"It is somewhat bewildering, I own," replied the banker. "But I think that, when they looked into Henderson's face, they could say nothing against it. Look at him now! It's a face for Raphael."

"Solar radiance, is n't it?" responded Peters. "And the man is as saintly as he looks. His church is growing in all the graces a great deal faster than mine is. I wish the Free Baptists had half as good a minister."

"What do you imagine that your bishop would do, if he were to look in upon this company?" asked Dr. Sampson of Dr. Strickland.

"I imagine," was the answer, "that he would go straight to Dr. Buck, the editor of your *Inquisitor*, and tell him all about it."

"Very likely," laughed the Baptist. "And probably the two would sit down and have a pleasant chat over it. Each one would try to make out that the people of his communion were a little nearer ready for fellowship than those of the other."

"Oh, of course! But I should like to know what Franklin has got in his head. He has not invited this carefully selected company for merely social purposes, you may depend. He means business."

"Well," answered Dr. Sampson, glancing about the room, "he will not be able to carry this company into any very wild scheme. It is a pretty solid set of men, Mr. Strickland—about as good as New Albion contains, that's a fact. A set of men," the Doctor went on, after a pause, "who, if they should put their heads and hands together, could give the old Adversary a great deal of trouble."

The company was not left long in doubt as to the plans of the host. Half an hour after supper, Mr. Franklin rose, and there was silence.

"I have called you together this evening, gentlemen," he said, "to consult about a matter of importance. The unity of feeling now existing among the religious societies of this town is gratifying, and it has occurred to me that out of it something might grow that should be for the permanent good of the community. We have learned to treat each other courteously in social intercourse; can we not work together? The Christian work of this town is imperfectly done, because what is everybody's business is nobody's. The churchless classes are not reached; the poor are neglected; pauperism thrives upon our careless and indiscriminate charity. Could we not, by meeting occasionally for consultation about this work, secure a much more thorough performance of it? There is much flagrant vice in our streets; hundreds of our young people are being led into temptation and destroyed. Could we not, by combining our efforts, secure a more vigorous enforcement of the laws for the suppression of vice, and set on foot some effective movement for the rescue and reclamation of these young men and women. Furthermore, the good feeling now existing among us is likely to be disturbed at no distant day. The town is growing rapidly; other religious organizations will be needed; strife may arise among the denominations for the occupancy of new fields. Is it not possible for a band of Christian men, representing all the churches, to exert an influence which shall lead to the amicable adjustment of all such questions? I am sure that there is not a man in this company who would not at once put the interests of religion and morality in this community above the interests of the sect to which he belongs. If this is true, then we can, if we choose, make it the rule in New Albion that all Christian work shall be prosecuted, not on the worldly principle of competition, but on the Christian principle of coöperation. Is not this worth attempting? In order to bring the matter to a point at once, I will read you a draft of a plan of operation prepared by my friend, Dr. Strong, and myself:

#### "CONSTITUTION.

"1. This organization shall be known as The Christian League Club of New Albion. It shall consist of the minister and three laymen from each of the following churches of this town: Adventist, Baptist, First and Second Congregational, Free Baptist, Methodist Episcopal, Protestant Episcopal, and Universalist; delegations from other churches hereafter formed may be admitted by unanimous consent.

"2. The object of this organization shall be to hold stated meetings for consultation respecting the Christian work to be done in New Albion and its suburbs, and the best methods of accomplishing this work. The visitation and evangelization of the churchless classes, the distribution of Bibles and of good literature, the establishment of new missions when needed, the care of the poor, the prevention of vice and crime by the enforcement of the laws, the opening of coffee-rooms, reading-rooms, and other safe places of resort, the furnishing of cheap and wholesome diversion for the young—these subjects and such as these will be matter of consultation at the meetings of this club.

"3. The members of this club shall never be required to assent to any creed or confession of faith, nor shall doctrinal or theological discussions of any kind ever be allowed in its meetings. The club shall assume no authority over its members or over the churches, and, to guard against any such encroachments, it shall never vote on any question. Committees may be appointed by the chairman, at any meeting, to carry out the views of the club; but no such committee shall be appointed without unanimous consent of the members of the club.

"4. Meetings shall be held on the first Monday evening of every month, at the houses of the members, by invitation. The member at whose house the meeting is held shall preside. No records shall be kept, and the club shall have no permanent officers.

"5. When a vacancy occurs in the lay delegation of any church, it shall be filled on nomination by the pastors of the other churches, who shall constitute a committee for that purpose. No pastor shall have any voice in the nomination of delegates from his own church; and no name shall be reported by the committee of pastors on which they are not unanimous. If no objection is made to the name thus reported, the nominee shall be notified of his election."

"This sketch of a plan of organization," continued Mr. Franklin, as he folded the paper, "brings before you, as distinctly as I am able to do it, the thought in my own mind. I will not make any further remarks about it. I hope that, in the free conversation that may follow, the wisdom of the scheme will be freely canvassed, and its defects, if defects there be, will be pointed out."

The company had listened with an absorbed and rather anxious attention to the banker's speech. At its close the only response was a rather ostentatious sigh of relief by Mr. Strickland, whereupon the whole assembly broke out laughing.

"Not quite so bad as you feared, eh?" said Dr. Sampson.

"N-no;" replied the other, meditatively; "I don't yet see how such an institution could do any particular mischief."

"Its hands would be so effectually tied," said Mr. Thorpe, "that it could do no mischief; but are they not so effectually tied that it could not do much good?"

"How so?" asked Mr. Strong.

"Well, the provisions about voting and keeping records, for instance; I don't see how an association forbidden to vote can effect much."

"But we do not vote in prayer-meetings or sociables," responded Mr. Strong; "are not they of some service? Would not frank and frequent conferences about the state of religion and morals in this town be instructive and stimulating, even if we took no votes?"

"Perhaps so," answered the Methodist pastor.

"The truth is," said Dr. Sampson, with much energy, "that this voting business is more often a snare than a help in all sorts of organizations. A vote is simply an expression of will, and the tendency to put will in the place of reason and love is the bane of all ecclesiasticism."

"But you believe in the rule of the majority, do you not?" queried Deacon Squires, of the First Church.

"No, I don't. I submit to it, because it is practically the best thing to do, and sometimes the only thing that can be done. But the principle that the majority shall rule implies a division of sentiment that ought always, in religious work, to be avoided, if possible. The less we have in our Christian assemblies of ruling and of being ruled, the better."

"But the minority ought to be expected to coöperate," suggested Mr. Peters.

"Certainly," answered Dr. Sampson, "and they ought to coöperate. But, if half the energy that is expended in voting people down were expended in conciliating and persuading them, we should have fewer church quarrels and fewer disaffected and sullen minorities. It is a favorite superstition of this age that nothing can be done without a vote, whereas very little that is of permanent value is ever done by voting."

"It is clear," said Dr. Phelps, quietly, "that such a body of men as this would be must jealously guard itself against the assumption of ecclesiastical power. Perhaps the denial of a vote is none too stringent a safeguard against this danger."

"Well, I don't object to it," answered Mr. Thorpe. "I can see that such a club might do

some good work without voting, and it would surely avoid some dangers."

"But why not let the minister have some voice in selecting the delegates from his own church?" asked the Baptist Deacon Jones.

"That," answered Mr. Franklin, "simply relieves the minister of a delicate responsibility, in the exercise of which he might cause disaffection in his own church."

"But why not let the church choose its own representatives?" asked Elder Bates, of the Adventists.

"Because," answered Mr. Strong, "that would give to this body an official and representative character, which we do not wish to have it possess. By and by the churches of this city may be ready to delegate to a body representing them some supervisory powers; they are not yet ready to do any such thing, and we want nothing, therefore, that looks like it."

"I have a little misgiving," suggested Mr. Henderson, "as to the wisdom of a select and exclusive organization like this? Why not have an open meeting once a month for such purposes—a meeting called from all the pulpits, and open to all?"

"Don't!" cried Dr. Sampson, amid the laughter of the company. "The cranks and blatherskites of all the churches would be there in force, and the knowledge that they would be there would keep all the sensible folks away."

"I surrender!" said the Universalist pastor, good-naturedly. "You know, brethren, that my experience in union meetings is somewhat limited."

"Well," said the Methodist minister, after a short pause, "the plan seems to meet with general favor, and, in order to test the sense of this meeting, I move you, sir,—no, I beg pardon—I take it all back; go ahead, Mr. Franklin!"

And the parson sat down, laughing with the rest at his own blunder.

"The shape in which the matter lies," said the banker, "is just this: Here are the pastors of the eight churches named in the constitution, and three laymen from each of them, with one vacancy in the lay delegation from the Baptist Church, and one from the Episcopal Church. I propose that, if there is no objection, the persons here present constitute The Christian League Club of New Albion. There will be two vacancies, and these may be filled according to the constitution. I will wait a few moments for objections."

No voices were heard, and Mr. Franklin proceeded: "The consent is complete, and we may regard the club as organized. It is, gentlemen, a most gratifying result. What

will be accomplished we will not venture to predict; but I have faith enough in the common sense and Christian spirit of this body of men to believe that they can talk frankly and earnestly about Christian work in this town without getting into any disputes, and that they will be ready to put the interests of virtue and religion above their private preferences or their sectarian prejudices. If such a temper and purpose shall rule in all our meetings, I am sure that public opinion will be wisely directed and that substantial results will follow."

All formalities were now at an end, and promiscuous conversation followed. Mr. Franklin was too wise to introduce any questions for discussion at this meeting; he preferred to let the members of the club work up their own questions.

The talk that ensued was full of suggestions: these energetic, clear-headed business men took hold of the problem put into their hands with the grip of their trained faculty, and it did not take them long to find out that the business of doing good in their community had been carried on in a negligent, perverse, and wasteful fashion, and that there was plenty of room for the introduction of better methods. One thing and another were spoken of as possible and desirable, by the various groups that were exercising their wits upon the problem, and difference of opinion began to be developed at once; but these differences engendered no heat. The need of perfect good nature was evident, at once, to all who had any points to carry. Inasmuch as nothing could be done in this club without unanimous consent, it would never do to irritate anybody. Fair consideration, and entire recognition of the right of others to hold contrary opinions, must be the basis of all these conferences. This was a warfare in which nothing but sweet reasonableness could win.

At ten o'clock the company dispersed, having accepted Doctor Sampson's invitation to hold the next meeting at his house, on the first Monday evening in February.

#### IV.

How to reach and help the churchless classes was the question that received the most attention in the free talk of the members of the Christian League Club at their first meeting; the topic had been upon the minds of many of them during the interval, and it was sure to be prominent among the themes of the second conference.

"It is plain," said Deacon Squires, after

the company had settled down to business in the cozy parlors of Doctor Sampson, "that there are large numbers of persons in this community wholly outside of all religious influences. Those who attend our churches every Sunday constitute a small part of our population. Sunday before last was a beautiful winter's day, and the congregations were, as I have been told, unusually large in all the churches. On that day, to satisfy myself, I had a careful count made of all the congregations, and here are the figures. I will not read them, but the total number of persons present on that Sunday morning was two thousand seven hundred and sixty-nine. Out of a population of twelve thousand, this is not a good showing. Something must be done, or we shall lapse into heathenism."

"That showing," replied the chairman, "is rather discouraging on the face of it; but let us see if it will not look better after a little examination. Out of the twelve thousand people living in this town, at least three thousand are Roman Catholics. The great majority of these attend church. This leaves nine thousand to divide among the Protestant churches. Will Deacon Squires kindly tell us how many there were in the congregation at the Baptist Church, Sunday before last? I do not care to number my neighbors, but I am willing to have my own flock counted."

"Five hundred and seventy-six," answered the Deacon.

"That is about what I had supposed," said the chairman. "Now, our Sunday-school in the afternoon numbers fully four hundred, and at least half of these were not at the morning service. At the evening meeting I am sure that we often have at least a hundred who have not attended either of the other services. During that Sunday we must, therefore, have had in our church nearly nine hundred different persons belonging to our parish, besides strangers and sojourners. You would need to add fifty, and, I think, in many cases, sixty per cent. to the morning congregation, to get the number of persons reached by the churches on any given Sunday."

"And that," said Mr. Franklin, "would bring the figures up to between four and five thousand actually present in our Protestant churches on a pleasant Sunday."

"Yes, that is about what I calculated—nearly half of all the Protestants in town get to church at least once on a fair day."

"But that," said Deacon Jones, "is not a good story to tell. More than half of all the Protestants in town *stay away* from church every fair Sunday. Put it that way, and how does it sound?"

"But that," continued Doctor Sampson, "needs further explanation. A large share of all these Protestants are unable to attend church on any given Sunday. Add together all the children under four years old, the aged and infirm, the sick, and all those who must stay at home to attend upon these, and you will have, according to some careful English estimates, about forty per cent. of the population. Suppose, now, that forty-five per cent. of the people actually attend church, and that forty per cent. are providentially kept away: you have not more than fifteen per cent. of the population who are, both by choice and by habit, neglecters; and the careful canvass that our church has made, of a section of the town that is fairly representative of the whole, leads me to the same conclusion. I do not believe that more than fifteen or twenty per cent. of our people can be counted among those who are outside of all the churches. I happen to know, for example, how many souls are in my parish. I have tried to get the names of all, old and young, who are under my pastoral care—all the members of all the households connected with my church and Sunday-school, and not connected with any other church, and the list numbers about fourteen hundred names. Many of these are persons who do not often attend Sunday service—they are semi-attached parishioners; but, if you should ask them where they go to church, they would mention the Baptist Church. They consider me their pastor, and would send for me if they needed the services of a clergyman. So that the actual members of my parish who are cared for, in some sort, by my church, number considerably more than twice as many as my congregation number on a pleasant Sunday morning. If this is true of all the other churches, and it undoubtedly is, then there must be in the neighborhood of seven thousand persons connected more or less closely with our Protestant parishes. At the outside, I do not think there can be more than two thousand persons in this town who are not, in some imperfect way, cared for by our churches, either Catholic or Protestant."

"That puts a different face upon the question," said Deacon Squires, "and I am glad to have the subject so carefully analyzed. But two thousand heathen are too many."

"Most true," cried Dr. Sampson, "and it is a shame to our churches that there are so many. It is well to have distinct ideas of the work we are trying to do, and not to exaggerate its magnitude, lest we be discouraged. This whole subject has been greatly obscured by a number of shallow alarmists, who have been croaking about the desertion of the

churches, and who have wholly failed to comprehend the real facts. But, if the real facts are not half so black as they have been painted, they are somber enough, and it is high time that we were grappling with the problem they present."

"What to do about it is the question," said Mr. Franklin.

"Why not send for an evangelist?" modestly queried Elder Bates, of the Advent Church. "Brother Moody is not to be had this winter; but we might get Brother Weeks. He is said to be a powerful preacher—abler even than Moody; and he might succeed in drawing in some of these neglecters."

"Drawing them into what?" asked Mr. Franklin.

"Why, into his meetings. I suppose that they would be held in the Town Hall, and many would be drawn in who do not attend the churches."

"Doubtless; and they would attend the churches no more after Mr. Weeks had gone away than they did before. A few would join the churches, but the proclamation thus made of the inadequacy of the churches to supply the religious wants of the community would do these outsiders, as a class, an amount of harm for which these small gains would poorly compensate. Building a fire in the Town Hall is a poor way of warming the churches."

Mr. Franklin spoke very quietly, but with the earnestness of strong conviction, and the only response was a fervent "Amen" from Doctor Phelps. It was plain that the project was not popular, and good Elder Bates forbore to press it.

"Couldn't we do something with mission Sunday-schools?" suggested one of the Methodist laymen.

"Where would you put them?" asked Mr. Strong.

"Oh, I don't know; good places might be found, I should think."

"Down on the corner of King and Patterson streets is a good location," said Mr. Thorpe.

"That is about fifty rods from the Free Baptist Church," answered Mr. Strong. "Do you want any help down that way, Peters?"

"I fear," said the genial parson, "that we are not doing all the work we ought to do; but there is still a little room left in our vestry for new scholars."

"Beg your pardon, Peters," cried the Methodist. "I didn't intend to poach on your preserves; I was only thinking of doing good on general principles."

"We must be careful to make our general principles fit the special cases with which we have to deal," said Doctor Sampson.

"I am unable," said Mr. Strong, "to think of any neighborhood in which a mission school could be started that is not now within reach of some existing church. Round the new brass-works now building, in the south part of the town, a settlement is likely to spring up that will soon need to be provided for; at present every locality is well furnished with churches."

"But," said Deacon Squires, "people will often attend mission chapels who would not attend-churches."

"The first thing to do in such a case," replied Mr. Strong with emphasis, "is to convert or kill the churches of which this is true. A church into which poor people cannot be induced to go ought to be born again or blotted out. The church whose methods of administration and whose social atmosphere are such as to discourage the attendance of the poor, is driving Christ from its door. Is not this his own word, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me'? It is entirely possible to create and maintain in our churches a spirit and a way of working that shall make the poorest people feel perfectly at home in them. The church in which these are not found needs a missionary as much as the Patagonians do. It has not yet learned the alphabet of Christianity."

"You wax warm, Brother Strong," cried Doctor Sampson. "Haven't you got a missionary or two up at the Second Church, that you can send to some of your neighbors?"

"Not one. We need them all," answered the parson, laughing. "But I suspect that I have already scattered abroad a few, to whom my doctrine on this subject was too hot, and who have gone forth preaching quite another gospel. Whatever help you can get out of them you are welcome to. Good riddance to them, I say. One or two of them have taken refuge with you, Strickland. I hope you will convert them."

"I'll do my best to convict them, at any rate," said the rector, warmly. "If they expected to hear a softer doctrine on this subject at St. Mark's, they have probably found out their mistake by this time. Our practice is not quite up to our theories, but I am happy to say that the spirit of a genuine Christian democracy is growing among our ecclesiastical aristocrats. The churches are not few in which the poor are coddled or patronized; those in which they are respected and frankly put upon the same level of consideration and responsibility with the rich and well-to-do are not yet a multitude. This is our standard, and, although we have not reached it, we shall not lower it, please God, under the present administration."

"This discourse is edifying," said Mr. Peters. "Go right on, brethren. It is good to hear such testimony from the pastors of such churches."

"We sometimes hear of 'a saying hard to shape in act,'" said Doctor Phelps, "and this is one of them. The theory is sound; but, whenever thought is wedded to fact, there will be a bridal dawn of grumbling, if nothing worse, in some of our congregations."

"The more shame to us," cried Mr. Strong, if we have suffered our people to forget the true function of the Christian Church, and have allowed the fellowship of the Spirit to degenerate into a chartered snobbery."

"But," said Mr. Thorpe, "is it not wiser to recognize existing facts, and adapt our methods to them? It is certainly a fact that the poor people generally think they are not wanted in the churches. They greatly exaggerate this inhospitality; in many of our churches they would find a cordial welcome; but they think that the place where the rich and the stylish people worship is not the place for them. Many of those who stay away from the churches could be gathered into mission chapels. Is it not better to reach them in this way than fail altogether to reach them?"

"I think not," was the answer. "The one injurious and fatal fact of our present church-work is the barrier between the churches and the poorest classes. The first thing for us to do is to demolish this barrier. The impression is abroad among the poor that they are not wanted in the churches. This impression is either correct or incorrect. If it is correct, then there is no missionary work, for us who are pastors, half so urgent as the conversion of our congregations to Christianity. If it is incorrect, we are still guilty before God in that we have allowed such an impression to go abroad; and we are bound to address ourselves, at once and with all diligence, to the business of convincing the poor people that they are wanted, and will be made welcome, in the churches. But every mission chapel planted in the neighborhood of a church, and intended for the poor, is an ostentatious proclamation to the poor that they are right in their impression; that we freely consent to the separation of the rich from the poor in worship; that we approve of the religion that is founded upon caste. To that proclamation I will never put my signature. The time has come when judgment should begin at the house of God, and when the paganism that masquerades in our stylish churches, in the guise of Christianity, should be stripped of its disguises and banished from our altars."

Mr. Strong had risen from his seat, and his

black eyes were blazing with the intensity of his convictions, as he finished his speech. A round of applause greeted his peroration. It was clear that no progress could be made by the club in the erection of mission chapels until some population not accessible to the churches could be found.

"Well, gentlemen," said the genial chairman, "the question is before you. What will you do for the churchless classes,—be they few or many, rich or poor?"

"Would it not be wise," asked Mr. Henderson, "to have the town divided into geographical districts, as many as there are churches, each of which should be assigned to a church for its special field? It would not be possible to have each church stand in the center of its field, for some of our churches are too near neighbors; but we might come as near to that as possible. If every part of the town was thus under the care of some church responsible for its evangelization, our work would be well begun. Each church could do the work in its own district in its own way."

"That is a sensible suggestion," said Mr. Franklin. "I move"—

"Order!" cried the Methodist parson. "Physician, heal thyself!"

"Peccavi!" exclaimed the banker. "The forensic habit survives, as you see, in the millennium of the Christian League. But we have one resource. A committee can be appointed by unanimous consent. I trust that such consent will be given to the appointment by our chairman of a committee of three, who shall carefully divide the town into districts, assigning one to each church; and that this committee may report at the next meeting."

To this proposition no objection was made, and the chairman at once named as the committee Mr. Franklin, Mr. Henderson, and Deacon Squires.

The work of the committee was done before the next meeting. The population of New Albion was distributed, as it is in most similar towns, in such a way that it was possible, in the words of Deacon Squires, to give each church "a streak of lean and a streak of fat,"—to assign to each a district in which there were sections inhabited by the poor, as well as those inhabited by the well-to-do. When the assignment was made, it was at once reported by the pastors to the churches. The knowledge that a systematic and concerted effort was to be made to reach

all classes in the community stimulated each church to do its own part of the work promptly and thoroughly. So it came about that, before the winter was over, the whole town had been covered by the canvassers, and no household was left in ignorance of the fact that a place and a welcome were waiting for it in one of the churches.

Some of the canvassers carried with them cards on which were printed the hours of their various services. The spirit of goodwill and coöperation was such that the visitors generally sought to gratify the denominational preferences of those on whom they called. If a Congregational visitor found a family with Baptist proclivities, he sent the address of this family to the nearest Baptist visitor. In this way the poor people obtained a strong impression of the unity of the churches. It became evident that this enterprise was not undertaken for the aggrandizement of any sect or of any local church, but rather for the sake of carrying the gospel greeting and invitation to all the destitute. Many cases of sickness and want were also discovered by the visitors, and the practical charities of the churches began to be developed in an effective way. A colporter of the Bible Society appeared upon the scene as the work was beginning, himself proposing to canvass the town in the interest of his society; but he was easily persuaded to relinquish the work into the hands of the local visitors.

"Well," said the parson to the banker, as they drove slowly along a forest road, on a bright May afternoon, drinking in the aromatic breath of the newly opened leaves, "the weather has considerably moderated since that day last January, when we were passing this spot, and when you suggested the formation of our club."

"Yes, and I think the ecclesiastical climate has softened a little."

"Not a little. The outcome has been wonderful. The results are far greater than I ever dreamed of. There is really a great deal of good-will among men, if it can only get a chance to express itself."

"We will give it plenty of chances. This work is only fairly begun. There is abundance of work to do better than any we yet have done. And we shall do it. The Christians of New Albion have got a taste of the luxury of Christian coöperation, and they will never go back to the beggarly elements of a selfish ecclesiasticism."

(To be continued.)

## THE BEGINNING OF A NATION.\*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

### ENGLISH NOTIONS OF AMERICA AT THE TIME OF SETTLEMENT.

THE age of Elizabeth and James was a new point of beginning in the history of the people who speak English. The revival of learning, the invention of printing, and the reformation of religion, had awakened the men of that time to unprecedented intellectual activity, while the discovery of America by Columbus, and the dazzling adventures of the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru, had profoundly stimulated their imaginations. At this period of renaissance, English literature found the glory of a magnificent spring-time in Shakspeare and the group about him; the principles of modern scientific investigation were first formulated in the writings of Lord Chancellor Bacon, while men of action were everywhere set upon deeds of adventure and discovery. The world had regained the vigor and spontaneity of its youth. Much, also, of youthful credulity and curiosity it had at the same time, delighting in marvelous stories the more in proportion to their incredibility. Books of travel suited the prevailing taste; the great black-letter folios of Hakluyt's Voyages and "Purchas His Pilgrims," were favorite literature with those who could afford to buy them, and the popular taste was gratified by little fly-leaf publications and pamphlets, describing remarkable voyages and remote countries, with the strange peoples and animals inhabiting them. After the austerities and other-world speculations of the middle age, the jocund earth had been newly discovered by its inhabitants, and men were as full of knightly fervor in efforts to redeem the remote parts of the world from the oblivion of human ignorance as they had been before to recover Jerusalem from the infidel.

America was discovered in the first instance because it lay between Europe and India by the westward route, and Columbus, seeking the less, found the greater by stumbling upon it in the dark. Most of the succeeding explorers of the American coast regarded the continent chiefly as an obstruction. Purchas suggests that it might rather be called Cabotia than America, since Cabot, the famous pilot, under the patronage of Henry VII. of England, visited North America in 1497, before Columbus or Amerigo Vespucci saw the main-land of South America. But Cabot meant to find no other land but China, and thence to turn toward India, and he sailed along the American coast, not exulting in that he was first finder of a great and fertile continent, the future home of nations, but "ever with the intent to find said passage to India."

For a century the notion of a passage to the Pacific by means of some undiscovered strait severing the continent of America possessed the minds of navigators and geographers, and promoted discovery; though the hope of finding such a passage, and of coming thus into a new and rich commerce, blinded the adventurers to the real value of America, and retarded colonization. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth this South Sea theory had become a superstition, probably from the belief that in 1524, Verrazano, in sailing down the eastern coast of America, in the employ of Francis II. had seen in latitude 40° a narrow isthmus about five miles wide, with the ocean beyond it. This isthmus was incorporated into some of the maps of the sixteenth century, and Verrazano's sea, as a part of the Pacific, is shown upon charts published long after the discoveries on both coasts of America had rendered it impossible. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who spent and lost his life in the exploration of the American

\* This paper is one of several intended to form together "A History of Life in the Thirteen Colonies." These papers will appear in this magazine, though not of necessity in consecutive numbers, since each will be upon a different topic and of independent interest. It is not advisable to cumber a magazine page with multitudinous references to authorities. I regret that the exigency of the present form prevents me from giving credit in all the cases in which I happen to be indebted to living writers, and particularly where my obligation is to the industrious special student. For the most part, however, I have drawn direct from books, tracts, letters, documents, and records the writers of which were contemporaneous, or nearly so, with the events narrated, and I have not intentionally neglected any authority within my reach in the endeavor to make the work accurate as to fact and truthful in generalization. It is not possible that I have wholly escaped error, and I will be grateful to any one who will point out, in public print or by private communication, any slip in matter of fact or detail.—E. E.

coast, wrote a treatise to prove "that there is a passage on the north side of America to go to Cataia, China, and to the East Indies," and this he demonstrated elaborately, first, by authority; secondly, by reason; thirdly, by experience of sundry men's travels; and fourthly, by circumstance. But, though the argument was so exhaustive, devout Sir Humphrey sailed in vain through the cold Newfoundland seas to find a way to China, as others did about the same time,—Sir Martin Frobisher, for instance, who was so possessed with this one thought that he believed the discovery of the north-west passage to be "the only thing of the world that was yet left undone, by which a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate."

The failure—often disastrous—of the many explorers of the sixteenth century to find a quick passage through America to China, did not lessen the hopes of the English. No matter how difficult the voyage to China by the north-west, "it will become as plausible as any other journey if our passenger may return with plenty of silver, silkes and pearle," jauntily writes Richard Willes in 1577. But the most remarkable setting forth of the general faith of learned cosmographers on the subject is found in the "Discourse on Western Planting," written in 1584, by that great advocate of American colonization, the Reverend Richard Hakluyt, apparently for the express purpose of persuading the miserly Queen Elizabeth to aid in sending forth colonies. He tells his readers that a man of St. Malo had, that very year, according to report, discovered the sea "on the backside of Hochelaga,"—the island on which Montreal now stands,—and quotes the report which Jacques Cartier heard from the Indians at Montreal, of a river navigable three months to the southward, by which we clearly recognize the Mississippi. But Hakluyt thinks that this report confirms not a little the existence of the South Sea in that vicinity. Not only is the Mississippi transmuted into a tributary of the Pacific in this argument, but the great Laurentian lakes suffer a sea-change as well, for the Indians, he says, had told Cartier of a sea of fresh water beyond Montreal, "the head and end of which was never man found that had searched." Hakluyt also has recourse to old maps, and thus reveals to us the geographical ignorance of his time. The King of Portugal had shown him "a great olde round carde," that had the north-west strait plainly set down in latitude 57°. He had also seen "a mightie large old map in parchment," traced all along the coast with Italian names, which map showed in latitude 40° a little neck of land "much like the streyte neck or isthmus of Darienna." On an old globe in the Queen's

privy gallery at Westminster, he had seen the same isthmus, "with the sea joyning hard on both sides, as it doth on Panama," and adds: "which were a matter of singular importance, if it should be true, as is not unlikely." In another paper, Hakluyt mentions, under his breath, the proximity of the South Sea to Florida, and says that it is not good that the report be made too common!

Nor did the South Sea delusion vanish when the period of colonization was reached. Ralph Lane, the governor of Raleigh's first plantation on the Island of Roanoke, having probably inquired of the savages for some trace of that sea which Hakluyt had seen so plainly laid down "on the mightie olde mappe in parchment," was told by the inventive savages that the Roanoke River sprang from a rock so near to a westward sea, that the waves in time of storm often dashed into this fountain, making the river brackish for some distance below. They mentioned at the same time that there was gold there, and that the walls of a town in that land were made of pearls. Nothing dispirited by the extravagance of these tales, Lane and some of his men, like boys seeking the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, set out to immortalize and enrich themselves by ascending the Roanoke to find the Pacific Ocean, the Indians meantime plotting the destruction of the colonists left behind. Lane and his followers pursued their quest until they were obliged to eat their dogs, and then returned fasting, just in time to rescue the colony from destruction. But Lane went back to England believing that the Roanoke rose near to the Bay of Mexico "that openeth out into the South Sea," and the map of the country which the colony brought back shows a strait leading into the Pacific from Port Royal.

The Jamestown colonists were gravely instructed to explore that branch of any river that lay toward the north-west—perhaps because the charmed latitude of 40° might be reached in this way. The colonists were especially to ascend any river running out of a lake, in hope of finding another river having its head in the same lake and "running the contrary way toward the East India Sea." Even John Smith could not but hope that his second exploration of the Chesapeake might lead him into the Pacific. This notion of a passage into the South Sea in latitude 40°, just north of the limit of his own explorations, Captain Smith communicated to his friend Henry Hudson, who was so moved by the information that he sailed to America in direct violation of his orders, and it was in seeking the passage to the Pacific that he penetrated the solitudes of the beautiful river that bears

his name, and perished the next year in the great northern bay which is a second memorial to his courage.

In a time of such ignorance of geography on the part of learned men, when America was not so well known as the antarctic continent is to-day, popular notions of the lands to be colonized were yet more strange. New England was long believed to be an island and the same notion prevailed regarding Virginia. Ten years after Jamestown was settled we find Captain Smith assuring his readers that "Virginia is no Ile (as many doe imagine), but part of the continent adjoining to Florida." Official ignorance was probably the last to yield, for almost a century after the beginning at Jamestown, and when almost the whole eastern margin of America had been planted with prosperous English colonies, an order of the Privy Council appointed Dudley Digges a member of the council of the "island of Virginia."

As the mistake made by Columbus, through the common misapprehension in his time of the size of the earth, had left behind an almost ineradicable passion for a way to Japan and China through the American continent, so the vast treasures of gold and silver, which the avaricious Spaniards had drawn from Mexico and Peru, produced a belief in the English mind that a colony planted anywhere in America would find gold. Here, too, the geographer Hakluyt, and many others were ready with ingenious and learned deductions from very slender premises. If an Indian had been seen wearing a head-piece of copper which "bowed easily," this flexibility proved it to be tarnished gold. If a savage told a voyager that the copper of a certain country was too soft for use, was somewhat yellow, or was of a good luster, it was enough to demonstrate that the country was rich in the precious mineral. The geographer Purchas even expounds the divine purpose in thus endowing a heathen land with gold,—that the Indian race might, "as a rich bride, but withered and deformed, \* \* \* find many suitors for love of her portion," and thus the pagans be converted. Again and again ships were laden with shining earth or worthless stones, believed to contain gold even by the clumsy goldsmiths who were sent with the explorers as assayers or experts. The seekers after South Sea passages brought home ship-loads of glittering earth from arctic islands,—"fool's gold," as the mineral is now called. Captain Newport well-nigh ruined the Jamestown plantation by consuming its supplies while he took a lading of the "dust-mica," so abundant in the Virginia sands. One of the earliest of the documents relating to the planting of colo-

nies, in the English State Paper Office, is the fragment of a report about America, made in 1580, the extravagance of which puts burlesque out of countenance. The American women are spoken of as "wearing great plates of gold covering their whole bodies like armour." "In every cottage" pearls were to be found, "and in some houses a peck. About the bar of St. Maries"—perhaps the Chesapeake, so called at that time—are to be seen fire-dragons, "which make the air very red as they fly." In these we recognize the fire-fly, while the buffalo is no doubt intended by an animal "as big as two of our oxen." But these faint resemblances to truth vanish quickly when we learn that the streets in this region are broader than the London streets, that there are banqueting-houses built of crystal, with pillars of massive silver and some of gold. "Pieces of clean gold as big as a man's fist are found in the heads of some of the rivers; there are also iron and silk-worms in abundance, and one mountain, thirty leagues farther northward, is very rich in mines."

The proposed conversion of the natives to Christianity was often a cloak to more selfish enterprises, but religious zeal was also an active motive at the time of the first planting of North America. Europeans regarded the Indians sometimes as sun-worshippers, but more commonly as worshippers of Satan himself, who, through the conjuring of the *pow-wow*, gave them knowledge of distant and future events, and frequently appeared to them visibly, either as a calf, or in some other beastly form.

The early explorers, from the time of Cabot, had a habit of kidnapping Indians without scruple, and transporting them to England, where the sight of such barbarians served to quicken greatly the interest in American adventures and colonization, and particularly to awaken a philanthropic desire to civilize and Christianize a people who were so benighted as not to wear trowsers. The Indian man and woman taken over by Frobisher excited great attention, and pictures of them were made for the queen and others. When Weymouth, on his return from the coast of Maine, in 1605, brought into Plymouth five kidnapped Indians, with "all their bows and arrows," and with two beautiful birch canoes, Sir Ferdinando Gorges took them into his own custody, and joyfully declared that "this accident had been the means of putting life into all our plantations." In our age of great commercial activity and extended geographical knowledge one can form but a weak conception of the excitement caused by Weymouth's reports, and

especially by the appearance of these outlandish creatures of another world. Other savages were brought, and some of these were exhibited for money. One of them was, perhaps, shown after he had died, if we may guess the fact from Shakspeare's contemptuous sneer at the idle curiosity and far-away philanthropy of the crowd, in Trinculo's assertion that, in England, "any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian." Out of this interest in savages, no doubt, the fertile invention of the poet evoked the monster Caliban. One Indian thus brought away to England from Cape Cod, by a curious fate, "went a soldier to the wars of Bohemia"; another, from Martha's Vineyard, invented a gold mine, and, on going back to show the way to it, jumped off the ship and escaped.

The animals of America excited equally the wonder of the people in England, and no stories were so easily credited as extravagant ones. It was reported that the progress of Cabot's ships had been retarded by the multitude of codfish he had encountered off the American coast, and that the Newfoundland bears caught these fish "with their claws," and drew them to shore to eat them. King James's favor was won by a present of two living young alligators and a wild boar, and he was childishly eager to possess some of the flying-squirrels that had been introduced into English parks from Virginia. The flying-squirrel, the opossum, and the humming-bird were long considered the great wonders of America, and there was no end to the marvelous stories about them. It is hard to recognize the opossum, in one of the earliest descriptions, of "a monstrous deformed beast, whose forepart resembled a fox, the hinder part an ape, excepting the feet, which were like a man's; beneath her belly she hath a receptacle like a purse, wherein she bestows her young until they can shift for themselves." The humming-bird, on the highest authority, is declared to be a cross between a fly and a bird; the Dutch on the North River called it simply "the West India bee." They were prepared for exportation to Europe, in the New Netherlands by drying, and in Barbadoes by stuffing with fine sand and perfumery. They were considered in Europe "pretty delicacies for the ladies, who wore them at their breasts and girdles." The dogs of the Indians were said to be snouted like foxes, and were supposed to be quite unable to bark, though they could howl. The muskrat was expected to furnish musk, and the mathematician Hariot believed that the civet-cat would become a source of profit

to planters in America, but his description of the animal points to the skunk, whose perfume has never yet come into request. Some of the earliest authors speak of the raccoon as an ape. But the wild hogs of America were the strangest of all, for they "have their navels upon the ridge of their backs," says Purchas. So great was the number of new creatures revealed by the discovery of America, that European scholars were worried to get them all into the limits of Noah's ark.

The glimpses we have given here of the state of knowledge about America existing in England at the period of colonization, not only give an insight into some of the motives that prompted the planting of English communities in the New World, but also enable us to form a notion of some traits of English character at the time, and throw a light forward upon the early history of the American colonists. Out of an England stirred by the new-born intellectual life of modern times, and producing great poets, philosophers, statesmen, and adventurers, but still clinging tenaciously to the childish romances and superstitions of the middle ages, came the beginners of the new nation, such as the pleasure-seeking planters of Virginia, the rigorists of New England, and the philanthropic enthusiasts of Pennsylvania. Under every guise of sect and opinion there was present the wonder-loving, credulous, and aggressive Englishman of that age of seething religious and intellectual reaction. The mutually repellant Churchmen, Puritans, Papists, and Quakers, who spread themselves into separate communities along the wilderness coast of North America in the seventeenth century, had really more in common than they had of difference.

## II.

### RALEGH AND THE ROANOKE COLONIES.

IF one might believe the doubtful anecdote in which Walter Raleigh wins the favor of the queen by spreading his cloak to enable her to cross dry-shod the mud of the Strand, he might be said in that act to have made a bridge for English colonists to traverse the Atlantic; for, without the help of Raleigh's bold imagination, adventurous spirit, and statesmanlike foresight, there would hardly have been an English settlement in North America. In that time the difficulty of planting colonies was greater than we can well conceive. The elements of success were not yet understood; there was no recorded experience for a guide; gentlemen, soldiers, ecclesiastics,

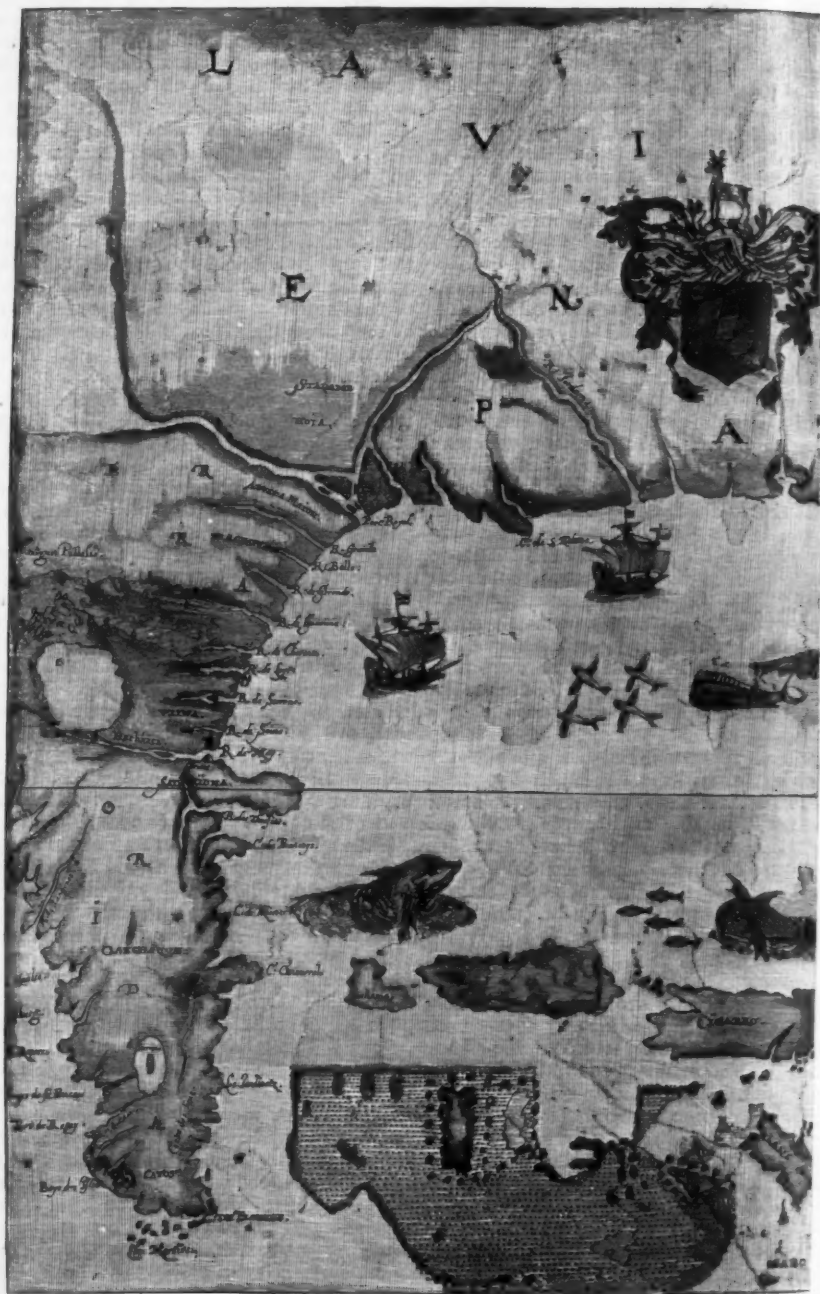
and gold-seekers, were sent out in most of the early European colonies, instead of farmers and laborers. Then, too, England was not yet the great commercial nation and dominant maritime power she has since become, but was a small and backward state, whose resources were undeveloped, and whose little ships were ill-adapted to make the perilous voyage across the Atlantic; moreover, all her sea-ventures must run the gauntlet of danger from the hostility of Spain, whose powerful armaments bullied English commerce and preyed upon English shipping. The people of that time, overcrowded as they were, did not understand the true benefits of colonization, and Englishmen were loth to move from home, except when they had a prospect of immediate wealth from mines or conquests. The lucky fortunes amassed by the piratical warfare carried on against Spanish commerce turned men's heads, and Raleigh's schemes were more than once overthrown by the avidity of his agents to engage in the plundering of Spanish ships. John Smith, in allusion to the difficulty he had in inducing men to undertake agricultural settlements in New England, says that his task would have been easy had his design been to persuade them to a gold mine or new invention, to reach the South Sea, to despoil a monastery, capture rich caracks, or rob some poor fishermen. People who engage in privateering, he adds, "do not seek the common good, but the common goods." Unluckily, the habit of seeking the common goods had demoralized many of the bravest spirits in England.

The character of the queen was an almost insuperable obstacle to American enterprises. Her policy was admirably adapted to check and wear out her enemies in Europe, by delays, intrigues, threats, promises, deceptions, and a steady avoidance of all ambitious projects beyond the bounds of England. But this politic evasion of risks and ventures, and the invincible stinginess of Elizabeth, were main hinderances to success in colonization. She was willing enough that her adventurous and patriotic subjects should consume their estates in plantations beyond the seas; she was lavish in cheap encouragement; she even sent to Sir Humphrey Gilbert "an anchor guided by a lady," whatever that may have been, when he sailed on his fatal voyage; but Gilbert died in the vain hope that the Queen might be induced to contribute a paltry ten thousand pounds toward founding a colony, an enterprise which "required a prince's purse to have thoroughly carried out." She graciously accepted the adroit flattery of Raleigh in naming the American coast Virginia for her as a "virgin queen," but the godmother of

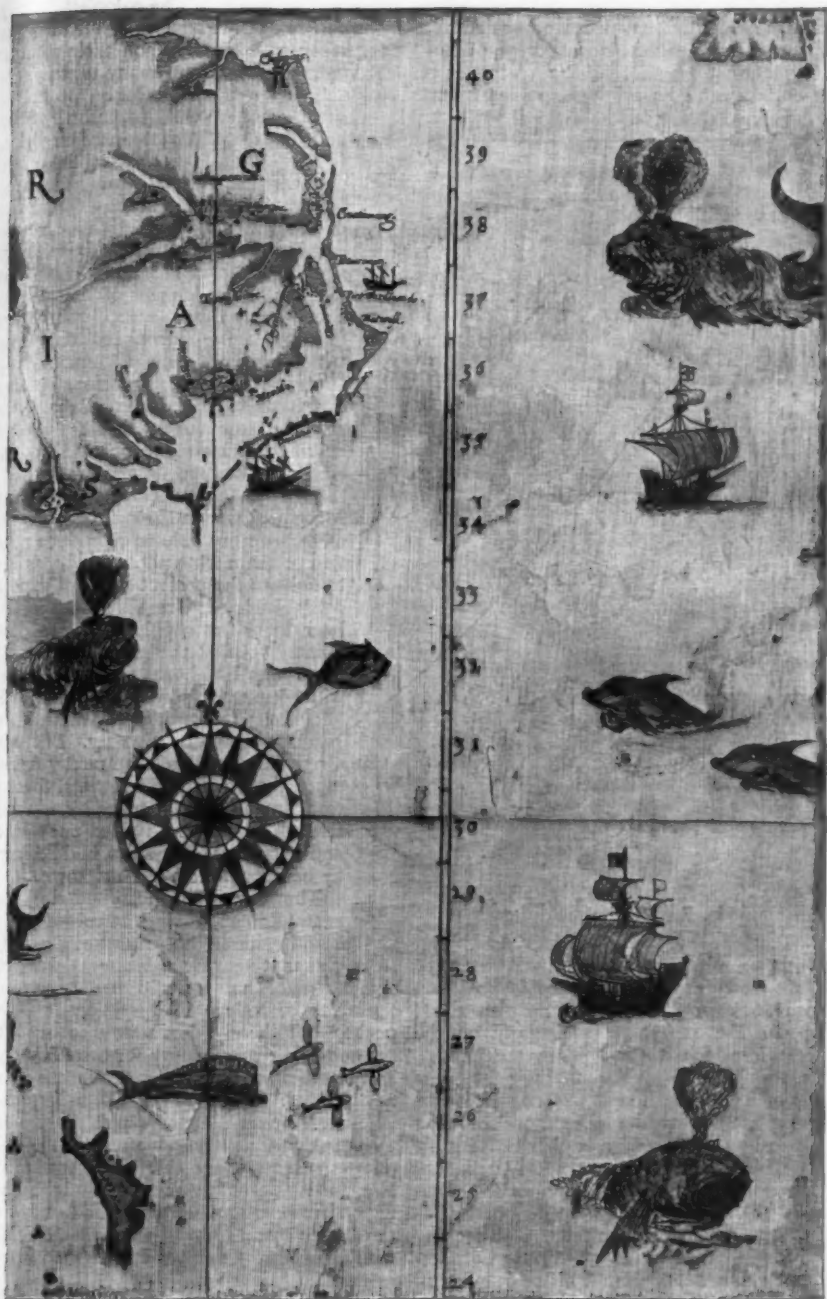
Virginia "contributed nothing to its education," as was wittily said at the time.

When a young man, Raleigh served in the French civil wars, on the side of the Huguenots, as one of a body of gentlemen volunteers, led by a kinsman of his own. He had opportunity, at that time, to hear of the charms of Florida from those who had escaped destruction in the ill-fated Huguenot colony at Fort Caroline. He brought to London with him, and maintained at his own expense, Le Moyne, the artist, who had fled out of that fort into the wilderness the night of the Spanish massacre, and whose curious sketches of the tattooed Florida Indians are now to be seen in the Grenville Collection in the British Museum, some of these we shall reproduce in future papers of this series. It was, perhaps, by the accounts that he had heard from the Huguenots that Raleigh was led to seek a location for his own colonies far to the south of the region explored by Frobisher and Gilbert, and certainly the change from Newfoundland to the coast of North Carolina and Virginia was a long step toward success.

In 1585, explorations having been made in the preceding year, Sir Walter sent out his first plantation under Ralph Lane. This colony deserved success far more than the ill-contrived expedition to Jamestown. It was in every way well-appointed, and contained many men of sagacity and courage. Raleigh instituted a healthy private interest from the start, in granting five hundred acres of land, at the least, to every man in the colony "only for the adventure of his person." Notwithstanding the unfortunate location on the Island of Roanoke, the wild-geese chase after the South Sea, and the imprudent attack made on the Indians, the colony had actually taken root, having, in despair of supplies from England, sowed corn on the island. In two weeks more the people would have eaten of an abundant American harvest, had not that valiant sea-rover, discoverer, and free-booter, Sir Francis Drake, on his way back from a prosperous sacking of Spanish towns in the West Indies, bethought him to visit his countrymen, the English colony in Virginia, in obedience to orders given him by the queen. Upon Drake's coming, and after the misadventure of a storm, which drove some of his vessels to sea, among which was one that he had allotted to the colony, the whole company were seized with a panic, or a frenzy of homesickness. They prevailed upon Drake to carry them to England again, and thus missed of seeing the ship sent by Raleigh, which arrived fifteen days later with supplies. Thus ended the first attempted settlement, in which were engaged such men as Thomas



MAP OF SOUTHERN PART OF ATLANTIC COAST OF NORTH AMERICA, SHOWING THE STRAIT LEADING FROM PORT ROYAL TO THE SOUTH



SEA. (DRAWN IN 1685 BY JOHN WHITE, ARTIST TO RALEGH COLONY, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

Hariot, the distinguished mathematician, Thomas Cavendish, afterward renowned as a circumnavigator of the globe, and John White, a clever artist. Hariot wrote an account of the country and its products, on his return.

preserved in health." The colonists, he says, "learned to suck it after their manner," and they kept up this habit upon their return to England, "having found many virtues in it." Not only many men, but also "women of great calling," and learned physicians, had adopted it at the time of his writing.

John White, the artist of the expedition, who became governor of the second colony, made some admirable drawings of the Indians, which give us the first graphic representations of American savages made from life, and the only true pictures of the Indians of the coast between Pennsylvania and Florida. Some of these were reproduced on copper, with only moderate accuracy, in De Bry's famous *Voyages*, published in 1599, and have been thence copied into innumerable later works. In 1865, the very striking original drawings were discovered and they are now safely housed in the Grenville Collection of the British Museum, through the courtesy of whose officers we are able to reproduce a portion of them from photographs, as illustrations to the present series of papers.

Sir Richard Grenville, who arrived later than the supply-ship, was disappointed to find the colony deserted by those who had been transported thither with so much expense and trouble. He left fifteen men, with provisions for two years, to hold the country. But when Grenville came back the next year with more than a hundred settlers, these fifteen, having been attacked by a superior force of Indians, who killed one of them and burned their supplies, had fled away by boat, to meet a fate unknown.

The new colony also ended in darkness. Raleigh, having perceived that an island without a harbor, on a coast so stormy as that near Cape Hatteras, was not a suitable place, had ordered them to establish the "city of Raleigh in Virginia," at Chesapeake,\* but these orders were disobeyed, the seamen being very hungry for Spanish booty, and unwilling to carry them farther than Roanoke Island. Here was born, soon after their landing, Virginia Dare, the first English native of America. The governor, John White, on the entreaty of the colonists, went back to England for supplies, where he found the whole nation in a panic and uproar on account of the threatened Spanish invasion, so that his ships, with all others of force, were detained in har-

\* The map drawn by White, which we reproduce on another page from the original, shows that Chesapeake, or *Chesepiuc*, was an Indian village just inside Cape Henry.



AN INDIAN CONJURER. (FROM JOHN WHITE'S ORIGINAL DRAWING, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

In this he describes at length the virtues of a plant which the Indians called *uppowoc*, but which took in Europe the Spanish name tobacco. He expatiates particularly on the esteem in which it was held by the natives, tells how it was sprinkled in their fish-weirs for good luck, and how it was considered an offering worthy of the acceptance of their gods in times of danger or thanksgiving;—"they think their gods marvellously delighted therewith," he says. He describes the manner in which the Indians were accustomed to take "the fume or smoke thereof, by sucking it through pipes made of clay into their stomach and head, from whence it purgeth superfluous steam and other gross humors, and openeth all the pores and passages of the body \*\*\* whereby their bodies are notably

bor by the queen's order; and when at last two small barks were allowed to depart, they ran after prizes and came back stripped by French war-ships which they had encountered. At this point Raleigh found his means impaired. He had spent forty thousand pounds in American experiments, and vast sums in colonizing estates which the queen had granted him in Ireland. He therefore transferred his patent to a company of "merchants and adventurers," who undertook to care for and carry on the Roanoke colony, while he gave himself with his usual energy and daring to the defence of England against Spain. When the famous armada entered the Channel he hung upon its rear, harassing the cumbrous Spanish great galleons in an agile English man-of-war whose alert movements were compared to "a morrice dance upon the sea."

The ships of John White departed a year later, and for awhile, as a matter of course, gave themselves to profitable privateering, after which, being eager to seek yet other rich prizes in the West Indies, and having lost a boat-load of men in landing on the stormy coast, they made but a feeble search for the colonists, of whom no very definite trace was ever found, though vague rumors reached Jamestown, many years later, of a few living captives among the savages, and even these were said to have been murdered by Powhatan more than twenty years after their landing. As late as 1602, Raleigh sent an expedition at his own charge, to search for the unfortunates, if, perchance, any of them might yet be alive; but, with that infidelity so common in all expeditions of that mercenary time, the leaders of this one, neglecting the search, put forth their energies in buying sassafras, which valueless root was then so highly esteemed as a medicine, that it brought three shillings a pound in England. It was the prospective profit of a cargo of sassafras that defeated Gosnold's New England colony in the same year.

Raleigh was haughty, fond of magnificent display, and consequently unpopular. He was a favorite of the queen, doubtless, in a sense not at all honorable to that passionate daughter of Henry VIII.; but, by whatever

means he attained or held his power, he exercised it as a large-minded and patriotic statesman. Like many other pioneers in great undertakings, he reaped only defeat and disgrace. But it was he who first broke ground in American colonization: his immense energy

*The Tombs of their Chieftains or Chiefs personages, their flesh does rot of from the bones from the skin and heads of their heads, as flesh is dried and embalmed in many lands at their feet. their bones all being made dry as covered of their skins not during their forms or proportions. With their Kiywah, which is an Image of words keeping the dead. no no no no.*



TOMB OF THE CHIEFS. (FROM JOHN WHITE'S ORIGINAL DRAWING.)

and perseverance opened the door to the dark continent of America, and showed that a colony was desirable and practicable. Yet he reaped nothing from all his sowing but the fatal animosity of a king suspicious of all transcendent merit.

### III.

#### JOHN SMITH AND JAMESTOWN.

IN December, 1606, there lay at Blackwall, below London, three vessels: the *Susan Constant*, of one hundred tons; the *God-speed*,

*One of their Religious men.*

PORTRAIT FROM LIFE, OF A MEDICINE-MAN ON THE COAST OF NORTH CAROLINA. (FROM A DRAWING IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM BY JOHN WHITE.)

of forty, and the little pinnacle *Discovery*, of but twenty tons. These three puny ships were to carry the germ of a new English nation across the Atlantic. There was much excitement in London, and public prayers were offered for the success of the expedition. We may imagine that Richard Hakluyt, who had waited long for the fulfillment of his hopes, was among those most interested. Raleigh, in confinement for years in a gloomy cell of the Tower, from which he was only allowed to go out for a promenade in the twilight of the corridor, may have intermitted for a time his labors on the "History of the World," when he heard of this new beginning of the enterprise to which he had given his best endeavors in vain for so many years. And it is probable that nobody in all the English metropolis was more busy and excited over these preparations than the fussy and pedantic king, who had done his best to mar the enterprise which he believed himself to be furthering. On the 19th of that stormy December, the vessels weighed anchor

and ran out on an ebb tide, no doubt,—as one can nowadays see the ships go swiftly down the Thames, past Blackwall to the sea. But, once in the channel, their troubles began, and for three weeks they lay off the Downs, tossed by contrary winds, and tormented with their own discords. It was six weeks before they lost sight of the coast of England.

The misfortunes of the colony were foreordained; that it finally succeeded seems miraculous, for those who shaped its destinies left nothing undone that inventive stupidity could suggest to assure its failure. In particular had the frivolous monarch set himself to make laws or orders which carefully guarded the supremacy of the sovereign and the dominance of the Church, but which were quite inadequate to the protection of life and liberty in the colony. The private interest of the colonist, the most available of all motives to industry, was sunk in that of the company: all trade and profit were to be put into a common stock for five years, and the emigrants, men without families, were thrown into a semi-monastic community, like a Hanseatic trading agency with its better traits omitted; and thus, indolence and the natural proneness to dissension of men in hard circumstances were much increased. The people sent over were utterly unfit. In the first hundred there were four carpenters, one blacksmith, one tailor, one barber, one bricklayer, one mason, one drummer, and four boys.

Fifty-five ranked as gentlemen, and but twelve as laborers. "Those we write as laborers," says one of the colonists, "were for the most part footmen." "Poor gentlemen, tradesmen, serving-men, libertines, and such like, ten times more fit to spoil a commonwealth than either to begin one, or but help to maintain one," is the description given by a member of the colony. In the second supply the proportion was much the same, except that this time six tailors came, besides a jeweller, two "refiners" of metal, a goldsmith, a perfumer, and a tobacco-pipe maker. There were sent, at some time, lapidaries, stonecutters, embroiderers, and silkmen, "with all their appurtenances except materials," as Captain Smith sarcastically says. "A hundred good laborers," he cries out, "were better than a thousand such gallants as they sent me." For the most part they appear to have been unthrifty young men, or broken-down older men, incorrigibly idle and discontented. "Much they blamed me," says Smith, "for not converting the savages, when

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CORRIDOR IN THE TOWER, SHOWING DOOR OF RALEIGH'S CELL AT THE LEFT.

those they sent us were little better, if not worse."

If this company, so unfit for any good purpose, had had a sagacious governor at the outset from England, there would still have been hope of accomplishing something by strict discipline and strong leadership. But the king, with the ingenious folly of a petty tyrant, bent on retaining a sort of power in his own hands as long as possible, sealed up the names of the councilors in a box, not to be opened until after the arrival in America. Thus was the disorderly crew left without a head during the long voyage. For, with adverse winds and the circuitous route taken to reach America by the Canaries and West Indies, whereby they doubled the distance, and with their foolish loitering at divers places to "refresh themselves" and quarrel, they did not reach the coast until the month of April, when, by the good luck of their bad reckoning and a fortunate storm, they missed the fatal Roanoke Island, their original destination, and were carried into Hampton Roads, and so sailed up the wide mouth of the river, which they named the James, as in duty bound. At this season of the year the banks were magnificently covered, then as now, no doubt, by an endless profusion of the large white flowers of the dogwood, alternated with vast masses of the rich, pink-purple blossoms of the redbud, set against a dark background of pines and other trees, so that the sea-weary voyagers thought that "heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation."

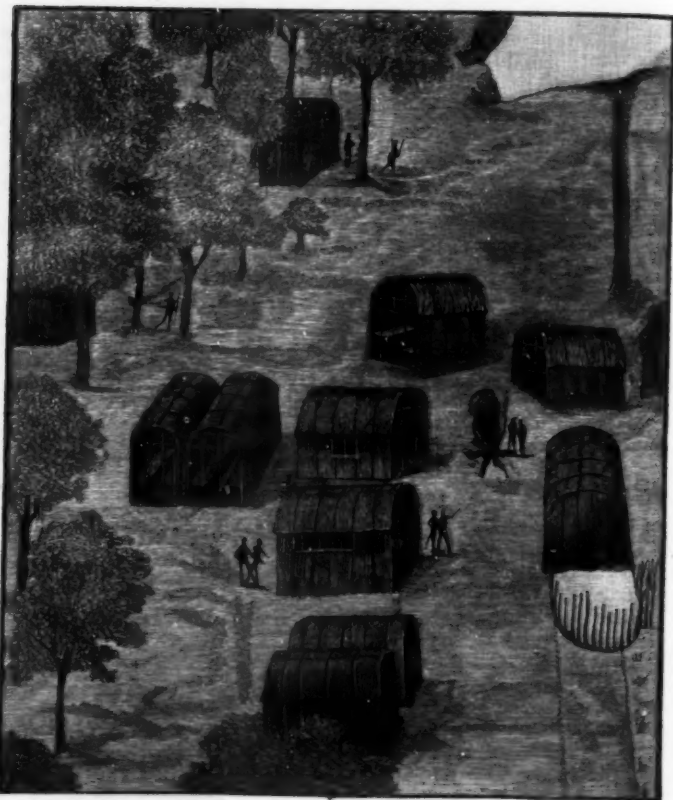
On the first landing of a small party, they were attacked by five Indians creeping in the grass like bears, who fled in dismay at the discharge of muskets. At their second landing they came upon a deserted fire, roasting in the ashes of which they found and ate for the first time the luscious oyster of the Chesapeake region, which they pronounced "large and delicate." At another place they were kindly received by the chief of the Rapahannas, who came piping on a reed flute, at the head of his train. His face was fantastically painted and besprinkled with what, to the greedy eyes of the English, seemed to be silver ore, and they surmised that his copper ornaments might be gold.

After seventeen days of voyaging in the river, they selected, in spite of the opposing judgment of Captain Gosnold, the first projector of the colony, a low-lying peninsula, upon which they founded their new city, calling it Jamestown. This unfortunate location brought them malarial disease; the neglect of the London company and the long loitering of the sea-

*One of the wives of Wyngona.*



A CHIEF'S WIFE. (FROM THE DRAWING BY JOHN WHITE, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)



INDIAN HOUSES IN THE VILLAGE OF SECOTAN. (FROM JOHN WHITE'S ORIGINAL DRAWING, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)

men had left the newly landed colonists, at the outset of their enterprise, on the very verge of famine. Seed-time had passed, while they were "refreshing themselves" in the West Indies and exploring the river; there was now no opportunity of planting until the following year. "There never were Englishmen left in any country in such misery as we were, in this new-discovered Virginia," says George Percy, brother to the Earl of Northumberland, and one of the most brave and trustworthy of the men at Jamestown. A pint of worm-eaten barley or wheat was the allowance of each man for a day. "Had we been as free from all other sins as [from] gluttony and drunkenness, we might have been canonized for saints," says Smith. "Our drink was water, our lodgings castles in the air."

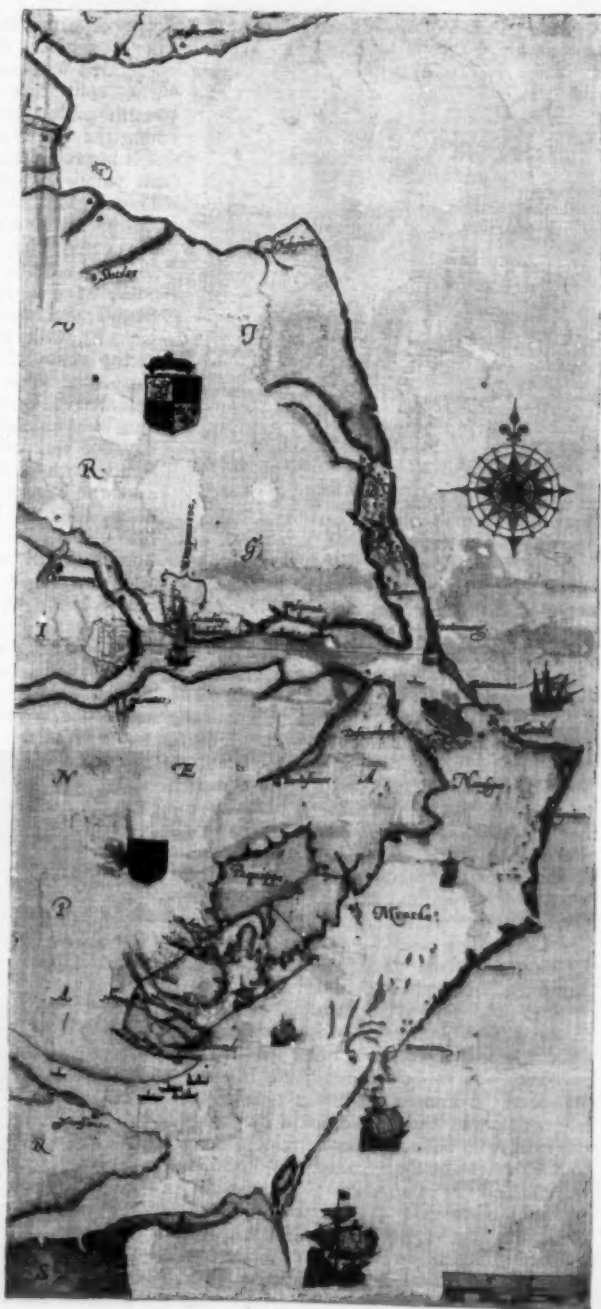
To increase their misery, they lived in mortal terror of an attack from the Indians. During Captain Newport's stay in the country, he had taken a strong force and gone to explore the James River as far as the present site

of Richmond, in hope of finding the Pacific Ocean thereabout. The colonists left behind, with thoughtful imprudence deposited their awkward matchlock guns in dry vats for security, and were surprised by Indians, who wounded seventeen men and killed one boy. The savages were driven off by a cross-bar shot from a ship lying in the river, which cut down a bough of one of the trees over their heads and gave them a wholesome fright. But, now the ships were gone, the fear of the Indians made it necessary for each man to watch every third night, "lying on the cold, bare ground," and then to remain on guard the day following. This, with the small allowance of bad food and the necessity for drinking of the river-water, which was brackish at flood and slimy and filthy at low tide, brought on swellings, dysenteries, and burning fevers. Sometimes there were not five able-bodied men to defend the place in case of attack, and the sufferers were night and day groaning pitifully from famine

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and sickness in every corner of the fort. "If there were any conscience in men it would make their hearts bleed," says Percy, "to hear the pitiful murmurings and outcries of our sick men, without relief, every night and day, for the space of about six weeks." Sometimes as many as three or four died in a single night; in the morning their bodies were "trailed out of their cabins like dogs, to be buried," and sometimes the living miserable wretches were scarcely able to bury the dead. The "tents were rotten and the cabins worse than nought." Some of the famished men and boys fled in despair to the Indians, who, not wishing to incur the displeasure of men of powers so supernatural as the English seemed, treated them well and sent them back again. Those who survived the first famine lived on sturgeon and crabs caught in the river. But one-half of the hundred colonists died, and, among the rest, Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, the first navigator who had the courage to cross the Atlantic by sailing directly west without seeking the trade-winds of the tropics, and the founder of the first, ineffectual New England colony on Elizabeth Island, in 1602, as well as the earliest advocate of the enterprise in which he lost his life. When the sturgeon had left the river, and the worm-eaten grain was spent, the Indians began to bring in supplies of corn, game, persimmons, and other food, to exchange for the trinkets of the settlers.

Adversity and peril bring the hero to the front. As the period of hunger and death drew to a close, and the reviving colonists set to work to build better shelter



MAP OF THE REGION OCCUPIED AND EXPLORED BY RALEIGH'S COLONY. (FROM JOHN WHITE'S DRAWING, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.)



JOHN SMITH. (FROM THE ENGRAVING ON SMITH'S MAP OF VIRGINIA.)

than their rotten tents and earth-covered cabins, the speculating president, Wingfield, who had appropriated stores to his own use, was deposed, and Captain Ratcliffe, a man no better, took his place. But the actual leadership passed by natural gravitation into the hands of the strongest man, who fills so large a space in the history of Jamestown for the next two years that it seems to become an epic. The hero of the story was John Smith, whom the council, on landing and opening King James's mysterious ark, had solemnly expelled from their body, of which he had been named a member in the king's orders. During the five months' voyage, the emigrants had naturally fixed their eyes on Captain Smith, a young man, twenty-eight years of age, who had been, next to Gosnold, the earliest promoter of the present colony, and the fame of whose adventures in foreign travel and exploits in battle with the Turks had already brought him into notoriety.

Engaged while yet a mere lad in the wars in the Low Countries, he was afterward shipwrecked, and again, according to his own account, was robbed at sea; he became a wanderer in France, and was near to perishing; he was thrown overboard by Catholic pilgrims, who believed the heretic passenger to be the Jonah that caused the storm, but he escaped to the shore; he was in a sea-fight between a French ship and a rich Venetian argosy; and at length he distinguished himself in the war against the Turks under the Duc de Mercœur. Here he displayed skill in engineering, and fought and killed three Turks successively in single combat, receiving from Sigismund II., of

Transylvania, a patent of nobility, with a coat of arms bearing three Turks' heads in a shield. In a later battle he was wounded and made prisoner by the Turks, who sold him with others into slavery. Smith prided himself as highly upon winning the favor of ladies as he did on his skill in taking Turks' heads, and he tells how his young Mohammedan mistress, Charatza Tragabigzanda, who could speak some Italian, fell in love with her slave. Her relatives persecuted him, and Smith, degraded and abused, with a collar of iron about his neck, at length, in a fit of desperation, slew Tragabigzanda's brother, the Pasha of Nalbritz, with a flail, concealed his body in the straw, clothed himself in the pasha's garments, filled a knapsack with grain, mounted the dead pasha's horse, and made off into the uninhabited plain. After sixteen days of wandering he reached the Russian frontier, where his iron collar was removed, and where another kind lady, the good Calamata, took an interest in his welfare and liberally supplied his wants. Covered with honors on his return into Transylvania, he was now eager to get back into his "own native land." After some adventures in Morocco, and a sea-fight by the way, he returned at length to England, like a veritable hero of romance. This last of the knight-errant, on his arrival in his own country, enlisted of course in the most difficult and



THOMAS, LORD DE LA WARE. (FROM A COPY MADE AT THE BOURNE, CAMBRIDGESHIRE, FROM THE ORIGINAL, FOR THE STATE OF VIRGINIA, NOW IN THE STATE LIBRARY, RICHMOND.)

dangerous enterprise he could find, which happened to be the colonizing of America, to which object his best endeavors were devoted for the rest of his life.

The fame of Smith, his manifest ability and winning address, as well as his military and sea-faring experience, made him a natural rallying-point for the allegiance of the colony, the names of whose lawful governors were sealed up in the well-filled box of Pandora. His popularity excited the jealousy of the other ambitious spirits of the expedition, and, as he was a high-spirited man, yet young, and at no time remarkable for modesty, it is probable that he did not conciliate his rivals by soft speeches or reticent manners. He seems to have been put under a sort of arrest during the voyage, and there was talk of hanging him on a charge of conspiring to make himself a king. When Newport with the ships was about to return, it was proposed to send him back to England to be mildly reprimanded, rather than subject his life to peril by trying him in the colony, the real object being to get rid of so influential and so clever a man with as little trouble as possible. With characteristic courage and tact, Smith demanded a trial, proved his innocence and exposed the conspiracy by the mouths of the witnesses who had been suborned against him; so that Wingfield, the president, was sentenced to pay him two hundred pounds damages, which Smith generously turned into the common store of the colony. The effect of this was to compel Captain Smith's admission to the council.

At the close of the period of suffering, he carried forward the building of Jamestown, and all had thatched houses to dwell in before he made provision for himself. Having suppressed a mutiny, he now set out on the first of his trading and exploring expeditions, buying corn, or getting it by craft or force, at all hazards. But after awhile the council complained that he had not yet gone up the Chickahominy River, which came from the north-west, and at the head of which might be found—according to the directions taken from the box—the Pacific Ocean. It was in the expedition set on foot in consequence of these complaints that Smith, while exploring with an Indian guide the "slashes" toward the head of that river, was set upon and captured by the Pamunkey Indians, who had just before surprised and slain three of his men. Never did his dexterous management of slender resources stand him in better stead than in escaping the dangers of this captivity, as, for example, by showing a pocket-compass, and, if one may credit the story, attempting to expound the mysteries of the universe



GEORGE PERCY. (FROM A PORTRAIT IN THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S ROOMS, RICHMOND, VA.)

to the curious savages, who, perhaps, estimating his wisdom by his incomprehensibility, took him to be a man of supernatural gifts. They afterward subjected him to some mysterious pow-wowings to discover his intentions. When he had been led from village to village, according to the Indian custom, he was brought before Powhatan, a chief whose prowess had awed the neighboring tribes into a sort of subjection to his leadership. Smith secured the favor of the chieftain and the affection of his little daughter, Pocahontas, who became the friend and frequent benefactor of Smith and the colonists. In the later narratives of his captivity, Smith says that she rescued him by laying her head on his when the warriors were about to beat out his brains. As the story does not occur in the earlier accounts, it has been doubted by some investigators and defended by others. It seems probable that Captain Smith gives an exaggerated account of a real interference on his behalf by this young girl.

Smith so managed the Indians, that they released him and sent him back to the fort. Every four or five days, for some time thereafter, the chief's daughter came with provisions; presents for Smith and articles for barter were brought in, for which the captain exchanged trinkets at such prices as he pleased. Smith's rivals became jealous even of his influence with the Indians, and spoiled the trade from which they lived, by paying more liberally than he for what was bought. Then arrived a second time Cap-



*Matoaka als Rebecca daughter to the mighty Prince  
Powhatan Emperour of Appanoughcomock als virginia  
converted and baptiz'd in the Christian faith, and  
wife to the Swor. M. Joh Rolfe* *Congra. Holland sculpsit*

POCAHONTAS. (FROM THE ENGRAVING IN THE FIRST EDITION OF JOHN SMITH'S GENERAL HISTORY.)

tain Newport, who was as helpless on dry land as a sea-turtle.

The marplot council in London sent over by Newport a crown, a bedstead, a robe, and an ewer for the unwashed chief, who kindly gave in exchange only his cast-off garments and moccasins, while he played so sharp a trick in trade that Newport secured only eight bushels of corn in exchange for all he had brought. But Captain Smith dangled before the eyes of the childish savage some blue beads, at first refusing to sell them, saying they were made of a substance like the sky, and were intended only for the greatest kings and chiefs to wear. By this ruse he secured enough corn to load his vessels for two pounds of glass beads, which were always kept sacred to chiefs and their families. Thus, with unflinching tact, now by bravado, now by cajolery, and again by judicious severity, did Smith keep the colony alive from the trade or the tribute of the savages, whose arrows were almost harmless against the armor of the English. When

an Indian tried to take his sword, Smith imprisoned and then forgave him. Finding his trade with the Indians destroyed by the non-intercourse order of Powhatan, he was compelled to get food by force, and, in a last extremity of want, he chose the boldest course, and essayed to capture Powhatan himself; but the wily chief, by corrupting the foreigners sent over to make glass and potash, discovered the plot and avoided it. Powhatan's brother, Opechancanough, having stationed about a wigwam, in which he was parleying with Smith and his handful of men, hundreds of warriors whose arrows were "knocked" ready to shoot, Smith seized the chief by the hair, put a pistol to his breast, and dragged him out before them all, and so made peace at the muzzle of a loaded firearm. When, later, Opechancanough sent him poisoned meat, which sickened, but did not kill the white men, the captain contented himself with kicking and beating the Indian who brought the poison. Smith was adroit in avoiding blood-

shed while spreading the terror of his name among the tribes about him. He was like a stout champion in the days of the Hebrew anarchy: a great fear of him fell on all the heathen round about.

Next to the preservation of the Jamestown colony, the most permanent benefit conferred on the world by Captain Smith's exertions was the exploration of Chesapeake Bay and its tributary rivers, which he made in two voyages in an open boat,—sailing, if one might trust his own estimate, three thousand miles. He sent to the company in London a map of this region marvelously correct, if we consider his facilities and circumstances,—a map that was the starting-point for all charts and surveys of this coast. In these two voyages of exploration, the little company endured many hardships, sleeping in the boat, eating damaged food, stripping off their very shirts to renew their sails after a storm, and suffering such thirst that, eager as they were to find gold, they would have refused "two barriques of gold for one of puddle-water." In winter trips it was their habit to remove the fire two or three times in a night, to get warm ground to lie on. They were sometimes forced to fight with ten times their number of savages. It is a curious picture we get, in the compiled writings of Smith and his companions, of their life along the coast, in the rivers, and among the savages, exercising themselves in psalm-singing, praying, fighting, trading, maneuvering, lying, or evangelizing, as occasion required, like good Englishmen of the seventeenth century. Whenever Smith could win the Indians to friendliness by kind treatment, he did so. Often, by a mere display of force, he avoided bloodshed; but, when betrayed or attacked, he fought with so much address as not to lose a single man in battle, and to leave a profound respect for the English in every tribe with which he came into contact. His unflagging vigilance prevented surprise; he exacted that every company of Indians trading with the English should deposit their arms, or exchange hostages with him. He was full of expedients: knew how to hang hats on sticks to increase the apparent number of his men, and knew how to deceive the savages by politic devices or point-blank lies of great ingenuity and unblushing boldness. He showed the highest generalship in the conduct of a petty force of twelve or fourteen men; he evinced rare diplomatic tact in bringing the most hostile tribes to parley and trade; he won the affection and allegiance of his men, whose comfort he always preferred to his own; and in the broils at Jamestown, the gentlemen and soldiers who had explored

or campaigned with him after corn were his loving friends and staunch partisans.

A historian of Virginia aptly applies to Smith the words of Dean Swift: "When a great genius appears in the world, the dunces are all in confederacy against him." Three times he crushed plots, on the part of members of the council and others, to flee to England with the pinnacle, and thus abandon the colony to perish. When he came back from his seven weeks' captivity the conspirators fully intended to hang him for the death of two of the three men slain by the Indians in that expedition,—twisting some provision of the Levitical law to accomplish this murder. Newport's arrival the day before the execution was all that saved him. His hand was heavy when discipline required it; but when he found his enemies subject to his power, he treated them with magnanimity. He dealt hard blows in battle, fighting lustily and with a soldierly relish; he knew how indispensable is sternness in managing savages; but he always avoided putting to death the Indians whom he had occasion to punish; he left no blood account to be settled with neighbors, though he sometimes made the savages believe for awhile that he had executed an offender. When at last Smith had "beaten the path" for a successful settlement, had awed the Indians and made friends with them, had set the colonists to planting, and fortified and built up Jamestown, digging a well of good water, had seized for his hungry colonists the supplies brought in an illicit trading-ship by the rascally Captain Argall, had established a new settlement and sent some of the colonists to live with the Indians, there came from London the "third supply." The company, having secured a new charter and new subscriptions, now sent out five hundred men and women, of whom some were worthy people, others of the same class of scrapethrift gentlemen and bankrupts of which Virginia had already too many, with "decayed tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and long peace." The officers under the new commission, jealous of one another, had all sailed in the same ship with their three commissions, lest one should get advantage by a first arrival, and had all together gone ashore, in a hurricane, on the Bermudas. The unruly crew that got safely to Jamestown had with them, as ship-captains, Smith's old enemies, the corrupt Ratcliffe and Archer, the very couple who had essayed to hang him under the Levitical law, because the Indians had killed his men. Having neither head nor authority, these hundreds were landed like an avalanche upon the little, poverty-stricken, but now experienced and weather-hardened colony. All the old disor-

ders were set a-going again by the resolution of the newly arrived not to submit to Captain Smith's authority. With much labor he essayed to bring to subjection this mob, refusing to resign his presidency until the commissions should arrive, until, at length, he was injured by the accidental explosion of a bag of powder. As he was now no longer able to awe the mutinous by his presence, the other party gained the ascendancy; an attempt was even made to assassinate him in his bed. He probably saw the danger and uselessness of remaining longer to wrangle with the newcomers, for, under color of seeking surgical aid, he consented to go to England, and the ship was detained until charges of various misdemeanors could be made out and sent with him.

The best evidence of the importance of Captain Smith's services at Jamestown is the melancholy fact that the four hundred and ninety who were in the colony at his leaving were reduced in eight months to sixty "miserable, poor wretches," by Indian war and by desertion, but chiefly by sheer famine. When the strong hand was withdrawn, the colony quickly fell to ruin.

In his aggressive temper, ceaseless conflicts and sturdy achievements, Captain Smith reminds one of the Greek heroes; but in magnanimity and rude justice he was more modern than they. In answer to all assaults upon his fame, it is sufficient to say that his character and services commanded the homage of Percy, Strachey, and all the best and most judicious in the colony; and even his enemy, Wingfield, reluctantly paid a tribute to his diligence. He had the ardent friendship of many of the best men in England. He was a good hater, it must be confessed, though not implacable. Like most ambitious men, he had a sensitive vanity; like many travelers of his time, he shows an unpleasant tendency to exaggeration and self-laudation in his writings. His private life was pure and honorable, free from "dice debts and oaths," as one testifies; his official life was ambitious, but with a certain lofty, public spirit, and an entire freedom from the faintest blot of covetousness. He is the first of the heroes of our national history. Though it was said by a contemporary that he "loved actions better than words," yet his words are often pregnant with a keen wit, and there is a vast fund of practical wisdom in his terse and sententious writings. His views on public affairs have the breadth and good sense of statesmanship. He foresaw the importance of the coming colonial trade, and especially of the fisheries, in "breeding mariners," and thus promoting the greatness of England;

and he urged that the colonies should not annoy those who come to trade "with pilotage and such like dues." Low customs, he says, enrich a people. He was a remarkable man who could so clearly understand great economical principles in an age when almost everybody else misconceived them. In mental and physical hardihood and shiftness, as well perhaps as in his proneness to overstatement of fact, he was in some sense a typical American,—the forerunner of the daring and ready-witted men who have subdued a savage continent, of which subjugation John Smith, of Jamestown, was the true beginner.

## IV.

## EARLY LIFE AT JAMESTOWN.

WITH the first company that came to Jamestown was a clergyman, Robert Hunt, to whom, if to any man, might be applied the words, "a light shining in a dark place." He had been a vicar in Kent, and during all the weeks that the storm-tossed and discontented emigrants lay in their little vessels in the English Channel, off the Downs, he was almost in sight of his home, and so sick that recovery seemed impossible; but he uttered no word about returning. As soon as he was able, he devoted himself to soothing the discords of the leaders and heartening the discontented. It was he who, after their landing, persuaded Captain Smith and the hostile councilors to make peace, solemnly administering the communion to them the next day, in pledge of mutual forbearance and forgiveness. In all the famine and suffering that came upon the badly provided colony immediately after their landing, he was with them; and when the wretched habitations of Jamestown were burned up, in the middle of the first winter, he lost all his books, whose companionship must have been his solace in such a wilderness and among such men. "Yet none ever heard him complain." He was as ready to bear arms in defense as any, and cheerfully shared the dangers and hardships of the colonists until he died, at some time during the first two years.

The first church of the colonists was an old sail hung upon neighboring trees to keep off the sun; for walls there were wooden rails, the pews were unhewn logs, the pulpit a bar of wood nailed to two neighboring trees. "In foul weather," says Captain Smith, "we shifted into an old, rotten tent, for we had few better, and this came by way of adventure for a new one." After awhile they built a church, "a homely little

thing, like a barn," the roof of it set upon crotches covered with rafters, sedge, and earth. Their houses were made after the fashion of the church, but were worse,—too poorly built to keep out either wind or rain.

The rotten tent, "that came by way of adventure for a new one," is a reminder that the poor little colony was continually swindled by the merchants and tradesmen who were subscribers to the company,—“such juggling there was betwixt them, that all the trash they could get in London was sent to Virginia.” The treasurer, Sir Thomas Smith, was suspected of peculation, the mariners who brought supplies plundered the stores, the men in power at Jamestown often appropriated the best to themselves, so that the colony was a skeleton that had been picked by more than one flock of vultures. Besides these, there were renegades—foreigners sent over to make potash and glass, and some of the lower sort among the English—who had run away to Powhatan, flying from the deadly misery of Jamestown; and, tempted by the liberal bribes which the chief offered, of wigwams, food, and women, these men, by the aid of accomplices in the fort, succeeded in stealing a great many swords and other arms from Jamestown; while the Dutchmen whom Smith sent to build a house for Powhatan, the capacious Dutch chimney of which is still standing, betrayed to him the weakness and plans of the colonists.

When Smith went home,—or was sent home, whichever it was,—Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers having been wrecked on the Bermudas, the government fell into the hands of Percy, a good man in feeble health and deficient in will; with West (who was brother to Lord De la Warre), Ratcliffe, and Martin in the council. West ran away with the best ship to England. Ratcliffe went in one of the vessels, with thirty men, to trade in Powhatan's country, where, from lack of vigilance, he was killed with his whole party.

And now set in “the starving time,” as it was always afterward called. There was nothing to eat but roots, herbs, acorns, walnuts, and berries, with sometimes a little fish. As the distress increased, all the animals brought for breeding were eaten,—even the skins of the horses were consumed. Those who had starch ate that. An Indian, who had been killed in an attack on the fort, was dug up and eaten by the poorer sort, and some ate even their own dead. The perishing settlers bartered away arms to the savages, who soon grew boldly hostile, so that the English could not move abroad without being shot down. The shiftless and despairing people burned for fire-wood the

houses of the dead and the palisades that defended the town, sparing only the block-house for refuge, so that Jamestown looked like the ruins of “some ancient fortification.”

Of nearly five hundred colonists in October, but sixty famine-smitten wretches were found in Jamestown in the following June, and of these not one could have survived ten days longer, had not succor arrived. In three years of suffering and death since the first planting, the colony had gained only a foot-hold with much valuable experience. Unfitted for their environment, the earlier immigrants perished by that pitiless law which works ever to abolish from the earth the improvident, the idle, and the vicious. But, indeed, it would have wrought evil beyond remedy, to have planted a new land with so vile a seed.

Help came to the little remnant from an unexpected quarter. Gates and Somers, cast on the Bermudas, built for themselves two cedar vessels, rigging them with what they had taken from their wrecked ship, and thus reached Jamestown, only to find the gaunt skeleton of a colony, clamoring in the bitterest despair to be taken away from the site of so many misfortunes and horrible miseries. With such formality as the Englishmen of that time never omitted, even when they were perishing, the new chaplain, Mr. Buck, made a zealous and sorrowful prayer in the little church. Percy delivered up his authority to Sir Thomas Gates, who found himself installed a governor of death, famine, and desperation. There was not food for three weeks, the Indians were bitterly hostile, the badgered and homesick colonists had neglected to plant, and there was nothing for it but to be off as soon as possible in the forlorn hope of finding some English vessels fishing on the coast of Newfoundland. The settlers hated even the sight of Jamestown, and they would have burned its shabby remains to the ground, had not Sir Thomas Gates himself stood guard over the place, embarking last of all.

But, before the colonists, carrying the destiny of the English race in America in their retreating boats, could get out of the mouth of the river, they were encountered by Lord De la Warre—or Delaware, as it is written now—sailing in with a new batch of immigrants, abundant supplies for a year, and a commission as governor. He turned Gates' party about, and landed with them at Jamestown. Again they all repaired to the little church, where there was a new formality,—first a sermon, and then the reading of his lordship's commission, and an address from the new governor. Under De la Warre's gov-

ernment the state and ceremony were very amusing, and the witty Captain Smith, who sought his ends in a direct way, without flummery, does not fail to laugh at the many well-paid dignitaries in so slender a colony,—“as many great and stately officers and offices as doth belong to a great kingdom.” Such strutting of lieutenant-generals and admirals over a hamlet of log-cabins in a wilderness is ludicrous, and one can hardly help suspecting that the king had a hand in these pompous devices. There were also privileges for cities, charters, corporations, universities, free schools, glebe-land,—“putting all these in practice before there were either people, students, or scholars, to build or use them, or provision or victual for them that were there.”

Lord De la Warre took immediate precaution against future want. Gates was dispatched to England for supplies, whence he returned with one hundred cattle and other provisions; the aged but indomitable Somers, in his own cedar vessel, set sail for the Bermudas to seek provision, and died there. Argall traded successfully in the Potomac, where an English lad, who had been saved from death by Pocahontas, acted as interpreter; and Percy was sent to chastise the neighboring Paspeheghs. These fled at his approach, so that he captured only the chief's wife and children, who were afterward put to death in cold blood, to punish the husband and father,—an act of barbarous inhumanity that could not have occurred under the ruler, but juster government of Smith, “who never shed one drop of Indian blood by way of punishment,” says Stith.

But if De la Warre sometimes forgot justice and mercy in dealing with the savages, he nevertheless paid much attention to religion. He almost rebuilt the little church, so that it was sixty feet long, with chancel and pews of fragrant cedar, and a wooden font, hewed out like a canoe. The governor had the church kept constantly adorned with the lovely wild flowers of Virginia, which were renewed every day. His lordship must have impressed the imaginations of his few subjects, as, on Sundays, he walked to the little church, attended by the councilors, officers, and gentlemen, and guarded by fifty men with halberds, wearing his lordship's livery of showy red cloaks. His seat in church was a chair covered with green velvet; a red velvet kneeling-cushion was before him to enable him to worship the Maker in a manner becoming the dignity of a great lord over a howling wilderness. More than one-fourth of all the able-bodied men in Jamestown were required to get the governor to church, and back again to his cabin, with propriety.

But Lord De la Warre's dignity seems to have served a good purpose in stilling the voice of faction, and during his brief rule there was quiet. He appointed certain hours for labor, which were light enough for men beset with enemies and in danger of famine. From six to ten in the forenoon, and from two to four in the afternoon, were spent in work. At the close of the morning's task all assembled in the church for prayer, and again, at four in the afternoon, prayers were read. The remainder of the day was spent in recreation. The one hundred and fifty men whom his lordship had brought over were mostly laborers, and he wrote to the company, on his arrival, that “a hundred or two debauched hands, dropt forth by year after year, ill-provided for before they come, and worse governed when they are here,” were not fit to be “carpenters and workers in this so glorious a building.” Jamestown in De la Warre's time was surrounded with a palisade of posts and plank, having a gate at every bulwark, and a main gate toward the water; at every gate was a demi-culverin—a long gun carrying a nine-pound shot. The cabins were roofed with bark, after the manner of wigwams; they had large fire-places, which in that boundless forest were kept well filled in winter time. All that could be done in the way of elegance was to hang about the interiors the Indian mats, brightly colored with the blood-red juice of the puccoon root.

The settlers early learned to like the native food. Strachey, who was secretary to the colony under De la Warre, boasts of seeing oysters in Virginia thirteen inches long, and adds: “The wild turkey, I may well say, is an excellent fowl.” The colonists ate the land-turtle daily, and had learned to eat the green snake, as the savages did. The raccoon or “arrachoune” was esteemed an excellent meat. They cooked the maize after the Indian methods, in ash-cakes, mush, and pones, and the sugary persimmon in their “baked and sodden puddings.” The colony sent out shoots in the way of new plantations, when the number of immigrants increased. All the earlier settlements were inclosed with pales—made probably of plank and logs—except on sides where they were protected by the river. The malarial Jamestown was destined never to become the center of trade and influence its projectors intended it to be. In 1614 it had three rows of framed houses; to-day it has long been a ruin.

The coming of Sir Thomas Dale to the governorship, after the brief rule of De la Warre, marks the beginning of the permanent establishment of the plantation. For, though he was a harsh governor and put in force a

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martial law, yet his practical wisdom and energy, and even his harshness, brought about an order and a prosperous expansion, that the scoundrelism of Argall, his successor, could not overthrow. When Dale arrived on the 10th of May, 1611, the colonists, with their usual improvidence, had planted no seed, trusting to the three months' store of corn, and to such luck as might happen when that should be exhausted. At Jamestown he found most of the company "at their daily and usual work, bowling in the streets." But the firm hand had come at last, and, late in the season as it was, he set all to planting and building defenses.

The five years of common stock prescribed by the king's order had now expired, and Dale took advantage of it to bring in private interest, though at first in a niggardly way. The old colonists were allowed three acres, on which they might work one month in the year for their own support; the other eleven months they must serve the company, from whose common store they received only two barrels of corn. But the new immigrants in Dale's own settlement at Bermuda Hundred were allowed to reverse this arrangement, giving the common store one month, and spending eleven on their own land, from which they paid a tribute of two barrels and a half of corn yearly to the store. Even this introduction of individual interest, restricted and mean as it was, drove away the fear of famine from the colony.

But the danger of want came presently from an unlooked-for prosperity. In the year after Sir Thomas Dale's arrival, John Rolfe planted some tobacco, thinking Virginia might compete with the Spanish colonies in the growing of a commodity which had at this time come into demand in Europe. The foolish law-makers and councilors, imagining that they could with advantage bind trade by artificial restrictions, fixed the price of corn, as an article of necessity, at two shillings sixpence the quarter, about a fourth of the cost of grain brought from England. Tobacco having been found far more profitable than corn at so low a price, the latter was neglected, and the prosperous tobacco-growing colony was obliged to depend on the Indians for food. As is always the case where such an arbitrary interference with the law of demand and supply is attempted, a new one had to be devised to remedy the evil of this; so that it was enacted, in Sir Thomas Dale's time, that every farmer should plant a certain amount of land to corn, or suffer the confiscation of all his tobacco. But, when Argall arrived in 1617, he found Jamestown falling to ruins, the very streets planted with tobacco,

and the dispersed people engaged in the culture of the profitable plant. Thus early was shown the tendency of tobacco-planting to check the growth of cities and villages.

The same Rolfe who, of the English settlers, ventured first to plant tobacco, was also the first Englishman to take an Indian wife in legal wedlock. Whether Pocahontas really took Captain Smith's head in her arms, and begged his life when he was about to be slain, or whether she intervened in his behalf in some less dramatic way, or not at all, it is certain that a friendly relation grew up between Smith and this extraordinary Indian child, during his stay with Powhatan, for soon afterward, the great chief, wishing to persuade Smith to release certain Indians whom he had detained for some offenses, sent Pocahontas, with others, to secure their liberation, which Smith granted, affecting that it was only the great love he bore to Pocahontas that induced him to let them go. And, indeed, he seems sincerely to have admired her, for he says, in his earliest account, that "not only for feature, countenance, and proportion," she "much exceeded any of the rest of Powhatan's people; but, for wit and spirit," she is "the only nonpareil of his country."

From her first meeting with Smith she became devotedly attached to the English, and rendered the settlers many services. She often secured supplies for them, and indeed seems to have haunted the fort, utterly naked as she was, after the manner of little girls among her people, who wore no clothes and showed no modesty until they were twelve or thirteen years of age, at which time they put on a deerskin apron, and were very careful not to be seen without it. The agile little barbarian would persuade the English lads to make wheels of themselves by turning upon their hands and feet, whereupon she would follow them, wheeling as they did, all through the fort.

Her real name was Matoax; but, by order of Powhatan, this was carefully concealed from the whites, lest by their supernatural enchantments they should work her some harm. When Richard Wyffin was sent from Jamestown to apprise the endangered Captain Smith, environed by foes among Powhatan's people, of the death of his deputy, Mr. Scrivener, and his ten companions by drowning, Pocahontas hid him, misdirected those who sought him, and, by extraordinary bribes and maneuvers, brought him safely to Smith, after three days' travel in the midst of extreme peril. So, also, when Ratcliffe was cut off with thirty men, she saved the lad Spilman, who was then living with Powhatan, and sent him to the Potomacs. But the most touching story

of all precedes in order of time the other two. In the same difficult adventure among Powhatan's people, in which Captain Smith was engaged when Scrivener was drowned, the treacherous chief had arranged to surprise Smith at supper, and cut off the whole party, when Pocahontas, the "dearest jewel and daughter" of the aged chief, "in that dark night came through the irksome woods" to warn the captain of Powhatan's design. Captain Smith offered to repay her kindness with such trinkets as the heart of an Indian maiden delights in; "but, with the tears running down her cheeks, she said she durst not be seen to have any, for, if Powhatan should know it, she were but dead; and so she ran away by herself as she came."

In 1613 Pocahontas was among the Potomac Indians. Captain Argall, a man of much shrewdness and executive force, but infamous for his dishonest practices, happened to be trading in the river at that time. He quickly saw the advantage the English would gain in negotiations with Powhatan for the return of the white prisoners held by him, if he could secure so valuable a hostage as the chief's daughter. With a copper kettle he bribed Japazaws, the chief with whom she was staying, to entice her on board the vessel, where he detained her, much to the sorrow of the daughter of the wilderness, whose life hitherto had been as free as that of the wild creatures of the woods. To Jamestown, where she had frolicked as a child, and whither she had so often come as a friend with food, she was now carried as an enemy and a prisoner. She had refused to enter the town since the departure of Captain Smith.

This transaction, not very creditable to the gratitude of the English, accomplished its purpose in causing Powhatan to return the white men held in slavery by him, with the least useful of the stolen arms. But he still contrived to evade some of the demands of the English, who therefore retained his daughter until the affair took a new turn. John Rolfe, who seems to have been a widower, became enamored of Pocahontas, now growing to womanhood, and wrote a formal letter to Sir Thomas Dale, proposing to convert her to Christianity and marry her, which pleased the governor, as tending to promote peace with the Indians, and was likewise acceptable to Powhatan. The chief sent an old uncle of Pocahontas and two of her brothers to witness the marriage.

This marriage brought about peace during the life of Powhatan, who, on one occasion at least, sent a present of buckskins to his daughter and her husband. A free intermingling of the two races took place, and Englishmen

were accustomed to hire Indians to live in their houses and hunt for them. This amity lasted eight years.

In 1616, more than two years after their marriage, Rolfe and Pocahontas went to England with Sir Thomas Dale. Powhatan sent some Indians with his daughter, one of whom was commissioned to count the number of the English. The arrival of the Lady Rebecca, as Pocahontas was called after her baptism, produced a great sensation. She was received by the king and many distinguished people, went to see a play, and, by help of her naturally quick wit, bore herself very well. But it became necessary to desist from calling her the wife of John Rolfe, for the king was very jealous, and it was seriously debated in the privy council whether, by marrying the daughter of a foreign potentate without the king's consent, Rolfe had not committed treason.

The climate of London, and perhaps also the uncongenial habits of civilization, affected Pocahontas very unfavorably, and she was taken to Brentford, where Smith, then busy with his preparations to sail for New England, visited her. In the successful efforts of Rolfe and others to win her to the Christian faith and to marriage, they had not scrupled to deceive her, by telling her that Captain Smith was dead, probably because they knew she would not marry another white man while she believed that great warrior alive. When, therefore, she saw the "brave" who had been the object of her maidenly admiration, she turned her face away and refused to speak for the space of two or three hours. When she did, it was to claim the privilege of calling him father, which Smith granted only after importunity, afraid, perhaps, of incurring the king's displeasure. Pocahontas went to Gravesend to take ship for her return to America, much against her will, for she had become weaned from her savage life and greatly attached to the English. At Gravesend she died of small-pox three years after her marriage, leaving one son, from whom some of the most prominent Virginia families trace their descent.

The peace ensuing upon the marriage of Pocahontas, with the prosperity that followed the establishment of individual interest in land and the raising of so profitable a commodity as tobacco, did not do more to promote the welfare and stability of the colony than the sending out of young women for wives to the colonists, which began in 1619, during which year ninety were sent over. Again, in 1621, one widow and eleven maids, carefully selected, were sent out to be married, it having been remembered, at a late day, "that the plantation can never flourish till

families be planted, and the respect of wives and children fix the people in the soil." The price charged in 1621 for each of this dozen, to be paid by the men whom they should freely accept, was one hundred and twenty pounds of the best leaf tobacco. If any of them died, the price of the remainder was to be raised, so as to protect the company from loss. For the next invoice of thirty-eight "maids and young women," the price demanded of settlers seeking wives was a hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco. According to the cruel and arbitrary spirit of the times, some, at least, of these maids were "pressed,"—that is, torn from their homes by force, and a great

terror spread through parts of England, and many young girls concealed themselves. But this cruel violence, like the rape of the Sabine women in the Roman story, provided wives for the beginners of a great empire. When once there were house-mothers in the cabins of the colonists, and English children born in the country, the settlers no longer dreamed of returning to England. The new land became a home, Virginia was securely planted, and other settlements were probable. But the significance to the world of this little plantation on the margin of an unexplored continent could not be understood even by the most hopeful men of that time.

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### THE LADY, OR THE TIGER?

IN the very olden time there lived a semi-barbaric king, whose ideas, though somewhat polished and sharpened by the progressiveness of distant Latin neighbors, were still large, florid, and untrammelled, as became the half of him which was barbaric. He was a man of exuberant fancy, and, withal, of an authority so irresistible that, at his will, he turned his varied fancies into facts. He was greatly given to self-communing, and, when he and himself agreed upon anything, the thing was done. When every member of his domestic and political systems moved smoothly in its appointed course, his nature was bland and genial; but, whenever there was a little hitch, and some of his orbs got out of their orbits, he was blander and more genial still, for nothing pleased him so much as to make the crooked straight and crush down uneven places.

Among the borrowed notions by which his barbarism had become semified was that of the public arena, in which, by exhibitions of manly and beastly valor, the minds of his subjects were refined and cultured.

But even here the exuberant and barbaric fancy asserted itself. The arena of the king was built, not to give the people an opportunity of hearing the rhapsodies of dying gladiators, nor to enable them to view the inevitable conclusion of a conflict between religious opinions and hungry jaws, but for purposes far better adapted to widen and develop the mental energies of the people. This vast amphitheater, with its encircling galleries, its mysterious vaults, and its unseen passages, was an agent of poetic justice, in which crime was punished, or virtue rewarded, by the decrees of an impartial and incorruptible chance.

When a subject was accused of a crime of sufficient importance to interest the king,

public notice was given that on an appointed day the fate of the accused person would be decided in the king's arena, a structure which well deserved its name, for, although its form and plan were borrowed from afar, its purpose emanated solely from the brain of this man, who, every barleycorn a king, knew no tradition to which he owed more allegiance than pleased his fancy, and who ingrafted on every adopted form of human thought and action the rich growth of his barbaric idealism.

When all the people had assembled in the galleries, and the king, surrounded by his court, sat high up on his throne of royal state on one side of the arena, he gave a signal, a door beneath him opened, and the accused subject stepped out into the amphitheater. Directly opposite him, on the other side of the inclosed space, were two doors, exactly alike and side by side. It was the duty and the privilege of the person on trial to walk directly to these doors and open one of them. He could open either door he pleased; he was subject to no guidance or influence but that of the aforementioned impartial and incorruptible chance. If he opened the one, there came out of it a hungry tiger, the fiercest and most cruel that could be procured, which immediately sprang upon him and tore him to pieces as a punishment for his guilt. The moment that the case of the criminal was thus decided, doleful iron bells were clanged, great wails went up from the hired mourners posted on the outer rim of the arena, and the vast audience, with bowed heads and downcast hearts, wended slowly their homeward way, mourning greatly that one so young and fair, or so old and respected, should have merited so dire a fate.

But, if the accused person opened the other

door, there came forth from it a lady, the most suitable to his years and station that his majesty could select among his fair subjects, and to this lady he was immediately married, as a reward of his innocence. It mattered not that he might already possess a wife and family, or that his affections might be engaged upon an object of his own selection; the king allowed no such subordinate arrangements to interfere with his great scheme of retribution and reward. The exercises, as in the other instance, took place immediately, and in the arena. Another door opened beneath the king, and a priest, followed by a band of choristers, and dancing maidens blowing joyous airs on golden horns and treading an epithalamic measure, advanced to where the pair stood, side by side, and the wedding was promptly and cheerily solemnized. Then the gay brass bells rang forth their merry peals, the people shouted glad hurrahs, and the innocent man, preceded by children strewing flowers on his path, led his bride to his home.

This was the king's semi-barbaric method of administering justice. Its perfect fairness is obvious. The criminal could not know out of which door would come the lady; he opened either he pleased, without having the slightest idea whether, in the next instant, he was to be devoured or married. On some occasions the tiger came out of one door, and on some out of the other. The decisions of this tribunal were not only fair, they were positively determinate: the accused person was instantly punished if he found himself guilty, and, if innocent, he was rewarded on the spot, whether he liked it or not. There was no escape from the judgments of the king's arena.

The institution was a very popular one. When the people gathered together on one of the great trial days, they never knew whether they were to witness a bloody slaughter or a hilarious wedding. This element of uncertainty lent an interest to the occasion which it could not otherwise have attained. Thus, the masses were entertained and pleased, and the thinking part of the community could bring no charge of unfairness against this plan, for did not the accused person have the whole matter in his own hands?

This semi-barbaric king had a daughter as blooming as his most florid fancies, and with a soul as fervent and imperious as his own. As is usual in such cases, she was the apple of his eye, and was loved by him above all humanity. Among his courtiers was a young man of that fineness of blood and lowliness of station common to the conventional heroes of romance who love royal maidens. This royal maiden was well satisfied with her lover, for he was handsome and brave to a degree unsur-

passed in all this kingdom, and she loved him with an ardor that had enough of barbarism in it to make it exceedingly warm and strong. This love affair moved on happily for many months, until one day the king happened to discover its existence. He did not hesitate nor waver in regard to his duty in the premises. The youth was immediately cast into prison, and a day was appointed for his trial in the king's arena. This, of course, was an especially important occasion, and his majesty, as well as all the people, was greatly interested in the workings and development of this trial. Never before had such a case occurred; never before had a subject dared to love the daughter of the king. In after years such things became commonplace enough, but then they were in no slight degree novel and startling.

The tiger-cages of the kingdom were searched for the most savage and relentless beasts, from which the fiercest monster might be selected for the arena; and the ranks of maiden youth and beauty throughout the land were carefully surveyed by competent judges in order that the young man might have a fitting bride in case fate did not determine for him a different destiny. Of course, everybody knew that the deed with which the accused was charged had been done. He had loved the princess, and neither he, she, nor any one else, thought of denying the fact; but the king would not think of allowing any fact of this kind to interfere with the workings of the tribunal, in which he took such great delight and satisfaction. No matter how the affair turned out, the youth would be disposed of, and the king would take an æsthetic pleasure in watching the course of events, which would determine whether or not the young man had done wrong in allowing himself to love the princess.

The appointed day arrived. From far and near the people gathered, and thronged the great galleries of the arena, and crowds, unable to gain admittance, massed themselves against its outside walls. The king and his court were in their places, opposite the twin doors,—those fateful portals, so terrible in their similarity.

All was ready. The signal was given. A door beneath the royal party opened, and the lover of the princess walked into the arena. Tall, beautiful, fair, his appearance was greeted with a low hum of admiration and anxiety. Half the audience had not known so grand a youth had lived among them. No wonder the princess loved him! What a terrible thing for him to be there!

As the youth advanced into the arena he turned, as the custom was, to bow to the king, but he did not think at all of that royal

personage. His eyes were fixed upon the princess, who sat to the right of her father. Had it not been for the moiety of barbarism in her nature it is probable that lady would not have been there, but her intense and fervid soul would not allow her to be absent on an occasion in which she was so terribly interested. From the moment that the decree had gone forth that her lover should decide his fate in the king's arena, she had thought of nothing, night or day, but this great event and the various subjects connected with it. Possessed of more power, influence, and force of character than any one who had ever before been interested in such a case, she had done what no other person had done,—she had possessed herself of the secret of the doors. She knew in which of the two rooms, that lay behind those doors, stood the cage of the tiger, with its open front, and in which waited the lady. Through these thick doors, heavily curtained with skins on the inside, it was impossible that any noise or suggestion should come from within to the person who should approach to raise the latch of one of them. But gold, and the power of a woman's will, had brought the secret to the princess.

And not only did she know in which room stood the lady ready to emerge, all blushing and radiant, should her door be opened, but she knew who the lady was. It was one of the fairest and loveliest of the damsels of the court who had been selected as the reward of the accused youth, should he be proved innocent of the crime of aspiring to one so far above him; and the princess hated her. Often had she seen, or imagined that she had seen, this fair creature throwing glances of admiration upon the person of her lover, and sometimes she thought these glances were perceived, and even returned. Now and then she had seen them talking together; it was but for a moment or two, but much can be said in a brief space; it may have been on most unimportant topics, but how could she know that? The girl was lovely, but she had dared to raise her eyes to the loved one of the princess; and, with all the intensity of the savage blood transmitted to her through long lines of wholly barbaric ancestors, she hated the woman who blushed and trembled behind that silent door.

When her lover turned and looked at her, and his eye met hers as she sat there, paler and whiter than any one in the vast ocean of anxious faces about her, he saw, by that power of quick perception which is given to those whose souls are one, that she knew behind which door crouched the tiger, and behind which stood the lady. He had expected her to know it. He understood her nature, and his soul was assured that she would

never rest until she had made plain to herself this thing, hidden to all other lookers-on, even to the king. The only hope for the youth in which there was any element of certainty was based upon the success of the princess in discovering this mystery; and the moment he looked upon her, he saw she had succeeded, as in his soul he knew she would succeed.

Then it was that his quick and anxious glance asked the question: "Which?" It was as plain to her as if he shouted it from where he stood. There was not an instant to be lost. The question was asked in a flash; it must be answered in another.

Her right arm lay on the cushioned parapet before her. She raised her hand, and made a slight, quick movement toward the right. No one but her lover saw her. Every eye but his was fixed on the man in the arena.

He turned, and with a firm and rapid step he walked across the empty space. Every heart stopped beating, every breath was held, every eye was fixed immovably upon that man. Without the slightest hesitation, he went to the door on the right, and opened it.

Now, the point of the story is this: Did the tiger come out of that door, or did the lady?

The more we reflect upon this question, the harder it is to answer. It involves a study of the human heart which leads us through devious mazes of passion, out of which it is difficult to find our way. Think of it, fair reader, not as if the decision of the question depended upon yourself, but upon that hot-blooded, semi-barbaric princess, her soul at a white heat beneath the combined fires of despair and jealousy. She had lost him, but who should have him?

How often, in her waking hours and in her dreams, had she started in wild horror, and covered her face with her hands as she thought of her lover opening the door on the other side of which waited the cruel fangs of the tiger!

But how much oftener had she seen him at the other door! How in her grievous reveries had she gnashed her teeth, and torn her hair, when she saw his start of rapturous delight as he opened the door of the lady! How her soul had burned in agony when she had seen him rush to meet that woman, with her flushing cheek and sparkling eye of triumph; when she had seen him lead her forth, his whole frame kindled with the joy of recovered life; when she had heard the glad shouts from the multitude, and the wild ringing of the happy bells; when she had seen the priest, with his joyous followers, advance to the couple, and make them man and wife before her very eyes; and when she had seen

them walk away together upon their path of flowers, followed by the tremendous shouts of the hilarious multitude, in which her one despairing shriek was lost and drowned!

Would it not be better for him to die at once, and go to wait for her in the blessed regions of semi-barbaric futurity?

And yet, that awful tiger, those shrieks, that blood!

Her decision had been indicated in an instant, but it had been made after days and

nights of anguished deliberation. She had known she would be asked, she had decided what she would answer, and, without the slightest hesitation, she had moved her hand to the right.

The question of her decision is one not to be lightly considered, and it is not for me to presume to set myself up as the one person able to answer it. And so I leave it with all of you: Which came out of the opened door, —the lady, or the tiger?

*Frank R. Stockton.*

### THE GRAVE-YARD AT SIPPICAN.

COME to this spot among the rocks and pines,—  
This hidden acre thou hadst ne'er beheld  
Unless persuaded by a poet's lines,  
Or by the circumstance of death compelled.

The summer suns pour down their fervid heat  
On stunted herbage and a sterile soil:  
The storms of winter hurl their stinging sleet,  
And the hurt trees in agony recoil.

These modest monuments no great names bear;  
Thou tread'st not, traveler, on a hero here;  
Yet these were strong to do and brave to dare,  
And filled their places on the busy sphere.

They and the sea were surely kith and kin,  
And o'er these graves, although they never stop,  
Marauding sea-fogs that come driving in,  
A tribute from their salty plunder drop.

Near this lone nook their labor was not done:  
Through calms and storms, from port to port they ran:  
Or from the tropic to the frozen zone  
They sought and slaughtered the leviathan.

Their virtues or their vices who shall tell,  
Or what their harbor since life's sails are furled!  
Remote from strife and tumult they sleep well  
"Here at the quiet limit of the world."

Such simple histories deep lessons teach,—  
Who seeketh wisdom let him pause and learn,—  
That in His plan God hath remembered each,  
And each He satisfieth in his turn:

That death, relentless, still is not unkind,  
The vexed and weary to compel to rest;  
Nor mother earth in her affection blind  
To call her crying children to her breast.

*Edward N. Pomeroy.*



### THE BABY SORCERESS.

My baby sits beneath the tall elm-trees,  
A wreath of tangled ribbons in her hands;  
She twines and twists the many-colored strands,—  
A little sorceress, weaving destinies.  
Now the pure white she grasps; now naught can please  
But strips of crimson, lurid as the brands  
From passion's fires; or yellow, like the sands  
That lend soft setting to the azure seas.  
And so with sweet, incessant toil she fills  
A summer hour, still following fancies new,  
Till through my heart a sudden terror thrills  
Lest, as she weaves, her aimless choice prove true.  
Thank God! our fates proceed not from our wills:  
The Power that spins the thread shall blend the hue.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

### SCULPTURES OF THE GREAT PERGAMON ALTAR.

"And to the angel of the church in Pergamum write: These things saith he that hath the sharp two-edged sword: I know where thou dwellest, even where Satan's throne is."

*The Revelation of John, ii: 12-13, Revised Version.*

THE recently discovered sculptures of the Pergamon Altar, the fragments of which are now being set up in the Berlin Museum, constituted, so far as we know, the last great plastic work of the Greek genius, and are to the Hellenistic Age\* what the monumental marbles of the Parthenon are to the age of Pericles. They consist of a colossal marble frieze representing the fierce conflicts of gods with giants, smaller reliefs picturing quiet mythic scenes, and imposing fragments of cornice, column, and ceiling, and, with other portions not yet found or wholly destroyed, composed the Great Altar, which was in antiquity the glory of the summit of Pergamon (or Bergama, as the Turks call it),—one of the seven cities of the Apocalypse.

The history of these important discoveries is as follows: In 1861, Carl Humann, a young German engineer, who had been ordered south for his health, came, in his wan-

derings, to the summit of Pergamon. Here he found the natives engaged in excavating marble, which they were feeding to lime-kilns and breaking up for building purposes. On closer inspection he discovered that what they were so ruthlessly destroying were fragments of a great ruin, and of its noble decorative sculptures. Indignant at such vandalism, he succeeded in stopping the destructive work of the kilns. His further investigations impressed him still more with the archaeological and artistic value of the discovery, and he determined to devote himself to organizing an expedition for the purpose of excavating. Five long years elapsed before he was able again to visit Pergamon, when, to his dismay, he found that the lime-kilns had resumed their work. So energetic, however, were his measures during this visit, that the wholesale destruction of ancient sculptures was stopped by the direct influence of the Grand Vizier. Three years

\* By an inadvertence, for which the author was not responsible, the title of Mrs. Mitchell's last article (see THE CENTURY for May, 1882) was printed as "The Hellenic Age of Sculpture," when the sculpture of the "Hellenistic Age," which followed the Hellenic, was the subject treated. The significance of the word "Hellenistic," as it is now employed by historians and archaeologists, is too useful to be lost sight of. The Hellenic Age, or the "Golden Age," ends properly with the conquest of the world by Alexander, after which the Greeks became cosmopolites, and foreign elements mingled with the population. The civilization resulting from these political changes showed a decline from the pure Greek or "Hellenic" model, and is called "Hellenistic."—EDITOR.

later, having contracted to build several roads in the neighborhood, he was able to make Pergamon his head-quarters, and to watch with jealous eye the attempts at destruction. One day, in wandering over the Acropolis, he came upon the glorious full figure of a god in high relief, just exhumed; returning, shortly after, to conceal this new treasure, he found, alas, that it had been ruthlessly hacked up to make a step in a flight of stairs. How much more of surpassing strength and beauty perished at the hands of ignorant natives can never be told. In 1871, Humann took from the long Byzantine fortification wall two grand fragments of relief, and presented them to the Berlin Museum. Although seized with a consuming desire, which never left him, to excavate on this summit, in the conviction that very much more was to be found, he succeeded in obtaining no assistance until 1878, the German Government, up to that time, having been too busy in subsidizing the thorough and extensive excavations at Olympia. After waiting for seven years Humann finally gained the ear of Professor Couze, the new director of the sculpture galleries at Berlin, and found a liberal patron in the Crown Prince of Germany. A nearly forgotten passage in an obscure author, Ampelius, which speaks of a great marble altar at Pergamon, forty feet in height, with colossal sculptures (*cum maximis sculpturis*), relating to the combats of gods and giants (a gigantomachie), suggested an object to the learned professor, and he advised Humann to search for this very altar, as he believed the reliefs already found to belong to those described by Ampelius. A Turkish firman was secured, workmen were engaged, and a ship of war was put at Humann's disposition; but all was done so secretly that when, at the end of two years, a multitude of cases suddenly appeared unheralded and unwelcomed in front of the Berlin Museum, the questions flew from mouth to mouth: "Where do they come from?" "What is in them?" "Who has sent them?" Once they were safe under the protecting care of the German eagle, it was announced that, in thanks for aid given the poor Mohammedan refugees from Circassia, Turkey had granted the Germans the privilege of digging at Pergamon, and that these four hundred and sixty-two boxes had cost in all but one hundred and fifty thousand marks or thirty-five thousand dollars. Humann is still at work with his skilled band of excavators, and new cases are continually arriving.

The Great Altar belongs almost incontrovertibly to the long and glorious reign of Eumenes II. (197-159 B. C.), under whom

Pergamon reached its highest level. On a lofty terrace of the city's southern slope, there long stood a simple, almost rude, structure, the ancient shrine and temple of Athene Polias. To this sacred spot the devout brought their offerings, and here they lifted up their prayers. But, when Attalus, king of Pergamon, having compelled submission from powerful foes and accumulated great wealth, had raised his city from obscurity to be the capital of a mighty kingdom, such primitive shrines no longer sufficed. A great open-air altar, imposing in size and glorious in significant decorations, was raised at the foot of the older and humbler temple, where its smoke should rise as grateful incense before this ancient shrine. This site confirms the belief, already gathered from inscriptions, that the altar was built in honor of "Athene Nikephoros," the victory-bringing daughter of Zeus (or Jupiter). Strabo informs us, in a tantalizingly short sentence, that Eumenes II. adorned his capital with magnificent structures. The recent discovery, by the French, at Delphi, of a decree, made by the Ætolians for Eumenes, has, happily, thrown further light on the great activity of this prince. From this, it appears that, after success in war and the extension and consolidation of his dominion, Eumenes II. celebrated competitive games, and made offerings to Athene Nikephoros, thus rendering more glorious the old rites, or establishing new ones. Sending three ambassadors to the Ætolians, he craved a recognition of all these pious services; and the decree, set up in sacred Delphi, and now brought to light, testifies that his request was granted. Thus, at the zenith of his power, Eumenes II. appears occupied with erecting thank-offerings for his successes. That the Great Altar itself was one of these memorials of thanks is most probable, and this idea receives confirmation from the forms of the letters inscribed on it, which are identical with those of other inscriptions discovered at Pergamon commemorative of Eumenes' wars, but very different from the letters in inscriptions of either earlier or later kings.

Eumenes' brother and successor, Attalus II., also erected thank-offerings for victory to the gods. His Stoa, decorated with all the paraphernalia of battle, in terrible and speaking confusion, is a revelation of the ability of the Greek sculptor of that time to make attractive even trophies of war. Inscriptions commemorative of public victory, side by side with others erected to the memory of private individuals, have also been discovered on Pergamon's summit, witnessing to the existence of other monuments.

This great art activity was, however, con-

finest to the time of Pergamon's kings. The glory of the Greek dominion soon paled before the rising sun of Rome. Scarcely thirty years after the Romans had aided the royal house of Attalus in extending its conquests far into the heart of Asia Minor, Pergamon passed into the possession of Rome. This was done by the testament of Attalus III. With this new rule artistic life began to wane; an occasional statue was erected in honor of a priestess of the goddess, or of some high Roman official. To Augustus a new temple was built on the very summit of the Acropolis, above the ancient shrine of Athene; and on the square in front of her temple a large monument to him was erected. After Hadrian, even the erection of honorary statues to members of the royal family seems to have ceased. Poverty soon usurped the seat of former grandeur. The Athene temple was in ruins when upon a part of its substructure was raised the last monument of peace,—a Christian church. From the ruins of still another, and a more spacious basilica, in the lower town, it would appear that the Christian community of Pergamon was large. Christians settled on the Acropolis itself, and to obtain building material for their huts tore out whole slabs from the Great Altar. The fortifications must, in time, have become too extensive for their scanty forces. To defend; they broke down the altar and raised from the material a wall five to six meters thick, running across the summit, thus greatly contracting the line of defense. Although the Mohammedans, when occupying the citadel as a fortress, may occasionally have repaired the fortifications, the Christians seem mainly to have been instrumental in the destruction there carried on. No sign of a mosque, or even a Turkish grave, has been found; but the testimony of Byzantine buildings is confirmed by oral tradition that Christian families dwelt there, sustaining a precarious existence, till within a few generations. The fact that most of the heads of the gods from the frieze are gone seems to find a natural explanation in the zeal of the early Christians for establishing the new religion on the ruins of the old. Since they regarded the whole Greek Pantheon represented on the altar as remnants of a hated idolatry, it is not improbable that they mutilated their statues. A passage in the Revelation of St. John, addressed to the angel of the church at Pergamos, seems to hint at this spirit of animosity: "I know where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat (throne) is." That this colossal open altar to the heathen gods should be called the throne of Satan is most probable, when we remember the size and form of the altar, the

presence of so many false gods in its sculptures, and, finally, the numerous serpents' coils carved upon its base.

Fortunately for us, many of the sculptures, rudely torn from their places by the Byzantine Christians, were with soft mortar built into their new structures (the principal of which was a long wall eighteen feet thick), in such a manner as to preserve many of the lines and surfaces in excellent condition. Sadder far has been the fate of much else, which could not be used directly as building material, but was thrown into the kilns, and long since reduced to shapeless lime.

Before attempting to study the varied scenes and groups of these wonderful reliefs, and in order better to gain an idea of their significance, as well as artistic merit, let us cast a glance at the structure of the Great Altar and the place these slabs occupied upon it.

On the terraced slopes of the Acropolis, at the foot of the ancient temple of Athene Polias, and looking far off over the plain and away even to the sea beyond, stood the sacred altar. Its foundation was laid on a platform built upon older structures, in which are still traces of ancient paintings. About the center of this large platform arose the main structure of the altar, as is proved by its foundations, measuring 34.60 by 37.70 meters. By a careful study of the numerous fragments and of the site, Richard Bohn has succeeded in making a most skillful restoration of the whole, reproducing for us the magnificent architectural forms of old. As the Greek temple, the dwelling of the gods was always slightly raised above that of mortals, so the structure supporting this altar proper was raised above the profane level by three steps. Around this substructure, broken only on one side by the grand stairway leading up to the altar, and lining the sides of the stairway itself, ran the great frieze on which was to be seen the battle of the gods with the giants. Above and below the frieze were powerful cornices, measuring 144 meters long and 2.30 meters high, and combining the fineness of architectural detail peculiar to the works of the Phidian Age with a grandeur and boldness of composition leading over into the massive forms of Roman architecture. Thus, by these strongly pronounced and regular cornices, solidity and repose were given to the surging lines of this sea of sculpture. In the upper cornice, we should see the names of the gods, in the lower those of the giants, and still below them those of the artists modestly added in very small letters, but these letters are unfortunately gone, excepting a very few fragments. One of these, however,



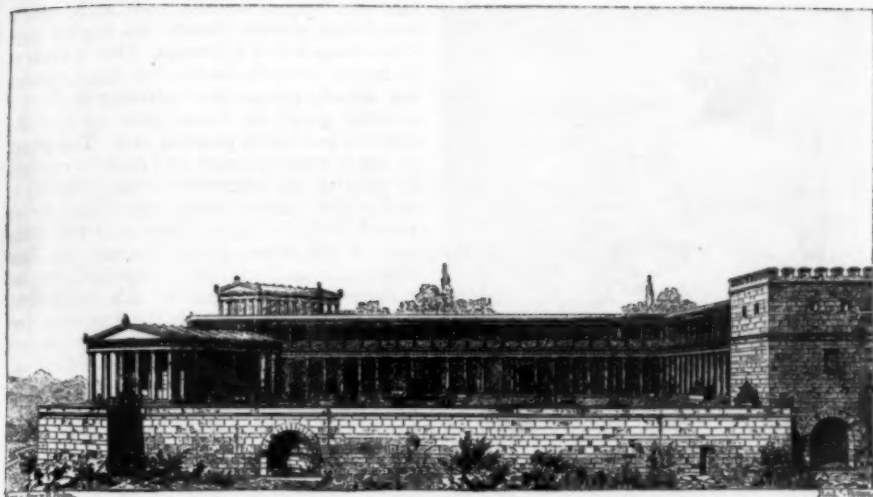
RESTORATION OF THE GREAT ALTAR AND OTHER BUILDINGS AT PERGAMON, BY RICHARD BOHN.

inscribed NEKPATO, is thought to throw some light upon the question. It is probably a fragmentary part of the genitive of the name Menecrates, a master mentioned by Pliny in close relationship with Apollonius and Tauriscus, two sculptors from Tralles, near Ephesus, who seem to have been the sons by adoption of Menecrates, and who executed for Rhodes that well-known group, called the Farnese Bull, now in the Naples Museum. This shattered word NEKPATO points to a connection between the art activity in these several places, and we may imagine the sculptors of Tralles wandering about, serving, now republican Rhodes, now the art-loving sovereigns of Pergamon.

Crowning the imposing substructure of the altar, was a graceful portico of Ionic columns, its inner wall surrounding the open platform in the center of which, it is supposed, was once the burning altar itself. As worshipers walked about this platform they doubtless saw, lining the wall surrounding it, those smaller reliefs 1.57 meters high, which now fill the workshop of the Berlin Museum, and read, from their elegant forms, the idyllic stories of mythic heroes. On one, in the midst of a rocky landscape, Hercules (in form and pose very like the colossal Farnese Hercules at Naples) stands under the broad-spreading branches of a palm tree and watches his child, the babe Telephus, at his feet, playing with the udder of its feline nurse. On another relief are depicted wedding scenes; on still others people engaged in unloading or in building ships; they partake of festive meals, join in processions, sit in quiet converse, or engage in conflicts of arms. These chatty sculptures are all composed without the reserve of older relief. The sculptor ren-

ders *genre* scenes of every-day life with a disregard of the limits of his medium not before met with in Greek art, but in a spirit which gains the ascendancy in the reliefs of the coming age. Although the composition is thus deficient, the story told is intensely interesting, and the single figures are beautiful.

In the ruins of the Great Altar were also found a number of statues, which perhaps once occupied the colonnade, or the platform about the place of sacrifice. Some of these doubtless represented priestesses of Athene, as is indicated by inscriptions found on the spot; others seem to represent deities. One head, a pearl of beauty, is, both in features and expression, so like the Venus of Melos as to strike the most hasty observer. The drapery on the right side of another, a semi-nude statue, also suggests the Venus by the identical arrangement of the folds. In fact the general features of some of these Pergamon statues are so like the whole treatment of the Venus of Melos that it would seem as though the riddle of her age were approaching a solution. Of these statues, four finely executed figures of stately women, as well as eight standing ones, each a treasure in itself, are all still inaccessible to the public, the disposable space in the Berlin Museum being inadequate for the complete exhibition of these new treasures. It is an interesting sight to watch the white-robed sculptor, Freres, with marble bits, stepping around among the colossal forms, trying to adjust a hand, an arm, or a stray lock in its fit place. Indeed, the tourist or student who allows himself time in the German capital, may see this frieze, under Freres's skillful hand, grow little by little toward perfec-



RESTORED VIEW OF THE TEMPLE OF ATHENE (PERGAMON).\*

tion. New motives, startling combinations not dreamed of, are so constantly revealing themselves, that much may be expected from the fragments still packed away, or laid out on shelves in the workshop. Unfortunately, far more hands and feet are preserved than figures, and the mind recurs with a terrible sense of loss to the smoking lime-kilns, and the busy barbarians pounding up glorious sculptures to feed the hungry fires.

As the figures of the giants play such an important part in the Pergamon reliefs, we are interested to know their story. To Homer they were a race of the far-off, unknown West, who, in the remote ages, by their wantonness and presumption, called down upon themselves the destroying vengeance of the gods, which proved their complete annihilation. Hesiod likewise describes them as lawless spirits, born of the Earth (Ge), who fought the Olympic gods in armor like that of the Greek heroes. It was Pindar, however, who sang more fully the deeds of this wild, earth-born race, and he was followed by many others who gave the giants semi-human, semi-dragon shapes. So vehement was the insolence and violence of this brood born of Ge,

that the dwelling of the gods itself trembled, and all the powers of Olympus were called to the defense. Zeus's lightnings, Apollo's arrows, Hephaestus's fire, and Athene's bravery, as well as the strength of the human hero Hercules, were required to overpower this heaven-daring host; and in spite of the might and cunning of their mother Ge, who sought to make harmless the terrible weapons of the gods, the latter were at last triumphant, destroying the power of evil which had threatened to overturn their beneficent rule. Doubtless, to others besides Pindar, this meant that fruitless was the opposition of any power to the divine rule of the gods, who wrought order out of chaos. In the later poetic myths, other monsters are drawn into the battle. Titans, Hecatoncheires and Typhon as well as the presumptuous pair, the Alloidæ, who piled Ossa on woody Pelion to scale the dwelling of the Eternals. Indeed, so imminent was the danger that even gentle Aphrodite and love-inspiring Eros join in the tumult.

Such a universal conception of the mythic contest must have filled the sculptor's mind as he executed the tremendous frieze around

\* Restored view of the beautiful ancient square about the temple of Athene on the Acropolis of Pergamon. (It was excavated in the summer of 1881, and the results of the discoveries are very rich.) On the left rises the temple of Athene at one end of this ancient *piazza*. Behind this temple is the Stoa of Attalus II., a most beautiful colonnade, with sculptures of trophies taken in war, forming the balustrade of the upper story. In the remote background is the temple of Augustus, a much later addition, and in the foreground the pedestals on which stood bronze statues, which we may now believe to have been originals of such great works as the "Dying Gladiator." Mr. Bohn, who made this drawing and directed the excavations, has placed the "Dying Gladiator," as will be seen, on the long pedestal by the front wall of the square. At the right is the gate which led up to the top of the Acropolis.



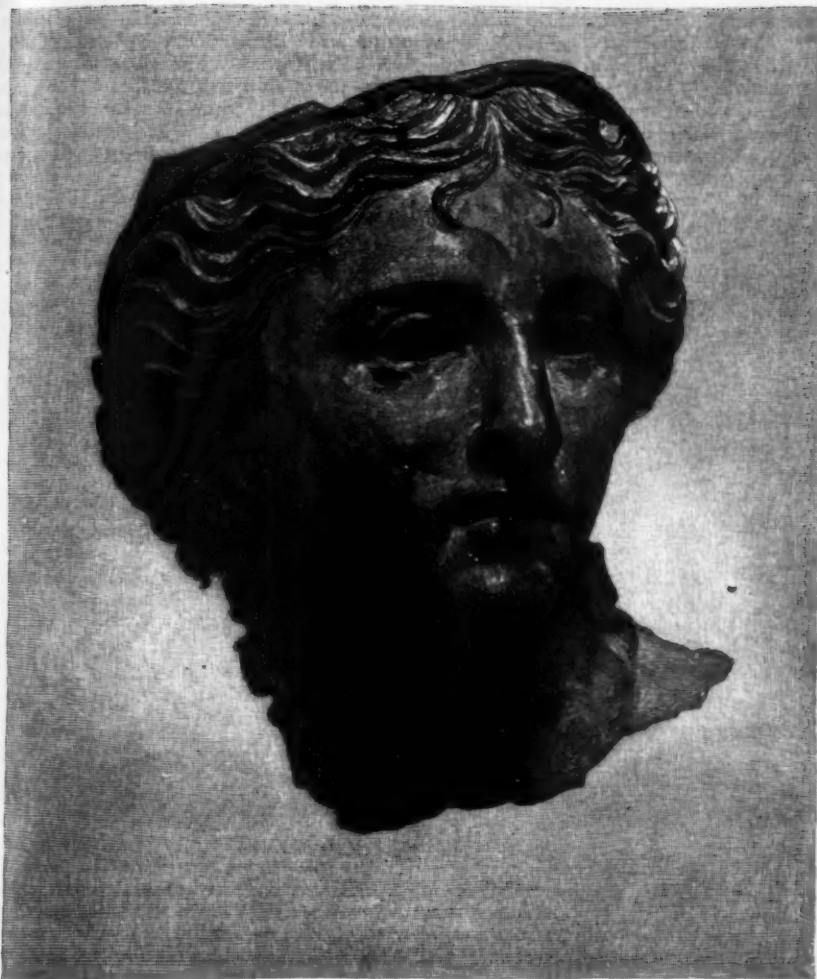
SELENE. FROM THE GREAT PERGAMON FRIEZE. (BERLIN.)

the altar at Pergamon. The names of fifteen gods inscribed on the cornice are preserved: Aphrodite and her mother Dione, Athene, Hercules, Amphitrite, are among them, likewise Oceanus and Triton, the gods of the sea, Ares, Themis, Leto and her sister Asteria, the mother of Hecate, and probably the name of Enyo. Among the numerous gods and goddesses preserved in these marbles, only Athene's name finds its undoubted figure, known by her warlike accouterments, ægis, helmet, and shield. But the characteristics of a few of the other gods are rendered with such clearness that they may also be recognized. That regal form about which the robes flow in lines of power is, doubtless, the mighty Zeus, symbolizing the superiority of spiritual over brute force, which is embodied in that bearded, shaggy-haired giant with bestial pointed ears and threatening gesture, who, rising up on his snaky legs, violently attacks the highest himself. With left arm raised and wrapped in a shaggy skin, the giant strives to shield himself from Zeus's thunder-bolt and death-striking ægis. One beautiful giant in the prime of youth, paralyzed by the sight of this ægis, has sunk already, powerless in his agony. Physicians see in this figure all the symptoms of convulsions and not wounds; the muscles of the right arm conglobate, the groins contract, the head falls back, and the

legs give way in writhing such as is seen in actual convulsions. Besides his terrible ægis, Zeus wields forked lightnings. One is ready to be hurled from his broken left hand, another has already pierced the quivering thigh of a youthful giant; its flames glide up over the outstretched, vainly pleading arm. This power of evil is surely doomed, and must be crushed, in spite of its attractive form. Above, to make the victory more complete, Zeus's sacred bird, the eagle, fights with the snaky part of the oldest giant. Indeed, in these reliefs the eagle is often repeated, as the emblem of the general of this battle-field. They appear five times in the fragments preserved, sometimes bringing the thunder-bolt to Zeus, or again plunging their pitiless talons into the opened jaws of their serpent foe. As of yore, these powerful birds still sweep in majestic flight over Pergamon's summit.

In the great frieze, many gods of light are easily recognized, while others still remain an enigma. That figure with youthfully slender but glorious form, having a quiver-strap across the superb chest, must be Apollo. His swift-footed sister, Artemis, we recognize in a beautiful figure with flowing drapery girt about the waist so as least to impede motion, and feet delicately shod. That triple-headed, six-armed figure, before which every one pauses, must be Hecate, and the strong charioteer with fluttering robes, cautiously but surely guiding his four fiery steeds while swinging a flaming torch at the enemy, is, doubtless, Helios, god of day. Before him, heralding his approach, is perhaps Eos, goddess of the early morning, and the broken figure that once rode in advance of this stately group is supposed to be the gentle moon goddess, Selene. (Notice, in the representation of this figure, the generous folds of her fluttering mantle, as well as the exquisite imitation of fur in the skin thrown over the beast she rides.) All there is left to remind us of giants in this gently riding figure, is the indicated motion of her right arm, and the signs of colossal wings in the background of the slab.

Strange as it may seem, the form of pleasure-loving Dionysus is also to be seen in this turmoil of battle, in a corner slab of the altar. With the ivy wreath in his long curling hair, the nebris bound above his thin *chiton* and fastened to the right arm, the god rushes forward, accompanied by his panther. A fragment of his face, showing us long, oval, dreamy eyes, and a band across the low forehead, has recently been identified among the fragments. These eyes are strikingly different from those upon another fragment,—a helmeted head, doubtless belonging to Ares,



IDEAL BRONZE HEAD. (BRITISH MUSEUM.) See page 96.

god of war,—which are almost round, and, while deeply set, seem ready to start from their sockets in their eager, intense life. Turning from the gods to their enemies the giants, we find their names, carved in smaller letters, on the cornice below the great frieze. Sixteen such names have been preserved, either wholly or in fragments, only one of which is familiar,—a noticeable fact, which hints at unknown fields in mythology.

How rich the imagination that gave these monsters form! Sometimes they are so noble and beautiful that we can scarcely believe them to be enemies of the gods, and again so bestial that we feel they merit utter annihilation. Thus we find one whose body is human, his legs serpents' coils ending in venomous heads, his neck and ears those of a buffalo, and his

colossal wings have a finny and feathery texture strangely mingled, and about his bearded face appear a finny growth, pointed ears and horns. But what a contrast to his still unbroken force is the pathos of that youthful giant behind him who has fallen vanquished to the ground. The agony of his face haunts us as the left hand feebly seeks the arrow which has pierced the manly chest, but fails to draw it out. Death, as in the face of the so-called Dying Gladiator, is already written on his youthful brow, furrowed now like that of age. In strong contrast to these fallen forms are those of the contending giants, perfect human shapes, clad in full armor, and represented in vigorous action.

So hopeless is the feeling of wild disorder received from these groups of the great frieze,



ZEUS GROUP, FROM PERGAMON. (BERLIN.)

face, although human in feature, fully in keeping with the beastly neck. Another bears on snaky coils a human body, which, in turn, carries a lion's colossal head, the arms ending in lions' claws. Among the giants we sometimes find grand, bearded faces, so similar in type to the traditional head of Zeus that we might readily believe them akin, were it not for their look of passionate suffering or rage, so foreign to the benignant faces of the King of Olympus. One of these monsters, a colossal human form, springing back from the flaming torch of his beautiful female antagonist, suggests the Beelzebub of Milton; his

especially in their present shattered state, that we may ask, Is there here any of that symmetry so characteristic of earlier Greek composition? Going back to the Æginetans we find there a monotonous correspondence of part to part. In the Parthenon, likewise, this balance, although most gracefully veiled, is always present. But can we bring order out of this entanglement of serpent coils, human bodies, triumphant gods with their attendant lions, dogs, winged horses, and eagles? Are not all the limitations and traditions of the sculptor's art hopelessly lost in this confusion? Even in these fragments, however, close observation

discovers in the midst of apparent disorder and contrast of detail, a harmony directing the whole. If this is true of these broken fragments how much more must it have been true in the originally perfect composition. Thus the Zeus and Athene groups, the ones on which depended the whole contrast, correspond in the number of figures, and the tremendous sweep of Zeus to the left seems to offset the swaying of Athene to the right. These two groups probably occupied the east side of the building, which faced the main approach, and, as recent discovery shows, stood beside each other. The fragments remaining from both sides of the grand stairway show how skillfully the sculptor used even that irregular space, bringing its sculpture into harmony with the rest of the frieze. Happily, parts of all the figures on the left side of the stairway, from the corner of the frieze at the bottom, to the very top, are preserved, and have been placed in their proper relation by Mr. Bohn in his drawing. To the worshiper ascending the stairs would have been visible the struggling giants, hard pressed in battle from below by the group of gods and goddesses, and, from above, by one of Zeus's powerful eagles, thus assuring him of the ultimate triumph of the heavenly powers.

How magically the spirit of beauty has been thrown over all this fierce combat! Not even the revolting, oft-repeated lines of serpents' coils break the spell. And, could we see these weird forms once more raised on the wall they adorned, there can be no question that their writhing, struggling motion, set off against the intenser upright action of the gods, would produce an infinitely more powerful impression than they now do, arranged in sundered groups in the Berlin Museum.

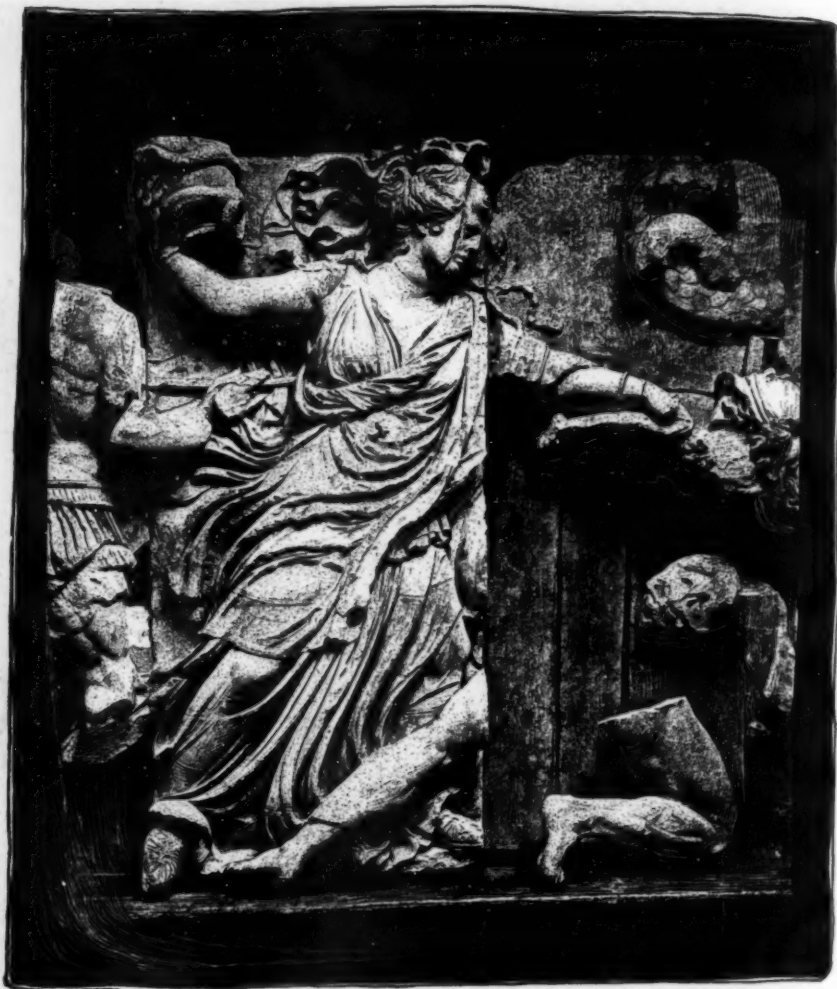
There is, moreover, but little here to remind us of earlier groups: this frieze abounds in new and bolder motives. Where, in the range of ancient art, has the sculptor been so prodigal or successful in representing the back? Where has he expressed such variety in falling, and displayed such fantasy in combining human and animal forms? The Pergamon sculptors seem to have had the human shape, with all its possibilities of plastic representation, as much at their command as the man of letters has his vocabulary. We find nothing, indeed, in the range of ancient art, with which to compare it, except the Parthenon marbles of well-nigh three hundred years before.

We have in these reliefs a very different class of Pergamon works from that to which belongs the Dying Galatian (the so-called Dying Gladiator), with its strongly pronounced individuality. The forms and features of these gods and giants have nothing of this portrait-like realism about them. While the



FIGURE OF GODDESS, FROM PERGAMON. (BERLIN.)

variety is infinite, they all follow several great ideal types. The same is true of the goddesses, who seem one great sisterhood. That the fundamental type of their faces,



VEILED GODDESS HURLING SNAKE-BOUND VASE AT THE ENEMY. FROM PERGAMON. (BERLIN.)

moreover, is different from that of the centuries before, but equally beautiful, will appear on studying the face of that superb nameless goddess, who hurls a vase, coiled about with a snake, at her falling enemy. Observing her beautiful face closely, we find that it is a short oval, pointed toward the chin, and quite unlike the full round ovals of the Parthenon frieze, or the long narrow faces of the gentle mourners on the tombstones of the age of Praxiteles; besides, the forehead is much lower than that of the Demeter, a type of the female figures of Praxiteles, and more pointed than the fore-

heads of the Parthenon maidens; the lips are fuller, the small, proud mouth is more open, and the coiffure is much more elaborate. The hair rolls back more boldly from the forehead, the roots showing in fine contrast to the smooth skin; in front of the ears nestle two beauty curls, likewise unknown to the works of earlier times, as a glance at existing monuments shows.

This grand type of female beauty, a delight in itself, will also throw light on that rare bronze head, purchased a few years ago by the British Museum, it is said for £10,000. This head is more than life size and still has interesting signs

on the neck of the simple way in which the ancient workers in bronze patched up defective places. Deep mystery hangs around the place of its discovery, and the story of Mr. Newton's fruitless search for the site of its provenience is an illustration of the mystification thrown in the way of archaeologists by ignorant but crafty Orientals. Comparison of this bronze head with the goddesses of the Pergamon frieze may, at least, aid in assigning to it a date. In both faces we find the same short pointed oval contour, low forehead, full but small mouth and chin, and the same arrangement and treatment of the hair.

Not only was the skill of the Pergamon sculptors shown in their treatment of the human form, but the horse represented in the Parthenon marbles is here no less powerful in his frame-work, and equally far removed from anything ordinary or prosaic. Look but at those two steeds, plunging high over a fallen giant. A piece of a shield appears above their proud necks, the charioteer, perhaps Ares, the god of war, stretching forward in the eagerness of battle. Place alongside of these a photograph of the horses of the Parthenon frieze, and, making all allowance for the difference in the height of the relief, mark the glorious similarity in conception. Finally, notice in the Pergamon fragment the subtle lines of the skin and the excited motion of the hair, more true to nature; and, although it may sound heretical, we ask, Does not this Pergamon span appeal to us moderns more than do the severer and more schematic Parthenon steeds?

While grand ideal types underlie all the work of these later sculptors, we see close observation and conscientious rendering of naturalistic detail. Above the deep undertone of ideal form, they sound a myriad of lighter, more fleeting notes, all caught from nature and blended in one harmonious whole. The hair, eyebrows, ever-changing folds of skin, and varied texture of garments or fur, are astonishingly real, giving life-likeness to these idealized forms on a scale unknown to us before in plastic art. The silken garments of one torch-bearing goddess, the thin *chiton* or thick leathery *nebris* worn by Dionysus, the wonderful surface of Zeus's mantle, whether flowing or lying in horizontal folds, show the master's skill in imitating stuffs. But these particulars are always secondary to the grandeur and beauty of the lines in which the drapery follows the forms, or answers to its motion. Hence it always remains powerful and dignified, never descending to mere display of technical skill,—the details seeming like the delicate surface play over profounder depths.



PLUNGING HORSES, FROM PERGAMON. (BERLIN.)

These slabs of the great Pergamon frieze—of coarse-grained marble—seem to have been affixed to the building before they were sculptured; and there, away from the comfortable studio, the chisel and the borer did their

work. Moreover, if they were executed like the smaller Telephus frieze from the same altar, then these masters used no convenient points for measurement, but carved direct into the obdurate marble with the freedom that a painter shows in the use of his brush. It caused no little amazement to the Italian sculptors, in cleaning the small frieze, to find that even on the parts which were left only roughly blocked out, there were no signs of the points, so indispensable to the modern workman. May not this freedom of hand have contributed to the pictorial effect of these marbles, banishing anything that might be too severely statuesque in their treatment?

This pictorial character appears not only in tremendous foreshortening,—as, for instance, in the right leg of Athene's fallen enemy,—the freedom in rendering the bodies in most varied postures, and the great depth of the relief (sometimes thirty-one centimeters), but also in the rich surface already referred to. It seems almost as though the master were working in colors with their power of expressing perspective, texture, etc., and not in hard, monotoned marble. Going back to the Parthenon, we see in its exquisite drapery and gently varied surface of skin, the beginnings of this same pictorial conception and rendering, which are thrown over the earlier, sternly statuesque forms, like a transfiguring veil.

But let us pause here, for these Pergamon reliefs of the great frieze, like those of the Parthenon, are not pictures. They do not attempt the minute and intricate composition of a painting, as seen in modern reliefs like that on the doors of the Florentine Baptistry, or that less familiar one in the Pavia Cathedral. In keeping with the character of true relief, the one surface plane is always kept emphatic, not being broken up and made unquiet by attempts at distant groups and accessories of landscape, etc., crowded into the background.

The Laocoon group of the Vatican has some features of strong resemblance to the dying giant of this Athene group. But, in the Laocoon, we see only the writhings and contortions attendant upon physical suffering, and become so distressed by the sight, that the eye, repelled, wanders away, seeking relief. In this group, however, although physical pain is expressed, yet, like the discords in music, it seems introduced only to make more powerful the harmonies in this great symphony in marble. We are fascinated by the beauty of the giant, moved by the anguish of his mother, and taken altogether captive by Athene's noble form and Nike's swift grace, as well as by the glorious thoughts expressed in the whole.

But, even while fancy and chisel were

molding at Pergamon this last great plastic creation of the Greek genius, there were premonitions of a change which should come over the ancient world.

Rome was now striding on, with giant steps, to universal empire, and its machinations were soon to prove fatal to the Pergamon dynasty. Roman power had extended the borders of these kings in order to humble Macedon. This accomplished, they no longer needed Eumenes, and decided to humiliate the very power they had built up. Scandal began to whisper reports about treacherous dealing with their faithful ally, Eumenes. The Roman senate, winking at the renewed invasions of the terrible Galatians into his kingdom, even proclaimed the independence of these wild neighbors of the Pergamon state, and refused to listen to Eumenes' remonstrances. Although this prince succeeded in leaving his kingdom unbroken to his brother, Attalus II., yet, slowly and surely, Pergamon was coming under the iron rule of Rome. With the decline of political power there came also a cessation of creative life in the art of Pergamon, and, in fact, much which had been produced was now, doubtless, transported to Italy, to grace a Roman holiday.

Roman generals were now in Greece, with their formidable legions. With their triumphs in view, they commenced the wholesale transportation of artists and works of art to their capital on the Tiber. In one short year, 189 B. C., two such great triumphs were celebrated: the one drawing on Greece, the other on Asia Minor, for its decorations. Fulvius Nobilior, after conquering the Ætolians, entered Rome in that year with two hundred and eighty-five bronze, and two hundred and thirty marble statues, taken principally from Ambracia and Cnidus; he brought with him many Greek artists, who were to make more showy the festivities connected with his triumph, by the works of their genius. In the same year Cornelius Scipio, after his victory over Antiochus, at Magnesia, near Smyrna, celebrated his triumphal entry into Rome with works, which, it is said by the ancients, first awakened in the Romans a taste for Greek art. How vast the treasure brought to Rome by Paulus Æmilius after his victory over Perseus of Macedon, at Pydna, about twenty years later (168 B. C.) appears from the statement that three whole days were required for the passage of his procession into Rome, and that one day did not suffice for the entry of his two hundred and fifty wagons, laden with statues and paintings.

These few instances, out of many others



ATHENE GROUP, FROM PERGAMON. (BERLIN.)

which might be given, are enough to show what the Roman generals did toward tearing Greek art away from the lands where it had blossomed. Governors of provinces and emperors did not fall behind their predecessors in this work. The fame of Verres is too closely linked with such work, by Cicero's attacks upon him, to need mention. Augustus, who, finding Rome a city of brick left it one of marble, required many Greek works to give his extensive architectural undertakings their proper finish. His example was followed by many others, among whom was his friend Asinius Pollio. As an additional fact of interest, it may be mentioned that, while under Augustus many archaic works, as well as those of the age of Praxiteles, were brought to Rome, almost none of the Phidian or of the later Hellenistic Age are mentioned.

The owning of these statues, as well as the prevalent fashion of visiting the Hellenistic world, and seeing the rich cities there adorned with decorated temples and palaces, aroused among the Romans an emulation of the Greeks, and the amount of art activity, thus created and stimulated, can scarcely be overestimated although this was clearly from no genuine love of art, but from a mere fondness for display. Wherever a public building arose,—and the number of these public buildings was countless,—the chisel of the sculptor was employed. Statues, singly and in groups,

adorned the niches, intercolumniations, and roofs, filled the pediments and lined the steps of the temples, theaters, amphitheatres, basilicas, baths, gate-ways for bridges, balustrades and arches of all kinds. One theater, built by Scaurus, was decorated with three thousand bronze statues and the fountains erected by Agrippa in the year 33 B. C. at Rome were adorned with three hundred bronze and marble statues besides four hundred marble columns, and public squares were filled with statues of the emperors and gods.

But private buildings employed the sculptor even more than public. Pictures and statues were regarded, as early as Sulla's time, as being as necessary a part of a rich man's furniture as his carpets and silver. Even Cicero, who boasted of having little interest in art, spent a large sum of money in buying statuary and reliefs to decorate the academy he had laid out in his Tusculum villa. When the house of a rich man burned down, we are told that his friends sought to make good his loss by giving him "marble statues and fine bronzes by celebrated masters." Often, however, they were cheated as to the master, it having been not uncommon then, as now, to increase the money value of a statue by attributing it to some celebrated master.

Greek works were, of course, used as far as they went, but they could not suffice to

meet the growing demand, which the frequent great fires in Rome, consuming countless treasure, only increased. The extensive multiplication of the same statue,—as, for instance, the so-called Faun of the Capitol, which exists in twenty-nine copies at least,—as well as the numerous duplicates of the Doryphorus, and other statues, show that celebrated originals were copied, often, doubtless, to satisfy the demands of those who could not obtain Greek originals. According to Josephus, Agrippa adorned the whole Phœnician city Berytus (modern Beirut) with statues and copies of old works. Moreover, not only the rich, but also the middle, and even poorer, classes, came in for their share in this beautifying process, using often cheaper materials. In the libraries of those for whom marble and bronze were too costly, as Juvenal tells us, plaster casts were used, representing ancient philosophers and poets.

Besides the accurate copies, there were many variations made in older works, a striking feature of the time of Roman dominion, when little or no creative power seems to have existed. So, clearly, the Venus of Medici is a variation on Praxiteles's Cnidian Aphrodite; the disk-throwers in London, Munich, and Rome, variations on Myron's Discobolus, and the statues of Athene, in the villa Ludovisi, and elsewhere, repetitions of Phidias's Athene Parthenos. Until within a few years we have been able to read only through these feeble Roman imitations, up to the thoughts and inspirations of the older masters; but with the discoveries in the ancient Greek world these Roman works sink back into their proper rank in relation to the originals of the earlier time. Who, after seeing the noble form of the Apollo of the Pergamon frieze, throbbing with life and natural in every line, can look with the admiration of old upon the cold theatrical form of the Apollo Belvedere; or who, after becoming familiar with the beautiful surface-play in the drapery of the statues found at Pergamon, can regard with unmingled pleasure the barren folds worn by the Muses found in Roman villas?

Many of the masters of the Roman time copied even archaic originals, giving them, however, a surface-rendering freer, but less attractive, than that of the genuine unaffected older works. This tendency seems to have prevailed in the school of Pasiteles, who flourished in the first century B. C. Statues with the inscriptions of his scholars exist in the villas Albani and Ludovisi at Rome.

Alongside of this imitation of older works in Rome, this grasping back into the old

store-house of form and subject, there went also a tendency to portraiture and historic relief, representing exactly the men and rulers of Rome, and the battles of their legions. So the triumphal arches and columns appear carved with the chronicle of actual march, siege, or war. The numerous sites where these portraits, statues, and busts of emperors and privates have been found, the galleries where they are collected, and the passages in ancient authors which describe them, give approximately an idea of how prolific was this age in such works. But these works lack that fineness of feeling and careful modeling seen in the portrait heads of the Hellenistic age. The realistic tendency of the former time is carried out, but with more coarseness. The most casual peculiarities of face and form even are given, the very warts in the cheek are imitated; but, too often, the fine perception and rendering of character is lost in unpleasant detail.

Looking over this vast number of monuments from the time of the Roman dominion, we are struck by their similarity wherever found. So the statues found in the widely scattered provinces of Rome, whether England, France, Spain, or those of Asia and Africa, and even Greece itself, are all alike. The subjects, treatment, and even *technique* are the same, and invariably draw from us remarks deprecatory of an art so servilely imitative in character, and so inferior in execution to the great works preserved to us from older times.

Unfortunately, nearly all the statues discovered in Italy, at some time or other, have fallen into the hands of merciless restorers. The passion of discoverers and collectors, in the sixteenth century, to piece out and polish up, to the great injury of the work of art, seems to have been as strong as it is to-day; hence much that in its original freshness might have been agreeable and of use in study is now utterly ruined for scholar or artist.

For about one hundred and fifty years after the commencement of our era this reproductive, imitative, and portrait art maintained itself, holding fast to the technique and traditions handed down to them. But with the Antonines the descent becomes rapid, until by the time of Constantine the capabilities of the ancient sculptors are at so low an ebb that we gladly bid them farewell, and, with freshened joy, we turn to admire that which has been rescued from those elder days of departed glory, and drink in inspiration and strength from the scattered rays streaming into our own lives and thoughts.

Lucy M. Mitchell.

## THE LED-HORSE CLAIM.

A ROMANCE OF THE SILVER MINES.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "Friend Barton's Concern," "A Story of the Dry Season," etc.



AT THE FOOT OF THE PASS.

### I.

#### THE NEW MINING-CAMP.

THE ark of the mining interests, which had drifted about unsteadily after the break in bonanza stocks in the summer of '77, had rested, a year or two later, in a lofty valley of Colorado, not far from that great "divide" which parts the waters of the Continent. It rested doubtfully, awaiting the olive-leaf of Eastern capital. By no stretch of metaphor could either the promoter of mining schemes or the investor in the same, be presented in the character of Noah's dove, but through

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their agency the olive-leaf returned, before the snows had blocked the mountain-passes, and the gay, storm-beleaguered camp, in the words of its exhibitory press, began to "boom."

The snows of that bleak altitude gave their first warning while the September sun is still strong; by November they may be said to prevail; but no disheartening combination of bad weather, worse roads, and worst accommodations at the journey's end, could deter the pioneers from bearing a city into the unfriendliest spot where such exotic growth ever flourished. Their movement had the absolute conviction, the devotedness, of a crusade. They pressed onward, across the Great South

Park, following its white wagon trails which rise and sink with the long swells of that archæan sea; pausing in the dreary valley at the foot of the pass, which shelters the caravansary-like town of Fairplay; struggling upward, in the cold light of early morning, along the mountain sides; resting again at the last stage-station above the timber-line, where the tough fir forests bend, and fail, and finally give up altogether the ascent of those bare slopes, ever whitening, to the pitiless region of lasting snow; on again into the strenuous air of the summits, following the pass as it staggers through the wild cañons; dizzily winding, by weary grades, down to the desolate land of promise.

Foremost in the strange procession were seen those wandering Ishmaelite families whose sun-darkened faces peer from the curtains of their tents on wheels along every road which projects the frontier farther into the wilderness.

The discontent and the despair of older mining-camps in their decadence hastened to mingle their bitterness in the baptismal cup of the new one. It exhibited in its earliest youth every symptom of humanity in its decline. The restless elements of the eastern cities; the disappointed, the reckless, the men with failures to wipe out, with losses to retrieve or to forget, the men of whom one knows not what to expect, were there; but, as its practical needs increased and multiplied, and its ability to pay for what it required became manifest, the new settlement began to attract a safer population.

Even the hopes of the gold-seeker must be fed and clothed at an altitude which acts like the law of natural selection on those who aspire to breathe its thin air, sparing only the sound of heart and lung, and fanning the nerve-fires into breathless, wasteful energy. The producer answered the call of the consumer. Men of all trades followed the miner. The professions followed the trades, and were represented, generally, by men in their youth.

It was, perhaps, this immense, though undisciplined force of sanguine youth which saved the city. The dangerous elements of the camp,—the mud, the weeds and the drift-wood which would have choked a more sluggish current,—were floated and swept onward by its strong tide. The new board sidewalks resounded to the clean step of many an indomitable, bright-faced boy, cadet of some good eastern family, and neophyte in the business of earning a living, with a joyous belief in his own abilities and a clean record to imperil in proving them. The older men, who had come with a slightly shaken faith in themselves, looked half compassion-

ately, half enviously at these knights of the virgin shield.

It is said that the first woman of the camp crossed the range on foot with her husband, a German miner, and helped him set up the "poor Lar" of their pine-board shanty during the early snows of the first autumn. But those accumulated snows were wasting under the May sun, and the pass, where they still lay deep, could be traced from a long way off—a line of white crossing the purple summit of the range—before the steady migration of wives and children began.

It was a grim sort of nest-building that went on, with discordant chorus of hammer and saw, through the spring and summer and late into the fall of the second year; but, whatever its subsequent troubles may have been, there was a great show of domestic felicity in the camp at this period. Every incoming stage renewed the bridals of some long-separated couple. Each man who could not send for his own wife, sympathized, with boyish gayety, in the regeneration of his more fortunate comrade. The shop-windows moderated their display of velvet riding-habits, embroidered silk stockings, and pink silk *peignoirs* trimmed with cascades of imitation lace,—their temptations to feminine purchasers taking the more domestic form of babies' knitted hoods and sacques, crash toweling, and the newest patterns in cretonne. Every house over which a woman presided practiced a hospitality out of all proportion, in its scope, to the capacities of the rude tabernacle. Every young wife, in her access of happiness, felt a supreme pity for the great army of the unmarried that nightly walked the turbulent streets, between flashes of light from Terpsichorean retreats, and cold glimpses out of the raw city through the open spaces of un-built blocks, toward the snow-lit peaks. Many an unshaven bachelor would have smiled with cheerful scorn at this missionary spirit in his neighbor's wife; a few would have misunderstood it; many profited by it; and many, especially the very young men, went their way, too watchfully absorbed in the keen-edged life of the place to be conscious of any spiritual or social need.

Each night, as the constellations mounted guard above the pass, a redder galaxy lit the dark encampment of hills, where lonely camp-fires, outposts of the settlement, far up on the wooded slopes, signaled the lights from the active mines, or the flaring beacons of smelting-furnaces in the gulch. Two of these distant human lights, burning on the opposite slopes of a fir-lined cañon, like a river of darkness flowing between them, had a neighborly look of sympathy in their isolation.

The fir-darkened cañon was called Led-Horse Gulch. The lights which beckoned to each other across it shone from the shaft-houses of the Led-Horse and Shoshone mines, between whom, it was said, there was open suspicion on the one side, and bad faith on the other.

## II.

## THE TURNING OF A WINDLASS.

ONE August morning of the cool, autumnal summer, a lady, younger than the youngest of the youthful wives of the camp, whose pure, unsunned complexion proved her but lately arrived, rode down into Led-Horse Gulch from the Shoshone side, and, following the trail upward among the aspens, drew rein at the mouth of a small shaft where two men were working a windlass.

She wore no habit; the plaited skirt of her cloth walking-dress permitted her stirrup-foot to show, and a wide-brimmed straw hat shaded the heightened bloom in her cheek. There was a happy unpremeditation in her dress, and in the vagrant gait of her pony, which might have accounted for this aimless halt at the top of the shaft.

She watched, with idle interest, the taut, wavering rope, as it coiled on the windlass. The men were hoisting a loaded bucket. She appeared indifferent to their respectfully curious glances; they were classified in her mind as part of the novel human machinery of the place. She had a dimly appreciative eye for the fine curves of their powerful backs as they leaned and recovered with the circling cranks that creaked with their weight; otherwise they were not present to her consciousness. From her saddle she could not look far down into the dark hole and see the bucket, just visible one moment, then enlarging rapidly with the shortening rope; nor could she perceive that it was loaded, not with precious ores, but with a bulk of that common human clay of which we are all but metamorphic variations. She was, in fact, less interested in the thing coming up than in the curiously fatalistic manner of its coming. The wavering rope described a shorter and shorter circle; its vibrations ended with a sharp shudder; a few more, slower turns of the crank, and the man had arrived at the surface.

Swinging himself, with a practiced motion, from the bucket to a seat on the collar of the shaft, he looked across at the young girl with undisguised admiration. The look recalled her at once from the vague, impersonal mood of her ride.

The men at the cranks let the bucket down

with a run, straightened their backs and wiped their damp foreheads and necks.

The unembarrassed youth who rose to his feet, taking off his hat with a bright, interrogative smile, was also a part of the human machinery of the place, but his part in relation to the miners at the cranks was that of the throttle-valve rather than the driving-wheels.

The girl acknowledged his salute by a hot blush and the slightest of bows, as she turned her horse's head sharply away from the shaft. Her position in the face of this new element had become untenable, and she abandoned it frankly, making no attempt to explain the unexplainable. It was not her custom (so she indignantly apostrophized her girl's wounded dignity) to be riding about the camp alone, and waiting at prospect-holes for handsome young men to be hoisted out of them! It was an incongruous accident of that incongruous place!

She had, even with her small knowledge of young men, perceived this one's quality in his face and manner; but she suffered from the youthful conviction that her own personality must remain inevitably at the mercy of the moment's accidental disguise.

Guiding her horse confusedly over the broken ground, she was startled by a peremptory shout from behind her.

"Look out there, Abrams! The old shaft!"

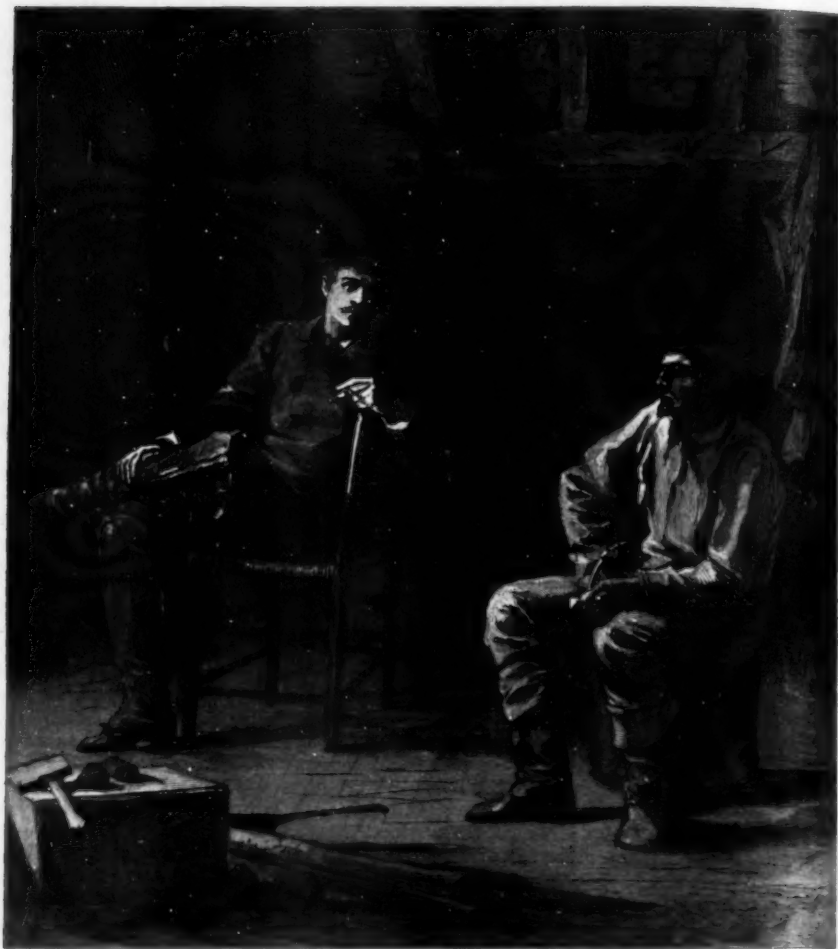
A miner coming up the hill, warned by the shout, promptly caught her horse's bridle, and forced him back from a sunken space of fresh earth and stones.

The young man who had given the timely order was now at her side. He picked up her whip. The hat he lifted as he offered it was a very bad one, but the head it did its best to disfigure might have been modeled for the head of a young Jason at the time his personal appearance did him such good service at the court of King Æetes.

"In another second you would have been thrown. This is an old prospect-hole filled with loose earth. Your horse would have sunk in it to his knees," he protested, in answer to her look of vexed surprise.

"I wonder my brother permits such a trap to be uncovered," the girl said, with the emphasis of one who finds unexpected relief in another's responsibility for an awkward situation.

"I have not the pleasure of knowing your brother—but the Led-Horse, I believe, has only one superintendent,"—he took off his hat again with a gayly ironical bow,—“who begs to explain that this hole was filled up to make it safe for foot-passengers, and that the horse-back trail is below. Will you permit me to show it to you?”



THE LED-HORSE IN COUNCIL.

"Am I not on Shoshone ground?" The question was half an assertion.

"I think not. The location stakes follow the gulch, a little on this side of it. You are now about fifty feet within the Led-Horse lines."

The young girl could not help smiling at her own discomfiture, when it had reached this point. She hoped the superintendent of the Led-Horse would pardon her for trespassing and for criticising his management.

The superintendent of the Led-Horse gallantly replied that he could not allow her to call her visit a trespass, and if she liked to ride over his prospect-holes, he would have them all boarded over in that hope.

She made no reply to this somewhat derisive suggestion, and her host of the Led-Horse kept the silence penitently, as he walked at her side through the flickering aspens.

When they had crossed the gulch, he assured her that she was now unmistakably on Shoshone ground, and they parted, with a slightly exaggerated gravity on both sides.

He watched her climbing the hill among the pine trunks that rose rigidly above the fringe of "quaking aspens." Her light figure bent and swayed with her horse's strong upward strides. On the hill-top it was outlined a moment against the fervent blue of the mid-day sky, and then sank out of sight on the other side.

The young superintendent now turned his attention, with a reflected interest, on himself. He looked himself over, in his close-buttoned pea-jacket, and leggings, buckled to his knees, with the cheerful unconcern of a man who is well aware that no tailor's measurements can altogether frustrate those of nature, at her best.

Had Hilgard been born ten or fifteen years sooner, he might have won more honor than he was likely to gain in frontier mining-camps, in the camps and fields of the civil war. He would have been the idol of his men, the life of his mess,—a leader of forlorn hopes and desperate charges. His rich-blooded beauty would have wrung the hearts of susceptible maidens, marking him in the ranks of those about to die, when the regiments for the front marched by in farewell pomp. Like the plume of Navarre, it would have blazed in the thickest of the fight, and would have been quenched, perhaps, on one of those reefs of the dead, which showed, after the battle, where the wildest shocks of assault had met the sternest resistance. It would have marked him a victim without blemish, fit for the sacrifice.

But in the less heroic time in which his lot was cast, and in a crude community of transplanted lives, adjusting themselves to new conditions, Hilgard's excess of good looks was a positive inconvenience. The camp, at that period of its existence, took more thought for its roots than its blossoms. Hilgard's splendid efflorescence was looked upon with a certain suspicion by the sturdy, masculine growths around him. Ugly men, who relied upon their fruits, and felt that nature had disguised them, were not likely to enjoy it. Men with a small personal vanity of their own resented it, as a form of insolence, in their fellow-man. It attracted all the baleful types of womanhood, while many of the feminine bulwarks of respectability in the camp regarded it askance as an apotheosis of the physical life. Not a few of these ladies, especially those whose own personal attractions were not conspicuous, honestly doubted if the virtues of faithfulness and self-denial could be found in conjunction with a lively eye-beam, a short upper lip, a head easily erect above a pair of powerful shoulders, and an exuberance of color and movement expressive of much unused vitality. Whatever general foundation there may be for such a prejudice, the picturesque theories current in the camp reconciling it, in Hilgard's case, with his isolated life and obvious indifference to the social allurements around him, were far from the prosaic truth.

Hilgard's life was as simple and severe in its routine as if nature had clothed his soul in sackcloth instead of purple. It had one im-

mediate object,—the prosperity of the Led-Horse,—to which he considered himself pledged. There was another object, more remote, but more vital and permanent: the education of his two half-brothers,—young lads left to his sole care by the death of both father and mother. Hilgard's own education had been at the mercy of the sad breaks in the lives of those who had watched over it. He was often lonely, as the captain of a bark on a long cruise is lonely in mid-ocean,—but he was in no doubt about his course. He was not restless from uncertainty of purpose. He had a fine, youthful scorn of sudden love, or any sentiment bordering on it. It was his lonely life, perhaps, which gave such prominence in his thoughts to the small incident of the morning. He would hardly have admitted that it was anything in the girl herself. Yet her face and her slender figure, undulating upward to the sunny hill-top, were still vividly before his eyes. He had the keen instinct about women which men lose when they care for them too much. All his latent reverence and idealism had responded to the look in her eyes as they had rested a moment on his. She had blushed, but with a proud, shy girl's disgust at a false position; not helplessly, like a fool, he said to himself. Then he grew hot, thinking of his own careless manner to her, which so ill expressed his sense of her difference from the ordinary pretty girl. If he ever saw her again—of course he would see her again! She was his neighbor, the fair Shoshone—Conrath's sister, whose arrival from the east he had heard of in the camp. Surely she had "snatched a grace" beyond the rules of kinship!

A fragment of a Scotch song, long silent in his memory, woke suddenly, like the first bluebird's note in spring. All the songs and scraps of poetry in which his vagrant moods had been wont to find expression, had been locked in the frosty constriction of his new and perplexing responsibilities:

"O lassie ayont the hill,  
Come ower the tap o' the hill!  
Come ower the tap, wi' the breeze o' the hill,"

—he hummed to himself, as he strode through the aspens that shivered in the sunshine. The smooth-stemmed aspens themselves were not more daintily, slenderly rounded, or more unobtrusive in their clear, cool colors. Hilgard did not like showy girls. He held, with most young men, very positive opinions as to the kind of girl he liked, when in reality it was quality, not kind, that interested him.

"Con, my boy!" he recklessly apostrophized his troublesome neighbor, "you've got

my ore in your ore-bins, but if it came to a settlement for damages, there is metal of yours that is more attractive!"

The next instant he rebuked himself for his profanity. His spirits were rising into rebellious gayety, animated by the dramatic implacability of the circumstances that hedged in his lovely foewoman. He laughed aloud, thinking of the innocent audacity with which she had crossed the contested line, and waited for him at the top of his own shaft.

But the mood did not long abide with him. The first bluebird's note is an uncertain harbinger of spring.

As he climbed the trail to his own side of the gulch and looked across to the Shoshone's shaft-houses, its new ore-sheds, the procession of ore-teams loading at the dumps, and all its encroaching activities in full play, and then reviewed his own empty bins and barren underground pastures, the color of romance died out of the prospect.

He walked back to his office, and took up a package of letters from his desk. The one from the president of his company he opened first. It was an order to shut down!

### III.

#### THE SITUATION.

THE Led-Horse had a somewhat dubious reputation in mining circles. The generally unsatisfactory condition of its affairs might have been described in the words of a clever man's impromptu abstract of life,—“Too poor to pay, too rich to quit.”

It had opened brilliantly, on a promising vein which had been “stoped out” to a considerable depth, and then had become suddenly barren. The ore-bearing rock was there, precisely similar in character to that which had yielded two hundred ounces of silver to the ton, but the silver was not there.

The expenses of the mine rapidly turned its balance the wrong way. There were calls from the home office for retrenchment, and appeals for money from the mine. Its condition was that of a young man who has spent a small patrimony without having fitted himself for earning his own living. It was altogether probable that the capacity for earning a living was there, but it had become necessary that no time should be lost in developing it.

There was a change in the management, even as the young man, in his altered circumstances, turns from the counselors of his days of extravagance, to others, better acquainted with hard work and economy. At this junct-

ure, Hilgard had been sent out with a few thousands to expend in enabling the Led-Horse to support himself, and, if possible, to lay up money in dividends; but the dividends were, as yet, a long way in the future.

Hilgard had had four years' practical experience in mines, but this was his first essay in management. He was well aware that he was making it under great disadvantages. He could not put ore into a barren vein, and a prolonged period of unproductive expenditure in prospecting for ore would, in the event of not finding any, count heavily against him in his opening career. It was inevitable that the manager of a mine should be considered successful according to his fulfillment of the hopes of the owners; especially when the owners were half the width of the continent away, and generally ignorant of the conditions which affect success in the management of mines.

The Shoshone had been in barren rock for many months. It had small capital and less credit, when, a short time after Hilgard's management began, a sudden change took place in the aspect of its affairs. At the change of shifts, a daily increasing number of men were seen around its shaft-houses; new ore-sheds were put up; its long unused wagon-roads became deeply rutted by the heavy ore-teams going and returning from the smelters, and a rumor pervaded the camp that the lucky Shoshones had “struck it away up in the hundreds,” and were shipping ore at the rate of fifty tons a day.

Soon after the Shoshone's prosperity became evident, West, the mining-captain of the Led-Horse, communicated to his chief his suspicion that the Shoshone strike had been made on Led-Horse ground. From the lower drifts, the sounds which came, through the intervening rock, from the new Shoshone workings, indicated, to an experienced ear, that they had crossed the boundary line between the claims.

Hilgard had proposed to Conrath, the superintendent of the Shoshone, that a survey should be made through the Shoshone drifts, but at the expense of the Led-Horse, to prove that the boundary line was intact. He put the whole matter lightly, as a possible mistake which either party might have made. Conrath took it by no means lightly. He even appeared to seize upon it as an occasion for giving expression to a latent feeling of antagonism toward Hilgard, which the latter had not been entirely unconscious of. Conrath refused to admit the possibility of his having crossed the line, or to permit any one to explore the Shoshone workings for any purpose whatever. This unexpected irritability

on the subject could but increase Hilgard's suspicions. The sounds through the rock, which had been at first very faint, having become, day by day, more distinct, Hilgard had started his defensive drift in the direction of these sounds.

The Led-Horse had not as yet achieved its independence of Eastern capital. The few thousands which had been subscribed at the beginning of Hilgard's management had been spent in "prospecting," with no result as yet, except a little low-grade ore and "favorable indications." The small working force of the mine had been concentrated upon the defensive drift, which was in barren rock.

At this juncture, while the mine was dependent on its monthly drafts from the East, the last of these drafts came back dishonored.

It was a time of bitter excitement to Hilgard. Already the unfortunate Led-Horse, with its hopes and its reverses, had become to him almost like some living thing in his care. It was more than a feeling of pride in his work—it was a passionate personification of it,—more especially since he had been beset by treachery without, as well as by poverty within. Hilgard was experiencing the well-known effect of isolation and responsibility upon a concentrated nature cut off from those varied outlets for its energy which the life of cities and large communities affords. The Led-Horse was his ship, on a lee-shore; his fort, cut off, with the sappers at work under its walls; his commander's dispatches in his breast, with the enemies' scouts in hot pursuit, and what succor would be to these, money from the East was to him;—and then came the order to "shut down"! Shut down! Let go the helm, with the breakers under the lee; abandon his countermining, and let the walls fall in; turn back and meet his pursuers, with the precious dispatches in his hands; sit with folded arms in his neighbor's house, while the burglars gutted it!

He wrote long, passionate letters on the situation to the home office, where they awoke trouble and perplexity in the mind of the anxious president, but failed materially to alter the situation.

It was during the sultry weather of early September when these vehement appeals from the desperate executive in the West, poured in on the worried administration in the East.

The Led-Horse proudly boasted in its prospectuses that its stock was "non-assessable." The men who held it were engaged in larger schemes, which made the fate of the Led-Horse of comparatively little consequence. They were scattered far and wide; on board

yachts, at remote fishing and hunting grounds, at watering-places, at home and abroad. To hold a timely meeting of stockholders under these circumstances would have puzzled the most active administration.

It was undeniable that, beyond the office which bore its name, the crisis in the affairs of the Led-Horse made not even a ripple on the "street."

"A draft for two thousand, promptly, will save us!" Hilgard wrote. "Another week will drive the drift through to the Shoshone workings, then we can put up a barricade—shut down—and go into court with a clear case."

The president trusted, in his reply, that the "barricade" would be unnecessary. He deprecated any manifestation in the direction of expected or intended violence. The law alone could decide these points, and with this ultimate decision in view he advised that an injunction be got out against the suspected parties, and evidence collected to support it, while he, in the East would do his best to provide money for conducting the subsequent suit for damages. For the payment of the running expenses, Hilgard must absolutely rely on his own resources, or else shut down. The president concluded by adjuring him to satisfy himself that his suspicion was correct before taking any steps in regard to an injunction.

Hilgard leaned back in his chair. He was mentally replying to the letter he held in his hand.

"The 'resources' I am to depend on are in the hands of the Shoshones,—the proof of my 'suspicion' is there—the evidence for the injunction is there—the question is how am I to get there!" He pushed his chair back impatiently. "Can't they understand that it's impossible to shut down with a gang of men unpaid!"

It had taken a week for his first protest against the order to reach the office; two weeks for repeated letters to make, so it seemed, any impression on that far-off East to which he looked for succor. After three weeks of waiting the reply had come, and it had brought him only into closer contact with a growing dread—a dread of the final resort to those wild counsels of primitive justice, from which he felt the strong recoil which marks the passage from irresponsible boyhood to manhood.

The first overt act was before him which would bring him into sharp personal contact with Conrath. The act was now become inevitable, and whether the truth of his suspicion were proved by it or not, the hostility on Conrath's part would follow with certainty.

He went out into the cool starlight and walked about on the bare space of trodden earth outside his office-door.

At sunset the restless winds, whirling in a dervish-like dance along the highways of the camp, scattering straws and chips and scraps of paper, and sinking as suddenly as they rose, in abject heaps of dust by the road-side, had fainted and died away, as if their souls had departed in the soft breeze that wandered, sighing, up the gulch.

Sounds of music floated up from the camp, where it sparkled like a restless reflection of the night sky in the dark valley below. The lights in the two shaft-houses burned warily, eye to eye, across the gulch.

"O lassie ayont the hill!"—the words which had fitfully recurred in his mind through its late preoccupations, came back now with a wistful note. The sweet lassie had kept on her own side of the hill, and he had never gone over to find her. He had never seen her since she had vanished below the sun-illuminated hill-top.

Where was she to-night?—dancing at the ball of the Younger Sons, perhaps, to that music which came faintly to his ear,—or alone, in the hostile Shoshone camp? Conrath had gone over the range two days ago. He liked better to think of her alone, though it could be no part of his to comfort her. Somehow he did not find the dramatic nature of the situation quite so exhilarating as it had seemed the day of her innocent invasion.

He went down the hill to a little cabin built against its steepest side, where West sat by his fire, moodily smoking and communing with himself after the manner of lonely men.

He was a slenderly built, wiry man, of about thirty, with a nervous mouth and a quiet blue eye, which could kindle quickly, as it did now at the sound of Hilgard's step, and his bright, authoritative voice. He got up and gave his only chair to his young chief, drawing forward an empty powder-keg and seating himself on its inverted bottom. Hilgard lit a cigarette and sat down astride of the chair with his arms across the back. Both men glowered at the fire in silence.

"A letter came from the 'Old Man' to-day," Hilgard presently said. "It's no use, West. The thing is narrowing down to just this—We've got to get into the Shoshone workings."

West looked up quickly.

"If Conrath wont go over the ground with us, we must go over it alone, and take the risk of his catching us in there."

West smoked hard for a minute.

"I could have got in there long ago, sir, if you'd said the word."

"I didn't want to say the word! It's an ugly thing to do—creeping about another man's mine to find out if he's a thief and a liar!"

"Gash can lie; he's an old hand at this game. He made his boast in Deadwood that he could always find plenty of ore as long as his neighbors had any. It's like as not he's fooled Conrath all through. When he struck that streak of ore he couldn't keep from followin' it, any more'n you kin keep a hound off a bear-track. When shall I get in there, sir?"

"You're not going in, West. I'll have a surveyor up from the camp to run the end line across, and get the distance to the Shoshone shaft; then I'll get underground, somehow, with a pocket compass."

"You'd better let me go down, sir."

"It can't be done that way, West. I've got to give my affidavit to get out the injunction on. Then we'll drive that drift through, till we can swear what ground we're on!"

"It's a good time to go in now, sir. Conrath's over the range, and Gash has been on a spree. He wont be underground to-morrow, anyhow. How much time would you want?"

"I shall not go in until Conrath is back." Hilgard had risen and stood before the fire, his head well lifted, his cigarette burning out in his fingers.

"I think you might's well take your chance, sir. He'd do it with you, quick enough. It's no fool of a job you're undertakin', Mr. Hilgard."

"I know it, West; but, if I do it at all, I've got to do it my own way—not Conrath's way, or Gashwiler's. I'll take my chances with Conrath on the ground."

#### IV.

#### THE "PRELUDE SOFT."

THE "Younger Sons" celebrated their fortnightly ball that evening in the dining-room of the Colonnade House; the only suggestion of a colonnade in connection with the house being the row of hitching-posts imbedded in the mud of the street before it.

The "Younger Sons" was a select bachelor club, of the highest social aspirations. The sons were not all in their first youth. Some of them, it is to be feared, had known moments which were not those of aspiration; but, as sons go, they represented a tolerable filial average. There might have been something

deprecatory in the modest title they had chosen; at all events, they had found favor with the indulgent mothers of the camp, who accepted their invitations, and danced with them at the fortnightly ball, with the assumed approbation of the fathers.

Hilgard could have been a "Younger Son" had he desired. He had complimentary tickets sent him for the dances, for which unusual attention he was indebted to feminine, if not to maternal, influence. Men were at a discount on these occasions. They stood about in one another's way, and trod on one another's toes, against the wall, in a dreary, superfluous manner, which would have touched the sympathies of women not already overburdened with masculine claimants for them. Hilgard, having been gratuitously chosen as an object of feminine sympathy, would doubtless not have been sent to the wall; but heretofore he had been an unresponsive and ungrateful object. He had given away his ball-tickets, and his dress-suit had remained folded in the bottom of his trunk. To-night, however, at half-past nine o'clock, a visitor who stepped in out of the fresh night air found him sitting at his office-desk, in full evening costume, writing telegrams.

It was a young lawyer of Hilgard's acquaintance, who, after a careless greeting, regarding him critically from a comfortable vantage in front of the fire, remarked:

"Rather more style than the occasion calls for, but you will do very well."

"What occasion?" Hilgard inquired, folding his telegrams.

"A snug little supper at Archer's. It's rather late to ask you; fact is, you weren't included in the first deal. I asked Pitt to meet two Chicago men, just in, but he's gone back on me at the last minute. Have you got something else on hand?"

"I'm going to the Prodigals'." This was the painful perversion which the title of "Younger Sons" had suffered, in unfraternal circles of the camp. "I'm getting rather sick of this crawling about underground. It's a comfort to stretch one's legs, and get on a suit of clothes that isn't decorated in relief with candle-grease."

"Come and stretch your legs under Archer's hospitable board; you won't find any use for them at the Prodigals! You can't get a partner at this hour. Every card in the room is full."

"I may not dance, but I'm going. Shall I send you a substitute?"

"If you can find me a good one; but you'd much better come yourself and eat some trout. The Chicago men will think from your

get-up that Led-Horse stock is booming. I won't tell them your ore is chiefly in the Shoshone bins."

As the legal counsel for the Led-Horse, intimately acquainted with its difficulties, Wilkinson might have been pardoned this jest; but Hilgard flushed, as he replied:

"My get-up is a relic of the past, Wilke. There is not much of the boy left in me, but I'm going to give what there is a chance to-night. To-morrow, to-morrow" — He repented, apparently, of having begun the sentence, and left it frankly unfinished, lifting his head and following with his eyes a ring of smoke that floated upward to the ceiling.

"To-morrow, you'll bid good-by to youth forevermore, eh?" Wilkinson remarked, eyeing the young superintendent with some amusement. "You're expecting your gray hairs by the next stage?"

"I'm expecting Conrath by the next stage. He is doing his best to promote my gray hairs."

"How are you getting on with your testimony?" Wilkinson inquired.

"I'm going to hunt up some to-morrow. Confound it all, it's the worst mess you ever saw. We may have to appeal to the unwritten law after all!"

"That's what you are doing to-night, isn't it,—with the Prodigals' ball for a tribunal? Conrath, I take it, isn't the defendant in this case!"

"I hadn't thought of retaining you for counsel, Wilke," Hilgard retorted. "What time is your supper?"

"Eleven, sharp. The Chicago men want to take in the town a little before they eat."

The two young men rode back to the camp together, and separated at the telegraph office. Hilgard did not enter the ball-room at once, but reconnoitered the scene from the office of the hotel, which communicated with it. Those who were not called to the feast were apt to congregate here, and pick up a few festal crumbs on the threshold.

Hilgard felt roused without being particularly happy. He was not analyzing his mood, or his right to dedicate these few hours, on the eve of an arduous struggle, to his personal claims. He was simply satisfying himself as to whether his fair neighbor of the Shoshone persuasion was among the dancers. Failing to discover her, he stepped within the doorway for a better view, and found himself just behind a lady of his acquaintance, who was participating in the old-fashioned quadrille, then in progress. He was about to change his position when she saw him and began to talk to him in the pauses of her facile performance.

She was a lively little matron, whose six

months' residence in the camp made her a veteran in its society. In spite of a childish face, and light, inconsequent manner, she looked no longer young. The subtle change was like a premature blight on a still full-veined flower. Her youthfully rounded cheek had a slightly crumpled texture, and her eyes, of the blue of childhood, were too widely, restlessly expanded.

"What has brought you here at last, you incorrigible hermit? Or rather, *who* has brought you? You have not deigned to come and dance with us married ladies,—but no sooner —" She was "balancing" to one of the peripatetic partners in "Gentlemen to the left!" and now she was whirled by the tips of her fingers, and finished the sentence, looking at Hilgard over her shoulder as she received the advances of the next—"no sooner do we boast of a lovely young girl from the East, but you are here."

She whirled with Number Two, and continued, with her eyes still on Hilgard, as she turned to Number Three.

"But you are too late for anything but an introduction. It serves you quite right."

Her partner now seized her by both hands and she was swept away in the final "promenade all!"

Hilgard moved on among the ranks of black-coated wall-flowers, but encountered her again as the quadrille broke up. She slipped easily from her late partner's arm to his, and addressed him with the utmost animation, which yet missed, somehow, the full accent of gayety.

"Why don't you ask me to introduce you?"

"To whom, if you please?"

"Ah, what a fraud you are! I can see your eyes wandering about everywhere in search of her. You needn't pretend that you don't know who I mean!"

"I suppose you are talking of your lovely young girl from the East,—but how am I to tell her from the married ladies?" said Hilgard, gazing around in mock bewilderment.

"That's very pretty of you, Mr. Hilgard. I see you are trying to make your peace with me. You know very well that you are talking to her chaperone."

"Am I, indeed?" Hilgard exclaimed, looking down into the upturned face of this guardian of inexperienced youth. "What a fearful responsibility! You look quite worn with it already! Could I possibly be of any assistance to you in your duties?"

"Not the very least, I thank you; I have been enthusiastically assisted already. She's having a perfect 'ovation.' I must say she keeps her head very well for a girl who has been out so little."

"Do you suppose a young girl from the East would call this being 'out'?" Hilgard asked, indifferently. He was quite sure that Mrs. Denny could not possibly be the chaperone of the young girl he had come to see, and was very little moved by this picture of her as a successful candidate for the social honors of the camp.

"Well, I don't know what you would call being 'out,' if this isn't! A perfect wealth of partners, and so cosmopolitan! Why, a girl could dance with a man from every State in the Union!"

Hilgard had never felt a greater distaste for the society of the little person who had so freely bestowed herself upon him, than to-night. He wondered why he did not escape from her. There was a fatality about women of this kind, he had observed, and vaguely questioned whether, as related to social brutality in man, they represented cause or effect.

Mrs. Denny at this moment leaned from his arm with a smile of recognition to a young lady who passed them with the circling promenaders. Her complexion exhibited a rather weather-beaten fairness; her dry, lifeless yellow hair covered her forehead to her eyebrows; the sleeves of her black satin dress were cut very high on the shoulders, giving her the appearance of a perpetual shrug. Her throat and wrists were painfully small, and the hand which fluttered a passing greeting with her fan, had a meager, attenuated expression in pathetic contrast to its gay gesture.

"Is that your young girl from the East?" Hilgard asked, carelessly.

"Mercy, no! Lou Palmer came from the East ten years ago! Lou has had a beautiful time, but she begins to show it a little."

"Is a 'beautiful time' so disastrous in its effects?"

"Well, perhaps Lou has had rather too good a time," said Mrs. Denny, with a reflective air.

"Here is the cynosure!" Hilgard began, then stopped, lifting his head with a quick, characteristic movement, and nervously touching his mustache. In the presence of the girl who stood before him, the light comment died on his lips.

The little crowd of "Younger Sons," which had indicated the force of some central attraction, had parted suddenly, allowing the undoubted object of their homage to pass. She had apparently distinguished none of them with her favor, and her eyes had rather a dazed absence of expression, as she came toward Mrs. Denny.

It was Conrath's sister,—the fair Shoshone, in the white shimmer of her maiden bravery;

her freshness undimmed by the warm, dusty air of the ball, or its miscellaneous homage!

She glanced at Hilgard with doubtful recognition. Then, perceiving the identity of this splendid youth with the clay-covered knight of the prospect-hole, she gave him a slight, cold recognition; too cold for the blush that flamed, like a danger-signal, in her cheek. She proudly repudiated the traitorous color, however, and met his brilliant gaze a moment, quietly, as a lady may.

"I need not introduce you, I see," observed the astute chaperone. "You know Mr. Hilgard, Miss Conrath. He has not honored our poor little dances until to-night. You must help to insure his coming again."

The next dance was forming on the floor. Hilgard, leaning against the whitewashed wall, reckless of his black coat, found himself forgetting all the incongruities of the meeting in the satisfaction it gave him. It was inconceivable that she should be there, in her flower-like brightness, among all these warped or stale humanities. Conrath's admiration of Mrs. Denny was no secret in the camp, but that he should expect his young sister to share it seemed incredible. It was more probable that he had sacrificed his sister's tastes to his own.

However, there she was, and she would be there but a moment! Already, her partner for the dance was industriously searching for her among the promenaders and the groups along the wall. Hilgard made use of his height and breadth of shoulder to defeat this search in an unobtrusive way. He was looking down on the circle of lamp-light which rested on the top of the young girl's head; crossed by a soft line of shadow where the maidenly parting sank out of sight. The drooping, rosy face, turned a little away from him, was in shadow, too, and the small ear, innocent of jewels, glowed as pink as a baby's, warm from the pressure of the pillow.

Her petulance of their first meeting, when she had lost her equanimity as well as her way, was quite gone; the shy alarm of her late greeting had also changed to a soft, surprised air of doubtful confidence, as if among the many alien faces around her she had found in his, so lately repelled, an unexpected, bewildering sympathy. She looked at him again and again, with the brief, wondering glance of a child lost in a crowd, whom some unknown friend has taken by the hand.

Hilgard felt suddenly, deeply sobered. The excitement in his blood, which had been gathering with the thickening plot of his troubles—which had driven him here to-night—climaxed suddenly in her presence. It strung his rich, young voice to the lyric pitch,

controlled by the effort not to meet too eagerly her hesitating preference.

"I wonder if you like a triumph of this kind as much as most girls?" he asked; and felt at once that the question was half an insult.

"Is this a triumph?"

"Oh, no, not this," Hilgard went on desperately, with too keen a perception of the briefness of the passing moment, "but what I have just deprived you of."

"Do you imagine that I liked *that*?" looking at him reproachfully.

"You cannot have anything better than the best the place affords. May I see your card a moment? I shall not even go through the form of asking you for a dance. I only want to satisfy myself that you really have the best." He detached the pendent tassel from her bracelet where it had caught. "Yes," he said, after a moment's grave perusal, "it is a proud record! The flower of the camp have hastened to enroll themselves. I should have been too late an hour ago!"

The inevitable partner was now very warm, indeed, on his quest, and it was no longer possible to frustrate his claims.

Skirting along the wall, fanned by the circling wings of the waltz, Hilgard joined an acquaintance seated in a quiet corner, near the door,—a well-preserved Younger Son, with a fresh-colored face and a humorous, uncertain, exaggerated expression, as if the facial muscles had become weakened in their action, like the keys of a long-used piano. His very respectable name of Thomas Godfrey had been for many years ignored generally by his friends, in favor of the gratuitous title of Doctor. When applied to him, it became, somehow, a familiar and affectionate, rather than a dignified, *nom de plume*.

"Doctor," said Hilgard, "do you want to be an instrument of fate to-night?"

"Of whose fate, George? I've been an instrument of my own fate for fifty odd years;—the result doesn't encourage me to meddle with anybody else's."

"You haven't been passive enough, Doctor. To-night there is a chance for you to be perfectly passive. You've only to change places with me for a few hours,—or let me change with you."

"Heaven forbid!" Godfrey interrupted. "Do you call that being passive?"

"Wait till you hear me. It's a better bargain than you think. I'm too late for a dance, but you can have my supper at Archer's for one of yours, if you'll give me my choice of your partners."

The Doctor fixed Hilgard sternly with his heroi-comic gaze. "I understand your little

theory. Passivity for other folks, while you keep rustling! How many men have you made this offer to before you fell upon me?"

"Doctor, it is only open to you," said Hilgard, with a magnanimous air.

"Perhaps you're in collusion with some young lady in the room—I wouldn't be surprised! You've been studying her card and picked me out, between you, as the most gullible man on her list. George, I'm amazed at your impudence!" The Doctor meditated mournfully upon this quality in Hilgard, who appeared to be a favorite with him.

"Doctor, upon my soul, it's no conspiracy. I happened to see your name on a young lady's card, for a waltz—I know you can't waltz—you must have been out of your mind when you asked her—at this altitude! A good supper never comes amiss to a philosopher like you. I'm considering your interests as well as my own in this proposition."

"Thank you, boy. I'm capable of looking after my own interests, as yet. Out of my mind! At this altitude! Pray, have *you* tried waltzing at this altitude?"

"I've been waltzing up five hundred feet of pump-ladders, three days out of the week for the last six months, at this altitude."

"That's not to the point. I want to know why I shouldn't propose to waltz with a nice girl as well as a thin-waisted young peas-cod like yourself! Do you suppose a man loses his gallantry as he gains in girth? George, I wish you had more stability of character!"

"I've got too much;—that's the trouble with me. I'm getting positively rigid. I came here to-night to limber myself up a little."

"Yes, you need limbering! Come—what is it you do want?"

"I want your waltz, Doctor, and you want my supper: you're hankering for it this minute—I can see it in your eye!"

"What, the supper? I can see it in *your* eye! I don't believe it exists anywhere else."

"Well—not at present, but it will exist at eleven o'clock. A three-handed spread with a dummy,—that is the way it stands now. Wilkinson asked me to take the place of dummy, in default of Pitt, delinquent."

"What was the matter with Pitt? What's the matter with you,—letting a good supper go begging round the camp? There must be something wrong about that supper. Trout, did you say?"

"Oh, yes. There's nothing the matter with Wilkinson's suppers, except the place where he has to give them!"

"Do you mean Archer's?"

"I mean the *place*! How can a man give anything in a place like this?"

"It's a good enough place, if you know

how to take it. You're taking it too hard, my boy,—you're looking thin. Go and eat your own supper! You ought to be a valiant trencher-man at your age!"

"I'm a better waltzer than I am a trencher-man."

"I don't believe you, George. You may be to-night, perhaps. A man's eye don't need to be as bright as yours to enjoy a good supper. It should grow a little tender—soften a little, as his spirit grows compassionate. What's the matter with you, boy? You look as I used to at your age, when I was getting into some awful scrape?"

"Then you'd better keep me out of temptation and go to that supper in my place."

"Look here, George. It *was* a daring thing for me to do!—a man who hasn't waltzed for seven years."

"Seventeen, you mean, Doctor."

The Doctor placidly waved away the interruption.

"I'll tell you how I came to do it. Another man was just going to ask her,—a friend of her brother's. Con ought to be a little more circumspect in his friendships if he's going to turn them all loose upon his sister."

"Well!" Hilgard interrupted impatiently. "Well! I cut him out! Wasn't it well done, at any risk, eh?"

"It was like you, Doctor."

"No, it wasn't at all like me. It might have been like me at your age—but now, look how I'm weakening! I'm rather inclined to take you up in that offer!"

"Of course you are! It's a perfect arrangement: you defeat Conrath's friend, and reward yourself with a good supper."

"I'm afraid you're too anxious about my reward; however, there's a time for all things. You're in the green tree and I'm in the dry. At your age you wouldn't have got such a bargain out of me, though!"

"Come, don't moralize, Doctor. Eleven, sharp, is your hour. It will take you five minutes to put on your overcoat and ten to find your hat."

"Well, good-night, boy. You're making a foolish bargain, but you'll be twenty years finding it out."

"I shall call it a very good bargain if it wears as long as that."

"You'll make my apologies to the young lady, George?"

"Trust me, Doctor! I'll do it as well as you could—at my age."

It is to be feared that Thomas Godfrey's apologies did not long dwell with those two fateful young souls, drifting so near to each other in the smooth involutions of the dance. Nor could the counter-charm of their bald

and boisterous surroundings avail to reverse the spell, when its rhythmic circles were ended.

The candles in tin sconces against the wall burned dim, with long winding-sheets clinging to them. The lamps smoked in the draughts from the windows, let down to renew the morbid air of the room. As the waltz died, with a piercing bravura of the violins, the stage, belated on the pass, drove noisily up to the hotel entrance. Half the people in the room rushed into the office, or crowded around the doors, to witness the disinterment of a file of bewildered passengers from the damp, close interior of the coach.

The cold night air, tainted with a strong smell of spirits, swept into the room with the current of excitement. There were boisterous masculine greetings, loud laughter, and the tramping of feet on the uncarpeted staircase.

Hilgard and Cecil Conrath were together in a corner of the half-deserted room. The violins were tuning, and the heated trumpeters, with their instruments under their arms, were leaning from their chairs on the platform to accept glasses of refreshment handed up to them from below. The young girl's fair hair was slightly disheveled, and the clear, maidenly parting was blurred by the crossing of innumerable shining filaments, catching the light, and making a dim, wavering crest above her head. A jewel fastened in the folds of her dress rose and fell in the light, as the tide of the dance music ebbed in her breast.

"Are these from the aspens that grow in our gulch?" Hilgard asked, looking down at the pale, yellow leaves that trembled at her belt.

"Yes," she said, speaking with little breathless pauses, "I like them better than the homesick-looking flowers the florists sell. Do you enjoy things that seem to find it so hard to live?"

"No, but I respect them," Hilgard replied.

"But we don't wear flowers out of respect for them; and when there are so many painful things in the world,—to have to sympathize with flowers——"

She looked up for encouragement in her generalization.

Hilgard's encouragement took the form of a silent, unsmiling, downward look, and she referred to her aspens again, rather hastily.

"These little leaves keep shivering in their tough coats, but I believe it is a little affection; they are really quite warm." She shivered herself as she spoke.

"Is that a little affection too?" Hilgard asked.

"No, it is only somebody walking over the place where my grave will be."

"Suppose you were destined to a sailor's grave—in the bottom of the sea."

"Then it might be a mermaid's step, you know, or a soft-footed seal." Again she gave a little quick shudder.

"It might be; but it is the wind, from that door. Let me fend it, so, with my shoulder."

She rested a moment against the wall in the shelter of the defensive shoulder.

"What is it the boys say when they play marbles. 'Fend' something?" she asked, with nervous gayety.

"Fend dubs?" Hilgard suggested.

"Is it that? I thought it was something prettier!"

"Marbles was not a euphonious game when I played it."

"What does 'fend dubs' mean?" she persisted.

"I will teach you to play marbles, some time, if you wish to learn," Hilgard said, with a deep, impatient inspiration, "but I think you fend very well."

They both laughed and then were silent, seeming to listen to a mental echo of the laugh, and of their light words. The young girl blushed despairingly at her own childish allusion. It sounded rough and slangy to her, in the reproachful silence. The room filled again, suddenly, and the open door was shut. Hilgard resigned his protective attitude, and moved farther away from her. He felt impatient of the people crowding about them; they were helping to confuse those brief moments that lacked so little of perfection. It was like trying to follow the faint thread of a retreating melody through a maze of distracting sounds.

"I will never permit another aspen to be cut on my side of the gulch." It was all he could think of to say. "They shall be sacred to you, from this evening."

"I wish you would let me tell you," she began with a desperate courage, "how it was I came—how I happened to be at the shaft that morning."

"There was no reason why you shouldn't be there."

"Yes, there was. A mine is private property. I know it was altogether queer. I saw that you thought it was, then."

"I was perfectly delighted."

"But I was not there to delight anybody. I simply thought I was on my brother's ground. I was trying a new horse, and just wandering about anywhere."

"I'm afraid I was rather impertinent. I was surprised, I confess, but it was the most charming surprise a man ever had in his life. Forgive me! What did I say to you that morning? Was I very offensive?"

"You were not quite—not as you are to-night."

"Not quite so offensive as I am to-night?"

"You are making fun of me!" she said, with a grieved upward look.

"I could not possibly make fun of you! But what *can* I say? You would not listen a moment to the things I *want* to say!"

She had been nervously fingering the cluster of aspen leaves at her waist, and now one floated from its broken stem softly to the floor. He stooped for it, and held it as if it were a mutual confidence.

"I wish you would forget that morning," she said. "Make believe it did not happen!"

"If you choose to forget it—especially my part of it—I must not complain. But I'm afraid I cannot spare it, unless you will promise me other mornings or evenings—better ones—to make up for it."

He was unconsciously proving a new range of looks and tones which had been silent, heretofore, in the valiant procession of his years. It was the opening of the *vox humana* in his soul. The young girl listened to the "prelude soft"; she sighed, moving her head back restlessly, and with one hand crushing the limp plaitings of lace closer around her throat.

"There will be no more mornings or evenings," she said. "Everything I do here seems to be a mistake. This evening has been the worst mistake of all."

"I know what you mean. We are none of us living our real lives. But there might be perfect things, here—perfect rides and walks and talks—if one were not always alone, or worse than alone."

"But one always is!"

"But *need* one be? We are neighbors"—

"Yes," she interrupted, "but *what* neighbors! Oh, here is Mrs. Denny! I wondered if we were never going home!"

Mrs. Denny came toward them, between two gentlemen, laughing and shivering in a white cloak. Hilgard felt that the hovering joy of the moment had vanished. His account for the evening was closed, with the memory of her last words clouding his spirit. "What neighbors" they were, indeed!

"Didn't you hear the stage drive up, Cecil? Your brother is in at last. He says I may take you home with me to-night, and he will sleep at the hotel. He is completely done up—hasn't even strength enough left to wonder how you got on without him to-night."

"Where is he?" Miss Conrath asked. "Can't I go to him?"

"He is in bed by this time, my dear. He could scarcely stand on his feet."

"Is he ill?" the girl inquired, anxiously.

"Of course he isn't ill!" Mrs. Denny smiled meaningly at Hilgard behind the young girl's back, and made a little wavering gesture back and forth with her small, wise forefinger. "Can't you imagine what twenty hours in that coach must be?" she added.

"I don't need to imagine—I know!" Cecil said.

"Well then! you cannot wonder he is fit for nothing but his bed!"

At the ladies' entrance—a recent addition to the Colonnade which could not be regarded as a triumph of privacy—Mr. Denny met them, and silently offered his arm to Miss Conrath, as if he had come for that purpose alone. He had spent the evening in a semi-detached state of attendance on his wife, varied by brief distractions of his own. Mrs. Denny gave him a quick, hard glance, when he first presented himself, perhaps to ascertain the nature of these distractions from their effects, but without altering her vivacity of manner.

(To be continued.)

### "DAY UNTO DAY UTTERETH SPEECH."

THE speech that day doth utter, and the night,  
Full oft to mortal ears it hath no sound.  
Dull are our eyes to read, upon the ground,  
What's written there: and stars are hid by light.  
So, when the dark doth fall, awhile our sight  
Kens the unwonted orbs that circle round,  
Then quick in sleep our human sense is bound,—  
Speechless for us the starry heavens and bright.  
But, when the day doth close, there is one word  
That's writ amid the sunset's golden embers,  
And one at morn; by them our minds are stirred:  
Splendor of Dawn—and Evening that remembers,—  
These are the rhymes of God; thus, line on line,  
Our hearts are moved to thoughts that are divine.

R. W. G.

## THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.\*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XXII.

It was generally conceded that nothing could be more agreeable than Mrs. Sylvestre's position and surroundings. Those of her acquaintance who had known her before her marriage, seeking her out, pronounced her more full of charm than ever; those who saw her for the first time could scarcely express with too much warmth their pleasure in her grace, gentleness, and beauty. Her house was only less admired than herself, and Mrs. Merriam, promptly gathering a coterie of old friends about her, established herself most enviably at once. It became known to the world, through the medium of the social columns of the dailies, that Mrs. Sylvestre was at home on Tuesday afternoons, and that she also received her friends each Wednesday evening. On these occasions her parlors were always well filled, and with society so agreeable that it was not long before they were counted among the most attractive social features of the week. Professor Herrick himself appeared on several Wednesdays, and it was gradually remarked that Colonel Tredennis presented himself upon the scene more frequently than their own previous knowledge of his habits would have led the observers to expect. On seeing Mrs. Sylvestre in the midst of her guests and admirers, Miss Jessup was reminded of Madame Récamier and the *salons* of Paris, and wrote almost an entire letter on the subject, which was printed by the "Wabash Times," under the heading of "A Recent Récamier," and described Mrs. Sylvestre's violet eyes, soft voice, and willowy figure, with nothing short of enthusiasm.

Under these honors Mrs. Sylvestre bore herself very calmly. If she had a fault, an impetuous acquaintance once remarked, it was that she was too calm. She found her life even more interesting than she had hoped it would be; there was pleasure in the renewal of old friendships and habits and the formation of new ones, and in time it became less difficult to hold regrets and memories in check with a steady hand. She neither gave herself to retrospection nor to feverish

gayety; she felt she had outlived her need of the latter and her inclination for the former. Without filling her life with excitement, she enjoyed the recreations of each day as they came, and felt no resulting fatigue. When Professor Herrick came to spend an evening hour with her and sat by the fire gently admiring her as he was led on to talk, and also gently admiring Mrs. Merriam, who was in a bright, shrewd humor, she herself was filled with pleasure in them both. She liked their ripeness of thought and their impartial judgment of the life whose prejudices they had outlived. And as genuinely as she liked this she enjoyed Colonel Tredennis, who now and then came too. In the first place, he came because he was asked, but afterward because, at the end of his first visit, he left the house with a sense of being in some vague way the better for it. Agnes's manner toward him had been very kind. She had shown an interest in himself and his pursuits which had somehow beguiled him out of his usual reticence and brought the best of his gifts to the surface, though nothing could have been more unstrained and quiet than the tone of their conversation. He was at no disadvantage when they talked together; he could keep pace with her and understand her gentle thoughts; she did not bewilder him or place him on the defensive. Once, as he looked at her sweet, reposeful face, he remembered what Bertha had said of his ideal woman and the thought rose in his mind that this was she—fair, feminine, full of all tender sympathy and kindly thought; not ignorant of the world nor bitter against it, only bearing no stain of it upon her. "All women should be so," he thought, sadly. And Agnes saw the shadow fall upon his face, and wondered what he was thinking of.

She began to speak to him of Bertha soon afterward, and, perhaps, if the whole truth were told, it was while she so spoke that he felt her grace and sweetness most movingly. The figure her words brought before him was the innocent one he loved, the one he only saw in memory and dreams, and whose eyes followed him with an appeal which was sad

truth itself. At first Agnes spoke of the time when they had been girls together, making their *entrée* into society, with others as young and untried as themselves—Bertha the happiest and brightest of them all.

"She was always a success," she said. "She had that quality. One don't know how to analyze it. People remembered her and were attracted, and she never made them angry or envious. Men who had been in love with her remained her friends. It was because she was so true to them. She was always a true friend."

She remembered so many incidents of those early days, and in her relation of them Bertha appeared again and again the same graceful, touching young presence, always generous and impetuous, ready of wit, bright of spirit, and tender of heart.

"We all loved her," said Agnes. "She was worth loving; and she is not changed."

"Not changed," said Tredennis, involuntarily.

"Did you think her so?" she asked gently.

"Sometimes," he answered, looking down. "I am not sure that I know her very well."

But he knew that he took comfort with him when he went away, and that he was full of heartfelt gratitude to the woman who had defended him against himself. When he sat among his books that night his mind was calmer than it had been for many a day, and he felt his loneliness less. What wonder that he went to the house again and again, and oftener to spend a quiet hour than when others were there. When his burdens weighed most heavily upon him, and his skies looked darkest, Agnes Sylvestre rarely failed to give him help. When he noted her thoughtfulness for others, he did not know what method there was in her thoughtfulness for himself, and with what skillful tact and delicate care she chose the words in which she spoke to him of Bertha; he only felt that, after she had talked to him, the shadow which was his companion was less a shadow, and more a fair truth to be believed in and to draw faith and courage from.

The Professor, who met him once or twice during his informal calls, spoke of the fact to Arbuthnot with evident pleasure.

"He was at his best," he said, "and I have noticed that it is always so when he is there. The truth is, it would be impossible to resist the influence of that beautiful young woman."

His acquaintance with Mr. Arbuthnot had taken upon itself something of the character of an intimacy. They saw each other almost daily. The Professor had indeed made many

discoveries concerning the younger man, but none which caused him to like him less. He had got over his first inclination toward surprise at finding they had many things in common, having early composed himself to meet with calmness any source of momentary wonder which might present itself, deciding at length that he himself was either younger or his new acquaintance older than he had imagined, without making the matter an affair of years. The two fell into a comfortable habit of discussing the problems of the day, and, though their methods were entirely different, and Arbuthnot was, at the outset, much given to a light treatment of argument, they always understood each other in the end, and were drawn a trifle nearer by the debate. It was actually discovered that Laurence had gone so far as to initiate the unwary Professor into the evil practice of smoking, having gradually seduced him by the insidious temptings of the most delicate cigars. The discussions, it was observed, were always more enjoyable when the Professor, having his easy-chair placed in exactly the right position with regard to light and fire, found himself with his cigar in hand, carefully smoking it and making the most of its aroma. His tranquil enjoyment of and respect for the rite were agreeable things to see.

"It soothes me," he would say to Arbuthnot. "It even inspires and elevates me. I feel as if I had discovered a new sense. I am really quite grateful."

It was Arbuthnot who generally arranged his easy-chair, showing a remarkable instinct in the matter of knowing exactly what was necessary to comfort. Among his discoveries concerning him the Professor counted this one that he had in such things the silent quickness of perception and deft-handedness of a woman, and perhaps it had at first surprised him more than all else.

It may have been for some private reason of his own that the Professor occasionally gave to the conversation a lighter tone, even giving a friendly and discursive attention to social topics, and showing an interest in the doings of pleasure-lovers and the butterfly of fashion. At such times Arbuthnot noticed that, beginning with a reception at the British Embassy, they not unfrequently ended with Bertha; or, opening with the last dinner at the White House, closed with Richard and the weekly "evenings" adorned by the presence of Senator Plainfield and his colleague. So it was perfectly natural that they should not neglect Mrs. Sylvestre, to whom the Professor had taken a great fancy, and whose progress he watched with much interest. He frequently spoke of her to Arbuth-

not, dwelling upon the charm which made her what she was, and analyzing it and its influence upon others. It appeared to have specially impressed itself upon him on the occasion of his seeing Tredennis, and, having said that it would be impossible to resist this "beautiful young woman,"—as he had fallen into the unconscious habit of calling her—he went on to discourse further.

"She is too tranquil to make any apparent effort," he said. "And yet the coldest and most reserved person must be warmed and moved by her. You have seen that—though you are neither the most reserved nor the coldest."

Arbuthnot was smoking the most perfectly flavored of cigars, and giving a good deal of delicate attention to it. At this he took it from his mouth, looked at the end, and removed the ash with a touch of his finger, in doing which he naturally kept his eyes upon the cigar and not upon the Professor.

"Yes," he said, "I have recognized it, of course."

"You see her rather often, I think?" said the Professor.

"I am happy to be permitted that privilege," was the answer; "though I am aware I am indebted for it far more to Mrs. Amory than to my own fascinations—numberless and powerful though they may be."

"It is a privilege," said the Professor, "but it is more of one to Philip than to you—even more of one than he knows. He needs what such a woman might give him."

"Does he?" said Arbuthnot. "Might I ask what that is?"

And he was angry with himself because he did not say it with more ease and less of a sense of unreasonable irritation. The Professor seemed to forget his cigar, he held it in the hand which rested on his chair-arm, and neglected it while he gave himself up to thought.

"He has changed very much during the past year," he said. "In the last few months I have noticed it specially. I miss something from his manner, and he looks fagged and worn. It has struck me that he rather needs an interest, and feels his loneliness without being conscious that he does so. After all, it is only natural. A man who leads an isolated life inevitably reaches a period when his isolation wearies him, and he broods over it a little."

"And you think," said Arbuthnot, "that Mrs. Sylvestre might supply the interest?"

"Don't you think so yourself?" suggested the Professor, mildly.

"Oh," said Laurence, "I think the man would be hard to please who did not find she

could supply him with anything and everything."

And he laughed and made a few rings of smoke, watching them float upward toward the ceiling.

"He would have a great deal to bring her," said the Professor, speaking for the moment rather as if to himself than to any audience. "And she would have a great deal in return for what she could bestow. He has always been what he is to-day, and only such a man is worthy of her. No man who had trifled with himself and his past could offer what is due to her."

"That is true," said Laurence.

He made more rings of smoke and blew them away.

"As for Tredennis," he said with a deliberateness he felt necessary to his outward composure, "his advantage is that he does not exactly belong to the nineteenth century. He has no place in parlors; when he enters one without the least pretension or consciousness of himself, he towers over the rest of us with a gigantic modesty it is useless to endeavor to bear up against. He ought to wear a red cross, and carry a battle-ax, and go on a crusade, or right the wrongs of the weak by unhorsing the oppressor in single combat. He might found a Round Table. His crush hat should be a helmet, and he should appear in armor."

The Professor smiled.

"That is a very nice figure," he said, "though you don't treat it respectfully. It pleases my fancy."

Arbuthnot laughed again, not the gayest laugh possible.

"It is he who is a nice figure," he returned. "And though he little suspects it, he is the one most admired of women. He could win anything he wanted and would deserve all he won. Oh, I'm respectful enough. I'm obliged to be. There's the rub!"

"Is it a rub?" asked the Professor, a little disturbed by an illogical fancy which at the moment presented itself without a shadow of warning.

"You don't want the kind of thing he might care for."

This time Laurence's laugh had recovered its usual delightful tone. He got up and went to the mantel for a match to light a new cigar.

"I!" he said. "I want nothing but the assurance that I shall be permitted to retain my position in the Treasury until I don't need it. It is a modest ambition, isn't it? and yet I am afraid it will be thwarted. And then—in the next administration, perhaps—

I shall be seedy and out at elbows, and Mrs. Amory won't like to invite me to her Thursday evenings, because she will know it will make me uncomfortable, and then—then I shall disappear."

"Something has disturbed you," commented the Professor, rather seriously. "You are talking nonsense."

And as he said it, the thought occurred to him that he had heard more of that kind of nonsense than usual of late, and that the fact was likely to be of some significance. "It is the old story," he thought, "and it is beginning to wear upon him until he does not control himself quite so completely as he did at first. That is natural too. Perhaps Bertha herself has been a little cruel to him in her woman's way. She has not been bearing it so well either."

"My dear Professor," said Laurence, "everything is relative, and what you call nonsense I regard as my most successful conversational efforts. I could not wield Excalibur. Don't expect it of me, I beg you."

If he had made an effort to evade any further discussion of Mrs. Sylvestre and the possibilities of her future, he had not failed in it. They talked of her no more—in fact, they talked very little at all. A shade had fallen upon the Professor's face and did not pass away. He lighted his cigar again, but scarcely seemed to enjoy finishing it. If Arbuthnot had been in as alert a mental condition as usual, his attention would have been attracted by the anxious thoughtfulness of his old friend's manner; but he himself was preoccupied and rather glad of the opportunity to be silent. When the cigars were finished and he was on the point of taking his departure, the Professor seemed to rouse himself as if from a reverie.

"That modest ambition of yours —" he began slowly.

"Thank you for thinking of it," said Arbuthnot, as he paused.

"It interests me," replied the Professor, "You are continually finding something to interest me. There is no reason why it should be thwarted, you know."

"I wish I did," returned Laurence. "But I don't, you see. They are shaky pieces of architecture, those Government buildings. The foundation-stones are changed too often to insure a sense of security to the occupants. No; my trouble is that I don't know."

"You have a great many friends," said the Professor.

"I have a sufficient number of invitations to make myself generally useful," said Laurence, "and of course they imply an appreciation of my social gifts which gratifies me;

but a great deal depends on a man's wardrobe. I might as well be without talents as minus a dress-coat. It interests me sometimes to recognize a brother in the 'song and dance artist' who is open to engagements. I, my dear Professor, am the 'song and dance artist.' When I am agile and in good voice, I am recalled; but they would not want me if I were hoarse and out of spirits, and had no spangles."

"You might get something better than you have," said the Professor, reflectively. "You ought to get something better."

To whom shall I apply?" said Laurence. "Do you think the President would receive me to-morrow? Perhaps he has already mentioned his anxiety to see me." Then, his manner changing, he added, with some hurry: "You are very good, but I think it is no use. The mistake was in letting myself drift as I did. It would not have happened if—I hadn't been a fool. It was my own fault. Thank you! Don't think of me. It wouldn't pay me to do it myself, and you may be sure it would not pay you."

And he shook the Professor's hand and left him.

He was not in the best of humors when he reached the street, and was obliged to acknowledge that of late the experience had not been as rare a one as discretion should have made it. His equitable enjoyment of his irresponsible existence had not held its own entirely this winter. It had been disturbed by irrational moods and touches of irritability. He had broken, in spite of himself, the strict rules he had laid down against introspection and retrospection; he had found himself deviating in the direction of shadowy regrets and discontents. And this in the face of the fact that no previous season had presented to him greater opportunities for enjoyment than this one. Certainly he counted as the most enviable of his privileges those bestowed upon him by the inmates of the new establishment in Lafayette Place. His intimacy with the Amorys had placed him upon a more familiar footing than he could have hoped to attain under ordinary circumstances, and, this much gained, his social gifts and appreciation of the favor shown him did the rest.

"Your Mr. Arbuthnot," remarked Mrs. Merriam, after having conversed with him once or twice, "or, I suppose, I ought rather to say little Mrs. Amory's Mr. Arbuthnot, is a wonderfully suitable person."

"Suitable?" repeated Agnes. "For what?"

"For anything—for everything. He would never be out of place, and his civility is absolute genius."

Mrs. Sylvestre's smile was for her relative's originality of statement, and apparently bore not the slightest reference to Mr. Arbuthnot himself.

"People are never entirely impersonal," Mrs. Merriam went on. "But an appearance of being so may be cultivated, as this gentleman has cultivated his, until it is almost perfection. He never projects himself into the future. When he picks up your handkerchief, he does not appear to be thinking how you will estimate his civility; he simply restores you an article you would miss. He does nothing with an air, and he never forgets things. Perhaps the best part of his secret is that he never forgets himself."

"I am afraid he must find that rather tiresome," Agnes remarked.

"My dear," said Mrs. Merriam, "no one could forget herself less often than you do. That is the secret of your repose of manner. Privately you are always on guard, and your unconsciousness of the fact arises from the innocence of youth. You are younger than you think."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Sylvestre, rising and crossing the room to move a yellow vase on the top of a cabinet, "don't make me begin life over again."

"You have reached the second stage of existence," said the older woman; her bright eyes sparkling. "There are three: the first when one believes everything is white; the second when one is sure everything is black; the third when one knows that the majority of things are simply gray."

"If I were called upon to find a color for your favorite," said Agnes, bestowing a soft, abstracted smile on the yellow vase. "I think I should choose gray. He is certainly neutral."

"He is a very good color," replied Mrs. Merriam; "the best of colors. He matches everything—one's tempers, one's moods, one's circumstances. He is a very excellent color, indeed."

"Yes?" said Agnes, quietly.

And she carried her vase to another part of the room, and set it on a little ebony stand.

It had become an understood thing, indeed, that her relative found Laurence Arbuthnot entertaining, and was disposed to be very gracious toward him. On his part, he found her the cleverest and most piquant of elderly personages. When he entered the room where she sat it was her habit to make a place for him at her own side, and to enjoy a little agreeable gossip with him before letting him go. After they had had a few such conversations together, Arbuthnot began to discover that his replies to her references to

himself and his past had not been so entirely marked by reticence as he had imagined when he had made them. His friend had a talent for putting the most adroit leading questions, which did not betray their significance upon the surface; and once or twice, after answering such a one, he had seen a look in her sparkling old eyes which led him to ponder over his own words as well as hers. Still she was always astute and vivacious, and endowed him for the time being with a delightful sense of being at his best, for which he was experienced enough to be grateful. He had also sufficient experience to render him alive to the fact that he preferred to be at his best when it was his good fortune to adorn this particular drawing-room with his presence. He knew before long that when he had made a speech upon which he privately prided himself, after the manner of weak humanity, he found it agreeable to be flattered by the consciousness that Mrs. Sylvestre's passion-flower colored eyes were resting upon him with that delicious suggestion of reflection. He was not rendered happier by the knowledge of this susceptibility, but he was obliged to admit its existence in himself. Few men of his years were as little prone to such natural weaknesses, and he had not attained his somewhat abnormal state of composure without paying its price. And yet he had begun life with a large enough capital of fancy and emotion. Perhaps the capital had been too large.

"If one has less, one is apt to be more economical," Bertha had heard him remark, "and at least retain a small annuity to exist upon in one's maturer years. I did not retain such an annuity."

Certainly there was one period of his life upon which he never looked back without a shudder; and this being the case, he had taught himself, as time passed, not to look back upon it at all. He had also taught himself not to look forward, finding the one almost as bad as the other. As Bertha had said, he was not fond of affairs, and even his enemies were obliged to admit that he was ordinarily too discreet or too cold to engage in the most trivial of such agreeable entanglements.

"If I pick up a red-hot coal," he said, "I shall burn my fingers, even if I throw it away quickly. Why should a man expose himself to the chance of being obliged to bear a blister about with him for a day or so? If I may be permitted, I prefer to stand before the fire and enjoy an agreeable warmth without personal interference with the blaze."

Nothing could have been farther from his intentions than interference with the blaze,

where Mrs. Sylvestre was concerned; though he had congratulated himself upon the glow her grace and beauty diffused, certainly no folly could have been nearer akin to madness than such folly, if he had been sufficiently unsophisticated to indulge in it. And he was not unsophisticated—few men were less so. His perfect and just appreciation of his position bounded him on every side, and it would have been impossible for him to lose sight of it. He had never blamed any one but himself for the fact that he had accomplished nothing particular in life, and had no prospect of accomplishing anything. It had been his own fault, he had always said; if he had been a better and stronger fellow, he would not have been beaten down by one blow, however sharp and heavy. He had given up because he chose to give up and let himself drift. His life since then had been agreeable enough; he had had his moments of action and reaction, he had laughed one day and felt a little glum the next, and had let one mood pay for the next, and trained himself to expect nothing better. He had not had any inclination for marriage, and had indeed frequently imagined that he had a strong disinclination for it; his position in the Amory household had given him an abiding-place, which was like having a home without bearing the responsibility of such an incumbrance.

"I regard myself," Bertha sometimes said to him, "as having being a positive boon to you. If I had not been so good to you, there would have been moments when you would have almost wished you were married. And if you had had such moments, the day of your security would have been at an end."

"Perfectly true," he invariably responded, "and I am grateful accordingly."

He began to think of this refuge of his, after he had walked a few minutes. He became conscious that, the longer he was alone with himself, the less agreeable he found the situation. There was a sentence of the Professor's which repeated itself again and again, and made him feel restive; somehow, he could not rid himself of the memory of it.

"No man who had trifled with himself and his past could offer what is due to her." It was a simple enough truth, and he found nothing in it to complain of; but it was not an exhilarating thing to dwell upon and be haunted by.

He stopped suddenly in the street and threw his cigar away. A half laugh broke from him.

"I am resenting it," he said. "It is making me as uncomfortable as if I was a human being, instead of a mechanical invention in

the employ of the Government. My works are getting out of order. I will go and see Mrs. Amory; she will give me something to think of. She always does."

A few minutes later he entered the familiar parlor. The first object which met his eye was the figure of Bertha, and, as he had anticipated would be the case, she gave him something to think of. But it was not exactly the kind of thing he had hoped for, though it was something, it is true, which he had found himself confronted with once or twice before. It was something in herself, which on his first sight of her presented itself to him so forcibly that it gave him something very near a shock.

He had evidently broken in upon some moment of absorbed thought. She was standing near the mantel, her hands clasped behind her head, her eyes seeming fixed on space. The strangeness of her attitude struck him first, and then the unusualness of her dress, whose straight, long lines of unadorned black revealed, as he had never seen it revealed before, the change which had taken place in her.

She dropped her hands when she saw him, but did not move toward him.

"Did you meet Richard?" she said.

"No," he replied. "Did he want to see me?"

"He said something of the kind, though I am not quite sure what it was."

Their eyes rested on each other as he approached her. In the questioning of hers there was a touch of defiance, but he knew its meaning too well to be daunted by it.

"I would not advise you to wear that dress again," he said.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Go to the mirror and look at yourself," he said.

She turned, walked across the room with a slow, careless step, as if the effort was scarcely worth while. There was an antique mirror on the wall, and she stopped before it and looked herself over.

"It isn't wise, is it?" she said. "It makes me look like a ghost. No it doesn't make me look like one; it simply shows me as I am. It couldn't be said of me just now that I am at my best, could it?"

Then she turned around.

"I don't seem to care!" she said. "Don't I care? That would be a bad sign in me, wouldn't it?"

"I should consider it one," he answered. "It is only in novels that people can afford not to care. You cannot afford it. Don't wear a dress again which calls attention to the fact that you are so ill and worn as to

seem only a shadow of yourself. It *isn't* wise."

"Why should one object to being ill?" she said. "It is not such a bad idea to be something of an invalid, after all; it insures one a great many privileges. It is not demanded of invalids that they shall always be brilliant. They are permitted to be pale, and silent and heavy-eyed, and lapses are not treasured up against them." She paused an instant. "When one is ill," she said, "nothing one does or leaves undone is of any special significance. It is like having a holiday."

"Do you want to take such a holiday?" he asked. "Do you need it?"

She stood quite still a moment, and he knew she did it because she wished to steady her voice.

"Sometimes," she said at last, "I think I do."

Since he had first known her there had been many times when she had touched him without being in the least conscious that she did so. He had often found her laughter as pathetic as other people's tears, even while he had joined in it himself. Perhaps there was something in his own mood which made her seem in those few words more touching than she had ever been before.

"Suppose you begin to take it now," he said, "while I am with you."

She paused a few seconds again before answering. Then she looked up.

"When people ask you how I am," she said, "you might tell them that I am not very well, that I have not been well for some time, and that I am not getting better."

"Are you getting—worse?" he asked.

Her reply—if reply it was—was a singular one. She pushed the sleeve of her black dress a little away from her wrist, and stood looking down at it without speaking. There were no bangles on the wrist this morning, and without these adornments its slenderness seemed startling. The small, delicate bones marked themselves, and every blue vein was traceable.

Neither of them spoke, and in a moment she drew the sleeve down again, and went back to her place by the fire. To tell the truth, Arbutnot could not have spoken at first. It was she who at length broke the silence, turning to look at him as he sat in the seat he had taken, his head supported by his hand.

"Will you tell me," she said, "what has hurt *you*?"

"Why should you ask that?" he said.

"I should be very blind and careless of you if I had not seen that something had happened to you," she answered. "You are

always caring for me, and—understanding me. It is only natural that I should have learned to understand you a little. This has not been a good winter for you. What is it, Larry?"

"I wish it was something interesting," he answered, "but it is not. It is the old story. I am out of humor. I'm dissatisfied. I have been guilty of the folly of not enjoying myself on one or two occasions, and the consciousness of it irritates me."

"It is always indiscreet not to enjoy oneself," she said.

And then there was silence for a moment, while she looked at him again.

Suddenly she broke into a laugh—a laugh almost hard in its tone. He glanced up to see what it meant.

"Do you want to know what makes me laugh?" she said. "I am thinking how like all this is to an old-fashioned tragedy, where all the *dramatis personæ* are disposed of in the last act. We go over one by one, don't we? Soon there will be no one left to tell the tale. Even Colonel Tredennis and Richard show signs of their approaching doom. And you—some one has shown you your dagger, I think, and you know you cannot escape it."

"I am the ghost," he answered; "the ghost who was disposed of before the tragedy began, and whose business it is to haunt the earth, and remind the rest of you that once I had blood in my veins too."

He broke off suddenly and left his seat. The expression of his face had altogether changed.

"We always talk in this strain," he exclaimed. "We are always jeering! Is there anything on earth—any suffering or human feeling, we could treat seriously? If there is, for God's sake let us speak of it just for one hour."

She fixed her eyes on him, and there was a sad little smile in their depths.

"Yes, you have seen your dagger," she said. "You have seen it. Poor Larry! Poor Larry!"

She turned away and sat down, clasping her hands on her knee, and he saw that suddenly her lashes were wet, and thought that it was very like her that, though she had had no tears for herself, she had them for him.

"Don't be afraid that I will ask you any questions," she said. "I won't. You never asked me any. Perhaps words would not do you any good."

"Nothing would do me any good just now," he answered. "Let it go at that. It mayn't be as bad as it seems just for the moment—such things seldom are. If it gets really

worse, I suppose I shall find myself coming to you some day to make my plaint; but it's very good in you to look at me like that. And I was a fool to fancy I wanted to be serious. I don't, on the whole."

"No, you were not a fool," she said. "There is no reason why you should not be what you want. Laurence," with something like sudden determination in her tone, "there is something I want to say to you."

"What is it?" he asked.

"I have got into a bad habit lately," she said, "a bad habit of thinking. When I lie awake at night——"

"Do you lie awake at night?" he interrupted.

She turned her face a little away, as if she did not wish to meet his inquiring gaze.

"Yes," she answered, after a pause. "I suppose it is because of this—habit. I can't help it—but it doesn't matter."

"Oh," he exclaimed, "it does matter! You can't stand it."

"Is there anything people 'cannot stand?' " she said. "If there is, I should like to try it."

"You may well look as you do," he said.

"Yes, I may well," she answered. "And it is the result of the evil practice of thinking. When once you begin, it is not easy to stop. And I think you have begun."

"I shall endeavor to get over it," he replied.

"No," she said, "don't!"

She rose from her seat and stood up before him, trembling, and with two large tears fallen upon her cheeks.

"Larry," she said, "that is what I wanted to say—that is what I have been thinking of. I shall not say it well, because we have laughed at each other so long that it is not easy to speak of anything seriously; but I must try. See! I am tired of laughing. I have come to the time when there seems to be nothing left but tears—and there is no help; but you are different, and if you are tired too, and if there is anything you want, even if you could not be sure of having it, it would be better to be trying to earn it—and to be worthy of it."

He rested his forehead on his hands, and kept his eyes fixed on the carpet.

"That is a very exalted way of looking at things," he said, in a low voice. "I am afraid I am not equal to it."

"In the long nights, when I have lain awake and thought so," she went on, "I have seemed to find out that—there were things worth altering all one's life for. I did not want to believe in them at first, but now it is different with me. I could not say so to any

one but you—and perhaps not to you tomorrow or the day after—and you will hear me laugh and jeer many a time again. That is my fate—but it need not be yours. Your life is your own. If mine were my own—oh, if mine were my own!" She checked the passionate exclamation with an effort. "When one's life belongs to oneself," she added, "one can do almost anything with it!"

"I have not found it so!" he replied.

"You have never tried," she said. "One does not think of these things until the day comes when there is a reason—a reason for everything—for pain and gladness, for hope and despair, for the longing to be better and the struggle against being worse. Oh! how can one give up when there is such a reason, and one's life is in one's own hands. I am saying it very badly, Larry, I know that. Agnes Sylvestre could say it better, though she could not mean it more."

"She would not take the trouble to say it at all," he said.

Bertha drew back a pace with an involuntary movement. The repressed ring of bitterness in the words had said a great deal.

"Is it——?" she exclaimed involuntarily as she had moved and then stopped. "I said I would not ask questions," she added, and clasped her hands behind her back, standing quite still in an attitude curiously expressive of agitation and suspense.

"What!" he said, "have I told you? I was afraid I should. Yes, it is Mrs. Sylvestre who has disturbed me—it is Mrs. Sylvestre who has stirred the calm of ages."

She was silent a second, and when she spoke her eyes looked very large and bright.

"I suppose," she said slowly, "that it is very womanish in me—that I should almost wish it had been some else."

"Why?" he asked.

"You *all* have been moved by Mrs. Sylvestre," she replied, more slowly than before—"all of you."

"How many of us are there?" he inquired.

"Colonel Tredennis has been moved too," she said. "Not long before you came in, he paid me a brief visit. He does not come often now, and his visits are usually for Janey, and not for me. I displeased him the night he went with me to the reception of the Secretary of State and he has not been able to resign himself to seeing me often; but this evening he came in, and we talked of Mrs. Sylvestre. He had been calling upon her, and her perfections were fresh in his memory. He finds her beautiful and generous and sincere; she is not frivolous or capricious. I think that was what I gathered

from the few remarks he made. I asked him questions—you see, I wanted to know. And she has this advantage—she has all the virtues which the rest of us have not.”

“You are very hard on Tredennis sometimes,” he said, answering in this vague way the look on her face which he knew needed answer.

“Sometimes,” she said—“sometimes he is hard on me.”

“He has not been easy on *me* to-day,” he returned.

“Poor Larry!” she said again. “Poor Larry!”

He smiled a little.

“You see what chance I should be likely to have against such a rival,” he said. “I wonder if it ought to be a consolation to me to reflect that my position is such that it cannot be affected by rivals. If I had the field to myself, I should stand exactly where I do at this moment. It saves me from the risk of suffering, don’t you see? I know my place too well to allow myself to reach that point. I am uncomfortable only because circumstances have placed it before me in a strong light, and I don’t like to look at it.”

“What is your place?” she asked.

“It is in the Treasury,” he replied. “The salary is not large. I am slightly in debt—to my tailor and hosier, who are, however, patient, because they think I am to be relied on through this administration.”

“I wish I knew what to say to you!” she exclaimed. “I wish I knew!”

“I wish you did,” he answered. “You have said all you could. I wish I believed what you say. It would be more dignified than to be simply out of humor with oneself, and resentful.”

“Larry,” she said gently. “I believe you are something more.”

“No! no! Nothing more!” he exclaimed. “Nothing more, for heaven’s sake!” And he made a quick gesture, as if he was intolerant

of the thought, and would like to move it away. So they said no more on this subject, and began soon after to talk about Richard.

“What did you mean,” Arbuthnot asked, “by saying that Richard showed signs of his approaching doom? Isn’t he in good spirits?”

“It seems incredible,” she answered, “that Richard should not be in good spirits, but it has actually seemed to me lately that he was not. The Westoria lands appear to have worried him.”

“The Westoria lands,” he repeated, slowly.

“He has interested himself in them too much,” she said. “Things don’t go as easily as he imagined they would, and it annoys him. To-day——”

“What happened to-day?” Laurence asked, as she stopped.

“It was not very much,” she said; “but it was unlike him. He was a little angry.”

“With whom?”

“With me, I think. Lately I have thought I would like to go abroad, and I have spoken of it to him once or twice, and he has rather put it off; and to-day I wanted to speak of it again, and it seemed the wrong time, somehow, and he was a trifle irritable about it. He has not always been quite himself this winter, but he has never been irritable with me. That isn’t like him, you know.”

“No, it isn’t like him,” was Laurence’s comment.

Afterward, when he was going away, he asked her a question:

“Do you wish very much to go abroad?” he said.

“Yes,” she answered.

“You think the change would do you good?”

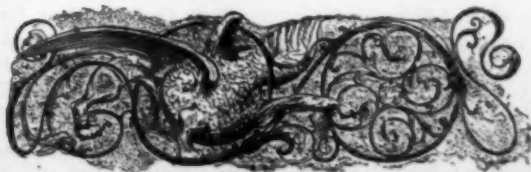
“Change often does one good,” she replied. “I should like to try it.”

“I should like to try it myself,” he said.

“Go if you can, though no one will miss you more than I shall.”

And, having said it, he took his departure.

(To be continued.)





### IS THE JURY SYSTEM A FAILURE?

AN elderly merchant from Eastern lands was making his first journey in the United States, in company with a New York banker, through one of the richest sections of our country. He admired our large cities, our mountains, our great lakes and rivers, and our forests, which were then in the full splendor of their autumnal colors. He spoke of his surprise at the marvelous energy with which this American race had conquered a wilderness and developed the resources of a continent. He asked all manner of questions about our commerce, our railways, our schools, and our politics. At last he spoke of our courts. He said that if in his own country the people could only have pure courts, where they could get justice surely and speedily, they would, he thought, soon enter on a new and prosperous existence. The American, in answer to the questions that were put to him, explained our judicial machinery, and especially the system of jury trials, under which, as he told his guest, the people themselves took part in the administration of justice, and causes were decided by the verdict of twelve ordinary citizens, under the supervision of a judge, from whom they received their instructions on the points of law arising in the case before them.

"And these twelve citizens," said the merchant, "how are they selected? They are chosen, I suppose, by a vote of the people. That is, I am told, the distinguishing feature of democracy."

"No," said the banker, "they are not chosen by a vote of the people."

"Then are they selected by the judge for their wisdom, or for the experience they have had in the hearing of causes?"

"No, they are not selected for their wisdom, or for their experience."

"Then, how is it decided who these twelve men are to be?"

"These twelve jurymen," said the American, "are chosen by lot. We place a large number of names in a box, draw out the names of twelve men at random, and these twelve men form the jury who hear the cause."

"That is most singular," said the merchant.

"In my own country, indeed, our games are many of them games of chance, as it is with all highly enlightened peoples. So it is, I know, with yourselves. You Americans, in play, use cards and dice. Some of your ambassadors at the royal courts of Europe have taught us much that we never knew about cards. But in my own land we do not use the processes of gambling in the daily working of our government. We do not choose our public servants by drawing lots or throwing dice. We make an attempt, in theory at least, to select our officials because they have skill and experience in public affairs. I do not mean that we often succeed in putting our theory in practice."

He paused for a moment.

"You surprise me greatly," he continued. "But when you have once chosen your jurymen, no doubt they soon get a large experience, and in time they must become very useful public servants."

"Why, no," said the American, "I cannot say that they do. We do not keep the same jurymen long in our judicial service. In fact we draw a new set of jurymen for each cause. The same man may by chance serve on a jury two or three times in the course of a year—hardly oftener than that."

"You are, indeed, a wonderful people! But do you choose all your public officers by lot?"

"It has been suggested that we should do so; but as yet, we use that method only for our juries."

"And with your other public servants—do you choose new men each day?"

"Oh, no! Our jurors are the only ones of our public servants whom we change as often as that. Our President, for instance, who is the Commander of our Army and of our Navy, and the head of our diplomatic service, who is, in short, the chief executive officer of the whole nation, we keep in office for four years."

The Oriental for some time seemed wrapped in deep thought, and, with a smile on his face, again began his questions.

"Tell me," he said, "the engineer on our

railway train,—is he, too, a new man? Is this the first time he has ever driven a locomotive?"

"By no means," said the American. "This engineer is a man of experience. As I happen to know, he has been in the employ of this railroad company for twenty-five years."

"I am heartily glad to know that. I feared it might be your custom to do with your engineers as you do with your jurymen, and take a new engineer on each train. But as a rule, how often do you discharge them and put new men in their places?"

"My dear friend," said the American, "you do not understand us. It is only in our government that we keep continually changing our servants. You could never carry on a railway on such a system as that. It takes eight or ten years for a man to learn how to manage a steam-engine. It would never do to put a locomotive in the hands of a man with no experience."

"So I should suppose. Otherwise you would soon have neither railway trains nor passengers. And these magnificent mills that I see on every side, they are operated, I imagine, by men who are trained for their work, and follow one calling all their lives, are they not?"

"Certainly: in mills you must have skilled labor. No mill-owner would trust his costly machinery to ignorant workmen. We manage our mills as we do our railroads."

"And in your mills you do not select your operatives or your superintendents by drawing lots?"

"Certainly not."

"It is then only in your government affairs that you use ignorant men for doing your work, and it is there alone that you choose your servants by lot?" He paused a few moments, and resumed: "Your people must have a wonderful genius for government, or, it may be, for getting on without any government. How long with you does it take a man to learn to make a shoe?"

"That I cannot tell you precisely; but I should suppose that a man of ordinary intelligence might learn how to make a tolerably good shoe in four or five years, if he began to learn the trade when he was young. If he waited till he were old, he would never become a really skillful workman. His hands and fingers would be stiff and awkward."

"Or to be an accountant, to keep the accounts of your bank, for instance,—how long would it take a man to fit himself for that?"

"My dear sir, the man who has the charge of the accounts of my bank has been in the employ of our house for forty-five years. He grew up with us from a boy. He is familiar

with all the details of our business through all its branches. He knows the whole history of each one of our transactions more thoroughly than I do myself. I could easily get another accountant as skillful as he is, but no other man has his knowledge of our affairs. That is what makes his value to me. And it has taken him forty-five years in our service to learn what he now knows. But you ask me how long it takes to become an accountant. I should say that in two or three years a man might gain skill enough to keep the books of an ordinary retail house, if he were intelligent, and, as we say, quick at figures."

"Allah be praised! But you are a wonderful people! In our wildest and most fanciful romances I have never read anything that equals what you now tell me. You say it takes a man five years to learn to make a good shoe, and two or three years to become an accountant. And at the head of your government affairs once in four years you place a man who has had no experience at his work, and in your courts to administer justice you have new men each day, and choose them by lot. You are indeed a most wonderful people. And is this what you call democracy?"

"It would seem that it must be," said the American. "I do not know that I have ever before tried to think what democracy really was. But this would seem to be one of its features as we practice it."

The aged Oriental kept silence for a time, and at last his thoughts found vent in the pious ejaculation: "Allah be praised! There is one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" And that was, as is easily seen, the only strictly logical conclusion which he could reach from his premises.

This may sound like an attempt at burlesque; but it is not. However we may theorize on the matter, as a fact the distinctive features of our jury system are precisely these: that we take men to sit as judges in our courts who have neither training nor experience for their work; we take new men each day; and we select them by lot.

Can this be wise? It is a method which we use nowhere but in our public service. Throughout all other human affairs, if we wish work of any kind done well, we use men of skill and training. Everywhere but in our public service a man must learn his trade, as the phrase is, must learn how to do his one kind of work, whether it be hard or easy, whether it be ditching, or coal-mining, or building iron steam-ships. But when we come to the management of the state affairs of a great people, we seem to think that training is of no value. And in the administration of justice we go to the extreme length of taking

new men to decide each new cause, and choosing them by lot. Can it be that government work is the one kind of work in the world that men can do well without first learning how?

Thoughtful persons are beginning to have their doubts on this question, or, rather, they are beginning to end their doubts. It is true that, in times past, many able men have been of the opinion that the jury system, as a part of the working machinery for the administration of justice, was well fitted to its uses. But public opinion on that point is changing. The men who still have faith in the jury system are mostly theorists, men who do not know its real workings. The men who really see its workings know its faults. And, of all men, those who think worst of it are jurymen themselves. They are the men who best know what it is. I have often heard opinions as to the methods of juries given by men who have served in the jury-box, and never once a favorable one. Always they have said that they would never wish a cause of their own, if it were a just one, to be tried before a jury.

The whole question is a practical one. Men say that, theoretically, the jury system may not be perfect, but that "it works well." This is the whole point. I maintain that the jury system does not "work well," if words are to have their true meaning. When we say that a system works well, we mean, or we ought to mean, not that we have thus far been able to endure it, but that it is the best thing we can get for its purpose. Now our present jury system "works well" in the same way that a cart without springs works well. We can, indeed, use it to transport hay and cord-wood. It is even possible to make a journey with it, and perhaps bring our bones unbroken to the journey's end. A cart without springs is an improvement on a sledge without wheels. But how does it compare with this thing which we call a steam railway train?

The question is not one to be decided hastily, or from only one point of view. Many men, who are quite convinced that the jury is not a perfect tribunal for getting wise decrees, yet have a doubt whether we can devise anything better to take its place. Others who think that we may possibly frame something better than our jury system, looking at it merely as a part of the machinery for the administration of justice, yet have a belief that we must keep it as a bulwark of the people's liberties. Others think that the jury system has great value as a means to the political education of the people. An idea, too, is widely held that the jury is a political growth, that it is only one organ in a large

organism, and that an attempt to make any great change in the one organ will endanger the health or the existence of the whole organism. And, finally, many men who are well convinced that, on every ground, we ought to have some new machinery in the place of the jury, say that we can *do* nothing, that the people cannot be persuaded to make a change, even if a change be wise.

I propose then, by way of an individual contribution to the people's thought on one of the people's questions, to consider our jury system from these different points of view. And my attempt will be to show that we can find something which will better serve the people's needs than our present jury system, whether we view it merely as a part of the people's machinery for the administration of justice, as a safeguard of the people's liberties, as a means to the people's education, or as a stage in the growth of the people's government. And I shall also try to show that, if it be wise to make a change in our jury system, the change can be made.

The first point to be considered is whether we cannot devise something better than our jury system, viewing it merely as a part of the people's machinery for the administration of justice. And here we must consider, what are the ends to be accomplished by any possible system of legal tribunals; whether the jury system serves those ends well; and whether any other system will serve those ends better.

At the outset we must give up all idea of having any system which will make us sure in every case of getting the one right decree. We shall at times have wrong decrees, under any system. We have to use in the administration of justice imperfect human beings. We cannot get from them perfect results. Counsel will not always find out the whole truth of a case from hearing only one side of it, nor will courts always do so after hearing both sides. Justice will at times miscarry, as long as men are what they are, and until the bench and bar finally accomplish their glorious mission of regenerating human nature in its moral aspects.

Assuming then that any system of tribunals will be imperfect, the end to be accomplished by any system of courts is to make justice—so far as we can—sure, speedy, and cheap. To make justice sure is, of course, the first thing. But it is almost as important to make it cheap and speedy. The delays and the cost of litigation are now its greatest evils. Most men might nearly as well give up their rights as get them only after years of weary waiting. Especially is it the poor and weak who must always suffer most from these

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delays of the law, which now often amount practically to a denial of justice.

How, then, does the jury system serve these purposes of getting justice surely, speedily, and cheaply? What are its good points, and its bad ones?

Two features in the jury system are, in my belief, thoroughly good, and should be had in every tribunal which is to give final decrees in cases involving more than very small amounts of property. And these two features are, that the jury is a tribunal made up of several members—and that the assent of every member is required to its verdict. As it seems to me, in no cause of any importance, should a final judgment be given by only one man. There should always be the working together of several minds. As a rule, one mind does not see all the points of a case, or wisely weigh them all, and different minds see different points. If then we should have a tribunal made up of several members who were men of ability and training, it would be as near to a certainty as we can get, that no points of real weight in a case would go unseen. And if the assent of each member were required to the judgment, it would be as near to a certainty as we can get, that every point seen in a case would be thoroughly considered. For the man whose voice must be had in order to reach a result, has in his hands a sure means of compelling a hearing. This requiring the assent of each member of a jury to the verdict has been, it is true, very often disapproved. I am convinced it is a thoroughly wise feature. In practice it has never worked any great inconvenience. Even with our present juries, made up, as they are, of men new to their work and to one another, there is almost never any great difficulty in their agreeing on a verdict. This is natural enough. Men of common sense, where it is necessary that they should come to an agreement, come to an agreement. And juries are generally made up of men who have common sense. They are able to see that, where individual views differ, individual views must yield; and they yield. It may be said that, although this is the case with inexperienced jurymen, it might not be so with old judges, who are stronger men, with firmer opinions. But here we have the results of actual experiment. And we find as a fact that judges after learning law do not lose their common sense, and that where it is necessary for them in the discharge of their duty to agree on a judgment, they agree on a judgment. An examination of the Reports of the present New York Court of Appeals shows that the decisions are unanimous in about ninety-five cases out of a

hundred. And the judges of that court have to agree on the hardest thing in the world for men to agree on,—mere opinions and processes of reasoning. If they had to agree only on a result, on a just judgment, I venture to think that they would not have a disagreement once in five hundred times, and that they would seldom have any difficulty in agreeing quickly. Men who know how to do their work, and are in the habit of working together, learn to work together with smoothness and speed. I venture the further opinion that it is only the requiring the assent of every jurymen to the verdict which has made the jury an endurable thing. Our jurymen now, especially in the large cities, are as a class much more intelligent men than the jurymen of fifty or a hundred years ago. But even with the more intelligent juries of this day we do get at times unjust verdicts. It is owing to this requirement of agreement, that we do not have them oftener than we do. Almost always on a jury there are at least two or three men of superior shrewdness and intelligence. These men usually control the result. They are enabled to do so because they have it in their power to prevent a wrong verdict by withholding their votes. A verdict which commands the assent of every one of twelve men will not often be very unjust.

So far the good points.

There are bad points. The jury is a body of men who have no knowledge of the law,—who follow other callings,—and who have practically no experience or training in hearing and deciding mere questions of fact. Moreover, in causes which are tried before a jury, no final judgment can be had without a jury's verdict.

The results which follow are most remarkable.

In the first place, it is this fact that a jury is a body of men who have no knowledge of the law, that compels us to use that most singular piece of judicial machinery, the double tribunal, of judge and jury, made up of one man who knows the law and twelve men who do not; but where the twelve men who do not know the law decide the cause, and the one man who does know it merely tells them what the law is. That is what we are driven to so long as we have juries. Causes must be decided on some fixed legal principles, and jurymen know nothing of them. The simple, natural course would seem to be to have a court made up of men who do know those principles. But we keep the jury, and place the jurymen under the guidance of a judge. Here, too, the natural course would seem to be to have this trained judge give the judgment. But the judgment or verdict is given by the untrained

jurymen. It will be said that the jury has only to apply the principles of law, which are stated to them by the judge. But it is this applying legal principles, as it is called, which tries the brains of the strongest men in the legal profession. That is especially the work to which untrained minds are not equal. This attempt to have one man decide a cause on another man's ideas of law,—to have twelve men think with another man's brains,—is not fitted to give the best results.

We come to another point. The fact that the jury is a temporary body, made up of men who have other callings, which they leave at a sacrifice, to which they must at once return, makes it impossible that intricate causes should have, either as to the facts or the law, the thorough consideration they need. It is not an infrequent thing for a trial to last a week, or even a month. Many witnesses will be examined, many papers read. To carry all the evidence of a long trial in the mind is a thing that few men can do, even with the training of a life-time. In a cause which has a large mass of conflicting testimony, it is an impossible thing, even for the most able and experienced judges, to give sound decisions on mere matters of fact, without having the exact record of the witnesses' words, copies of all the papers, and, above all things, *time* to read and think. But this body of men, with no training at all, as a rule, have no record of the evidence, no papers, must depend on their mere memory of what they have heard, and they come to their decision in one hurried conference of perhaps one or two hours; or if they take a longer time for their deliberations the result at times depends on a mere contest of physical endurance. At the same time, too, the judge, in making his charge upon the law, is placed under every possible disadvantage. Many difficult points are presented to him for his decision at the very end of a trial. He has little time for quiet thought, or for the examination of books. If he makes a slight misstatement as to any of the legal principles bearing on the merits of the cause, it will be ground for a new trial. And it is from a hurried oral statement that the jury is supposed to gain a sufficient knowledge of the legal principles involved in the cause, to master which the judge has taken the study of years. In short, both judge and jury are placed in circumstances which go far to make a careful examination of the law and facts of a case impossible, and to make error certain.

The fact, too, that the jury is made up of inexperienced men necessitates all the wearisome and needless contests over the admission of evidence. A tribunal of men who

were fitted for their work would hear, within reasonable limits, everything which could possibly throw any light on the case to be decided, and would wisely weigh all the evidence laid before it; but with a jury we know that testimony will not always be rightly weighed. We are compelled, therefore, to have the judge exclude all testimony which is not strictly relevant (as the phrase is) to the points to be decided, for fear that it may have an undue weight in the jury's minds. Can anything be more absurd? We say in so many words that a jury cannot be trusted rightly to weigh testimony, and yet we keep the jury for the one purpose of weighing testimony.

But the jury is not a tribunal well fitted to decide even mere questions of fact. It is often said that, for deciding the every-day differences of business men, we need the every-day common sense of business men. No doubt we need common sense. But every-day common sense is not enough. We must have trained common sense. This work of judging, of sifting large masses of conflicting testimony, of detecting falsehood, is a thing which cannot be well done by men picked from the community at random. It takes strong minds, and it takes experience in this special work of judging. The ablest and most experienced lawyer at the bar, before he can be a really useful judge, must have a new experience on the bench. It is often said, too, that to decide the causes of business men we must have the experience of business men. But is that true? A contract is a contract, whether it concerns flour or railway bonds. And for a man to decide justly the rights of the parties under a contract for the sale of flour or bonds, it is not necessary that he should be a flour-dealer or a bond-broker. What is needed in order to judge business causes is, not personal experience in any one branch of business, but a knowledge of the general methods of business men in all branches. In a few years on the bench, a judge gets a knowledge of the general methods of business men which no business man can possibly have. The thing especially needed in deciding causes is a knowledge of human nature as it shows itself in the witness-box. And that knowledge can be had only from a long experience in court-rooms.

But the most singular point of all is yet to be given. It is almost a certainty, that with tribunals thus constituted there will be errors to correct. In fact, in a trial of any length, with adroit counsel on either side, it is almost a wonder if there is not error. To correct these errors there must then be appeals. But since, under our law, the

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final decision must be made by a jury, the appellate court gives no judgment on the merits of a cause. It only decides whether there was or was not error in one process, in the judge's rulings, either on points of law or on points of evidence. The result of the trial, the verdict, may have been right or may have been wrong. With that point the appellate court has nothing to do. Moreover, if it finds there has been error, it does not correct the judgment, but only orders another trial, to begin anew the series of blunders and appeals with not much more certainty of a right result than there was in the beginning. It is this possibility, or almost certainty, of appeals and new trials, and wearying delays, which causes half the litigation that burdens our courts, and which is the worst result of our jury system. It is a result which comes directly and necessarily from having men do work which they have never learned how to do.

The result, then, to which the argument thus far has brought us, is this: that there are two good features in the jury, its being a tribunal of several members, and the requiring the assent of every member to its verdict. And, on the other hand, our conclusion is that its other features, its being made up of men who have no knowledge of the law, and its being a temporary body of men having other callings, make it certain that we shall have many wrong judgments, with long delays and heavy expense to suitors. In short, the jury at this day fails to accomplish the ends which should be accomplished by a well-devised judicial system.

But what can we have that is better?

Suppose that we were to try this very simple plan. Suppose we were to keep in our judicial system the features which had been found by experience to work well, and were to do away with those features which have been found to work ill. Suppose that, in the place of this double tribunal,—made up partly of untrained men who give their time to other affairs, with whom deliberate examination of a case is impossible,—we were to have a single tribunal, of trained men, who should give their whole time to their work, who should give to each cause the time it really might need. Suppose, in short, we were to put our appellate court of trained judges at the beginning of the litigation instead of at the end of it; were to have them hear the whole of the cause on its merits, instead of one or two points of it on a technicality; were to have them give a judgment themselves, instead of simply saying whether some one else had made a blunder, and that we were then to abolish appeals?

This may sound somewhat sweeping. But

let us recall some steps of the argument, and see if there is any way of escaping the position in which we now find ourselves. We know that this jury is a body of men having no training for their work. We know that its constitution makes thorough deliberation an impossible thing. We know that it drives us to the double tribunal. We know that errors must certainly result. And we know that the existence of these errors must and does cause the costly and tedious delays of the law. Now, can any man point out any other cause for all these errors and delays, except this one fact, that we use a tribunal of untrained men for doing work which requires men of training? And what other remedy then is possible except to use trained men in their place? It may, too, at first seem that there would be danger in abolishing appeals. But what is the end that under our present system we try to gain by appeals? Nothing but the correction of error. And what is the means that we use for this correction of error? Nothing but the having in the final appellate courts seven learned and experienced lawyers to hear the cause. If then we have our seven learned and experienced lawyers hear the cause in the beginning instead of at the end, what are we to lose, except delay?

But let us examine with somewhat more care the probable results of the modifications here proposed.

In the first place we should, with these modifications, have as great a certainty of just decrees as we can get under any system. So long as we use human beings for the administration of justice we cannot possibly devise a better tribunal than one made up of a reasonable number of able and experienced judges. Suppose an important cause were to be tried, and that the hearing were had before a court of seven experienced judges, like our present New York Court of Appeals. Suppose that they heard all the witnesses, admitted such testimony as they saw fit, giving—as they undoubtedly would—all reasonable latitude on this point, hearing everything which could throw any real light on the matters in dispute, and taking for their decision, not one hour or one day, but precisely such time as they might need. Would not a decree which should be assented to by every member of such a court be very certain of being just? Would not the judgment of such a court, on the whole case, be better than its own judgment on half the case? And would not the careful judgment of seven trained men be better than the hasty judgment of twelve untrained men? This would seem to be somewhat in the nature of an old-fashioned sum in arithmetic, in Rule of Three.

At the same time similar modifications should be made in that branch of our procedure which concerns what we call equity practice, where causes are now heard in the first instance before a single judge. Here, too, instead of having the cause first heard before one man, taking the chance of his errors, and then appealing to higher courts to set those errors right, we should have the cause heard in the beginning, once for all, on the merits, before a court of several judges, should get our best possible result at the outset, and avoid all this needless expense and delay. This would give us, too, a simple method of fusing common law and equity practice, which lawyers generally agree is a very desirable thing, but which can never be thoroughly accomplished so long as we retain the system of jury trials for what we call common law actions.

But what would be done, it may be asked, if the members of such a court could not agree? To this the answer is, we would do as we do now when a jury does not agree, -- have another trial. But this point has, it seems to me, been already fairly met. Experience shows that there would very seldom be disagreements. It is sometimes supposed that the duty of a jurymen or a judge requires a man to refuse his assent to a verdict or a judgment which he does not think a correct one. But this is not so. No doubt a jurymen or a judge is bound to do what he can in reason to bring about a result which he thinks right. But he is bound to help a result, not to hinder one. It might be well to provide that in the event of a second trial a judgment could be rendered by fewer members. I do not believe, however, that such a provision would be needed once in five hundred cases. But it could do no harm.

It may be thought that such a change would necessitate a large increase in the number of our judges, and would therefore greatly increase the public expenses. If it did increase the direct outlay for judges' salaries, there would be in the end a great saving to the people. The item of judges' salaries is a small fraction of what the people now have to pay for the administration of justice. The delays of our courts are what now make the main tax on the people. Here, as elsewhere, it is no true economy to work with poor tools or bad materials. I doubt, however, if the force of judges needed would be much, if at all, increased by the changes here proposed. The work now done by the judges of our courts consists very largely in the hearing of appeals. As the practice now is in the State of New York, a case which goes but once in the regular course through the dif-

ferent courts to the highest appellate court, is heard in one form or another before eleven judges. It is not an infrequent thing for a cause to go through all the courts twice, in which case it is heard by twenty-two judges. This appellate work is the most laborious work of all, as it involves the writing of many opinions. Moreover, as I believe, half the cases which now get into the courts would never be brought there, if they were sure of being quickly heard before a court of able judges who would give at once a final judgment. It is the hope of delay that makes half our lawsuits.

The plan here given is to have no appeals, in their present form. But though we should do away with appeals, it would be necessary to have graded courts, -- courts arranged for the trial of causes according to the amounts of property involved; perhaps, too, according to the different classes of matters involved. It might be wise, too, that causes should be sent by the lower courts to the higher ones for a hearing, when some new and important principles came up for decision. There would, too, in the minds of some men, be the fear which is, no doubt, still widely spread among us, of some danger at the hands of permanent officials of any kind. But this fear, I believe, is now fast disappearing. When our judges were independent of everything save the consequences of their own misconduct, before judges became politicians, while such a thing as a corrupt order or decree from a judge on the bench was a thing almost undreamed of, could a better tribunal possibly have been found than one made up of five or seven judges? Could a cause be in safer hands than in those of seven men like Kent, and Shaw, and Story? But take our judges as they now are, and I believe the general opinion of both lawyers and laymen would be overwhelming in favor of having causes heard before a court of judges, rather than before a court of laymen. The remedy here is not to take causes out of the hands of judges, but to take judges out of politics.

Any attempt to suggest a radical change in government methods is now generally received with great distrust, and almost with contempt. It is called theorizing. But everywhere else men try to make improvements, -- and they make them. Moreover, they try to make those improvements by following principles, of some kind, after a study of faults and a search for remedies. Why should we not do the same in our government affairs? Is it there alone that we must use the machinery of five hundred years ago?

This whole system of trial by jury never was anything but a clumsy make-shift. In its

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origin, the jury was not a court of justice for hearing causes, but only a feudal court of the lord's vassals. These vassals first became something in the nature of a judicial body merely for the purpose of deciding disputes as to landed estates or feuds; and in deciding these disputes they served mainly as witnesses to facts within their knowledge, and not as judges to hear causes on evidence. This court of vassals was, in time, converted into something like a court of justice, but merely for lack of any better machinery. No doubt the jury system was an advance on the methods it superseded. Trial by jury, as a method of ascertaining the truth, is something better than trial by battle. It answered very well for the simple transactions of a rude race just emerging from the fighting era of existence. But how does it serve the needs of a great working people in this nineteenth century? This system of having lawsuits heard by men who know nothing of law, this mixing of one lawyer with twelve laymen and calling them a court, is about as sensible as to try to drive a wild elephant and a thorough-bred in double harness. The combination is not a useful one. Need it be said that this marvelous monstrosity is the morganatic device of that grand old blundering, synthetic English people, which, in affairs of state, always insists on adapting old machinery to new uses, which tries to convert an antique feudal tin-pot into the cylinder of a modern legal locomotive, and which produces as its masterpiece in political machinery that wondrous thing called parliamentary government, where a minister is put in the War Office because some other men have been outvoted in Parliament, where he gives his time to general legislation instead of to army affairs, where he resigns from the War Office because he has blundered in the legislature on some measure concerning the Irish Church, or Irish landlords, but keeps his seat in the legislature, where he has made his blunders?

So far we have considered the jury as a part of the machinery for the administration of justice. We have, then, to see how necessary it is as a safeguard to the people's liberties.

In England, where the jury system grew, under the rule of hereditary kings, there was no doubt, in times gone by, great danger to the rights of the individual subject from kingly tyranny. The jury system did there fill a great need; it was the bulwark of the people's liberties. But have we, in this country and at this time, the same dangers, or, indeed, any dangers against which the jury system is the only, or the true, protection?

We have no hereditary king. With us the danger is, not to the rights of the individ-

ual from a king, but to the rights of the people from individuals. The fact is that the jury in our criminal procedure,—and in truth nearly our whole criminal procedure,—is especially adapted for the protection of criminals. It is society which needs protection for its liberties. And that protection can be had only by making in our criminal procedure the changes here already urged for our civil procedure,—by having a machinery for the speedy trial of all criminal charges before a fit tribunal, and by providing some means for getting a judgment against the criminal before the crime is forgotten. The only dangers there are with us to the rights of individuals come from the existence at times of popular passions or prejudices, which are almost always honest, though unreasoning. Against these passions and prejudices, the uniform experience of the community show that the only sure safeguard is in able and upright judges. How could it be otherwise? A judge is led by his whole training, by all his habits of life and thought, to take calm and deliberate views of the questions which are brought before him. Juries will at times work injustice through mere prejudice and excitement. The inclination of a judge is always to save the law and the individual from the passions of the hour. The old maxim, that it is better for fifty guilty men to escape than for one innocent man to suffer, is a judge's maxim. The law that citizens give to citizens, when they are not restrained by the authority of courts, is lynch law.

The argument thus far, if sound, brings us to the conclusion that the modifications in our judicial system here proposed—the having our courts composed of trained judges—would be a change for the better, so far as it concerns the administration of justice and the security of the people's liberties. But a widespread idea exists that the jury system has great value as a means to the political education of the people. My belief is that in this respect, too, we should be the gainers by the changes here proposed.

What is the real value of the jury system as a means to the people's political education? In its mere quantity the experience which citizens gain from their jury service is almost nothing. A man serves on a jury, at most, in the trial of three or four causes in the course of a year. This is a liberal allowance. Even supposing then that the trial of each one of these causes involved weighty principles of constitutional law, matters of the deepest interest to the citizen, how much could be learned from an experience of that extent? The men who follow the profession of the law for a long lifetime, at the end of their labors only

begin to learn the depth of their own ignorance. Take the most intelligent men we can find in the whole community, put them in the jury-box during the trial of half a dozen of the most important causes that ever come before a court, and how much can they learn, during those trials, of constitutional law, of the machinery of government, or of anything else?

But, as a matter of fact, the large majority of causes that come before a jury have not the most remote connection with constitutional law, with the science of government, or with anything that can rightly interest any living person other than the parties to the suit. The real experience of the jurymen is something like this: A jury has before it a suit on a promissory note against a man who has indorsed it. They hear the testimony and are told by the judge that it is for them to consider the evidence, and pass upon the facts; and if they find that notice of non-payment of the note was given to the defendant in a particular manner and at a particular time, they must find a verdict for the plaintiff, and otherwise for the defendant. Or they have before them a suit to recover a quantity of merchandise of which, as the plaintiff claims, the defendant got possession by fraud. The jury hear the testimony, and are instructed by the court that if on all the evidence they believe that the defendant made certain false and fraudulent misrepresentations, they must find a verdict for the plaintiff,—otherwise they must find for the defendant.

Can it be seriously urged that such experiences as these (and these are fair examples of the proceedings on ordinary jury trials) can have any substantial value for the purposes of political education? I venture to doubt whether the jury-box is very serviceable as a school of constitutional jurisprudence, or whether the jurymen by his service of two or three days in each year, gains any real knowledge as to the machinery or workings of a free government.

This idea that our jury system is a great educator for the people sprang up in the brain of Alexis de Tocqueville. Very probably that eminent Frenchman, when he was on this Western continent, was not more than ten times in a court-room; possibly he never heard the whole of one jury trial from its beginning to its end. It is easy to fancy his experience. Some learned and leisurely scholar no doubt took him to a court-room, where he probably found in progress a trial over the price of a cow, or some other equally exalted matter. De Tocqueville had heard that questions of constitutional law did at times come before our courts for decision. And he knew

that juries sat as part of our courts. We can fancy him exclaiming:

"Behold, at last my dream! I am thrilled with emotion at this sublime spectacle of a free people governing itself! The humblest citizen here feels himself to be part of the great State. In his own person he makes and expounds the laws, and under the guidance of learned judges studies the grand principles of constitutional jurisprudence. The sovereign people itself sits on the throne of justice! *Ah! c'est ravissant!*"

This might be thought an exaggeration. Here are De Tocqueville's printed words from his "Democracy in America." Speaking of the jury system, he says:

"It may be regarded as a gratuitous public school, ever open, in which every juror learns his rights, enters into daily communication with the most learned and enlightened members of the upper classes, and becomes practically acquainted with the laws, which are brought within the reach of his capacity by the efforts of the bar, the advice of the judge, and even by the passions of the parties."

Could anything be further from the fact? To imagine that a man can become "practically acquainted with the laws" from a few days' service as a jurymen is really humorous. As well might one hope to learn something of the science of medicine from carrying a few physicians' prescriptions to the druggist. Or, perhaps, we might at once convert the American people into accomplished surgeons by having them visit the hospitals two or three times a year and witness an amputation.

No doubt it is a wise thing for every citizen to learn as much as he can of the working of every part of our government system. Let him read and observe, on all subjects, as far as his opportunities will allow him. If he can take the needed time from his ordinary occupations, by all means let him make a personal inspection of the methods of our courts. Let him listen attentively to the arguments of distinguished counsel, and the utterances of learned judges. But shall he be allowed to learn law by deciding the causes of litigants? That is too costly, as a scheme of popular education.

But suppose, on the other hand, that every man who refused to perform his legal obligations could be brought before a court where it was certain that justice was not only sure but speedy, could any mere political machinery be devised, which could have a more healthful effect upon the people's moral tone?

But even if the points thus far argued be conceded, it may be said that the jury system is a growth,—that institutions must grow,—that such sweeping changes do not follow nature's laws, and are full of danger. How much truth is there in that?

It is for the very reason that human institutions grow, and that they grow by nature's ordinary processes, by the survival of the fittest, that it is certain we must and shall have some new and better judicial machinery in the place of our jury system. The whole doctrine of survival of the fittest rests on the fact that old organisms cease to be fit, and new organisms come into being which are fitter. The conditions of existence change. There was a time when this jury system was tolerably well fitted to the needs of the people. But that time has gone by. The jury system has had its day. When we say institutions grow, do we mean that we are to let them grow wild, or are we to guide their growth? The method of this American people is to make changes in their public institutions, when changes are needed, on principles; it may be on mistaken ones, but still on principles. We made these State and National constitutions, new things in political science, because they were needed. And no one of the men of a hundred years ago imagined that these constitutions would serve the needs of the American people for all coming time. We find now that this jury system is not equal to our needs, and we must change it. The question is, what shall we have in its place? We know that the growth which has been going on for ages is not now to cease, but will still go on for ages to come. And what is the next growth to be? Shall it be a wild natural fruit, or shall it have the care of man, to give it a rich, healthy development?

But can the people be persuaded to make this change? That is the question which comes after all the others. And the answer is, they can be persuaded to make a change so soon as they find the right change to make. What is the right change is the point we have to ascertain and decide by careful discussion. Every step that the American people has thus far taken in the development of popular government has been a step taken because the people thought it wise. And the American people are not afraid of anything because it is new. On the contrary, they are, if anything, too much given to new theories and sweeping constitutional changes. And the changes that have been thus far made have been changes, in the main, for the better. Everywhere else in the world we see the cause of civilization advancing. Are we here to reverse all the processes of nature, and are we here to begin losing ground? There is no doubt that elsewhere than in

their general affairs the people act on their views of their own interests. Will they do the reverse in their governmental affairs? What their true interests are, they may not yet know; but in good time they will learn. Meantime, to say that things cannot be done will not greatly help the doing. Of that kind of assistance to the people's progress we have had quite enough.

But, last of all, it may be said that such a scheme for having all causes, civil and criminal, decided by permanent judges, without juries of citizens, would not be democratic. But what does this mean? As has already been repeated, the only change here suggested is to put men of experience in the place of men without experience. If it be undemocratic to have our work done by skilled servants, who give their whole time to our affairs, then this proposed system is undemocratic. But let us not mistake the meaning of words. True democracy consists in having the people control the machinery of government, not in having them make a vain attempt to operate it with their own hands. The whole point lies here. This work of administering justice must be done by individuals, selected in some way from the community at large. The only question we have to decide is,—How shall those individuals be selected? Shall we take new men every day who cannot by possibility gain skill and experience, or shall we use trained workmen?

We must change our methods. We must learn that government work in all its branches demands men of training. The old system of turn and turn about no longer answers the needs of the age. One hundred years ago we were clearing a wilderness. The citizen of that day was compelled by the necessities of his position to follow all callings. He had to be by turns a farmer, a carpenter, a blacksmith, a soldier, and a judge. And at the end of the year, when the snow and ice of winter somewhat checked his ordinary activities, and he shared with his ursine neighbors the torpor of the season, he gave his vacant hours to the making of his own laws. That was, in a measure, his opera and theater.

That scheme of life was very well for its day. But its day is gone. In this nineteenth century, in this land of railways, telegraphs, and printing-presses, the work of making, expounding, and executing, the laws of a great nation, must be put in the hands of men who are trained for their work and give their lives to it. We have had enough of the rotatory, or annular, system—in government.

*Albert Stickney.*

## ENGLAND.

ENGLAND has played a part in modern history altogether out of proportion to its size. The whole of Great Britain, including Ireland, has only eleven thousand more square miles than Italy; and England and Wales alone are not half so large as Italy. England alone is about the size of North Carolina. It is, as Franklin, in 1763, wrote to Mary Stevenson in London, "that petty island which, compared to America, is but a stepping-stone in a brook, scarce enough of it above water to keep one's shoes dry."

A considerable portion of it is under water, or water-soaked a good part of the year, and I suppose it has more acres for breeding frogs than any other northern land, except Holland. Old Harrison says that the North Britons, when overcome by hunger, used to creep into the marshes till the water was up to their chins, and there remain a long time, "onlie to qualifie the heats of their stomachs by violence, which otherwise would have wrought and beene readie to oppresse them for hunger and want of sustinance." It lies so far north—the latitude of Labrador—that the winters are long, the climate is inhospitable, and would be severely cold, if the Gulf Stream did not make it always damp, and curtain it with clouds; in some parts the soil is heavy with water, in others it is only a thin stratum above the chalk; in fact, agricultural production could scarcely be said to exist there until fortunes made in India and in other foreign adventure enabled the owners of the land to pile it knee-deep with fertilizers from Peru and elsewhere. Thanks to accumulated wealth and the Gulf Stream, its turf is green and soft; figs, which will not mature with us north of the capes of Virginia, ripen in sheltered nooks in Oxford, and the large and unfrequent strawberry sometimes appears upon the dinner-table in such profusion that the guests can indulge in one apiece.

Yet this small, originally infertile island has been for two centuries, and is to-day, the most vital influence on the globe. Cast your eye over the world upon her possessions, insular and continental, into any one of which, almost, England might be dropped, with slight disturbance, as you would transfer a hanging garden. For any parallel to her power and possessions you must go back to ancient Rome. Egypt under Thotmes and Seti overran the then known world, and took tribute of it; but it was a temporary wave of conquest

and not an assimilation. Rome sent her laws and her roads to the ends of the earth, and made an empire of it; but it was an empire of barbarians largely, of dynasties rather than of peoples. The dynasties fought, the dynasties submitted, and the dynasties paid the tribute. The modern "people" did not exist. One battle decided the fate of half the world,—it might be lost or won for a woman's eyes; the flight of a chieftain might settle the fate of a province; a campaign might determine the allegiance of half Asia. There was but one compact, disciplined, law-ordered nation, and that had its seat on the Tiber.

Under what different circumstances did England win her position! Before she came to the front, Venice controlled, and almost monopolized, the trade of the Orient. When she entered upon her career, Spain was almost omnipotent in Europe, and was in possession of more than half the western world; and besides Spain, England had, wherever she went, to contend for a foothold with Portugal, skilled in trade and adventure, and with Holland, rich, and powerful on the sea. That is to say, she met everywhere civilizations old and technically her superior. Of the ruling powers, she was the least in arts and arms. If you will take time to fill out this picture, you will have some conception of the marvelous achievements of England, say since the abdication of the Emperor Charles V.

This little island is to-day the center of the wealth, of the solid civilization, of the world. I will not say of art, of music, of the lighter social graces that make life agreeable; but I will say of the moral forces that make progress possible and worth while. Of this island the center is London; of London the heart is "the city," and in the city you can put your finger on one spot where the pulse of the world is distinctly felt to beat. The Moslem regards the Kaaba at Mecca as the center of the universe; but that is only a theological phrase. The center of the world is the Bank of England in Leadenhall street. There is not an occurrence, not a conquest or a defeat, a revolution, a panic, a famine, an abundance, not a change in value of money or material, no depression or stoppage in trade, no recovery, no political and scarcely any great religious movement—say the civil deposition of the Pope, or the Wahhabec revival in Arabia and India—that does not report itself instantly at this sensitive spot.

Other capitals feel a local influence; this feels *all* the local influences. Put your ear at the door of the Bank, or the Stock Exchange near by, and you hear the roar of the world.

But this is not all, nor the most striking thing, nor the greatest contrast to the empires of Rome and of Spain. The civilization that has gone forth from England is a self-sustaining one, vital to grow where it is planted, in vast communities, in an order that does not depend as that of the Roman world did upon edicts and legions from the capital. And it must be remembered that if the land empire of England is not so vast as that of Rome, England has for two centuries been mistress of the seas, with all the consequences of that opportunity,—consequences to trade beyond computation. And we must add to all this that an intellectual and moral power has been put forth from England clear round the globe, and felt beyond the limits of the English tongue.

How is it that England has attained this supremacy,—a supremacy disputed on land and on sea by France in vain, but now threatened by an equipped and disciplined Germany, by an unformed Colossus,—a Slav and Tartar conglomerate,—and perhaps by one of her own children, the United States? I will mention some of the things that have determined England's extraordinary career; and they will help us to consider her prospects. I name:

I. *The Race.* It is a mixed race, but with certain dominant qualities, which we call, loosely, Teutonic; certainly the most aggressive, tough, and vigorous people the world has seen. It does not shrink from any climate, from any exposure, from any geographic condition; yet its choice of migration and of residence has mainly been on the grass belt of the globe, where soil and moisture produce good turf, where a changing and unequal climate, with extremes of heat and cold, calls out the physical resources, stimulates invention, and requires an aggressive and defensive attitude of mind and body. The early history of this people is marked by two things:

(1) Town and village organizations, nurseries of law, order, and self-dependence, nuclei of power, capable of indefinite expansion, leading directly to a free and a strong government, the breeders of civil liberty.

(2) Individualism in religion, protestantism in its widest sense: I mean by this, cultivation of the individual conscience as against authority. This trait was as marked in this sturdy people in Catholic England as it is in Protestant England. It is in the blood. England

never did submit to Rome, not even as France did, though the Gallic church held out well. Take the struggle of Henry II. and the hierarchy. Read the fight with prerogative all along. The English church never could submit. It is a shallow reading of history to attribute the final break with Rome to the unbridled passion of Henry VIII.; that was an occasion only: if it had not been that, it would have been something else.

Here we have the two necessary traits in the character of a great people: the love and the habit of civil liberty; and religious conviction and independence. Allied to these is another trait,—truthfulness. To speak the truth in word and action, to the verge of bluntness and offense—and with more relish sometimes, because it is individually obnoxious and unlovely—is an English trait, clearly to be traced in the character of this people, notwithstanding the equivocations of Elizabethan diplomacy, the proverbial lying of English shopkeepers, and the fraudulent adulteration of English manufactures. Not to lie is perhaps as much a matter of insular pride as of morals; to lie is unbecoming an Englishman. When Captain Burnaby was on his way to Khiva, he would tolerate no oriental exaggeration of his army rank, although a higher title would have smoothed his way and added to his consideration. An English official, who was a captive at Bokhara (or Khiva), was offered his life by the Khan if he would abjure the Christian faith and say he was a Moslem; but he preferred death rather than the advantage of a temporary equivocation. I do not suppose that he was a specially pious man at home, or that he was a martyr to religious principle, but for the moment Christianity stood for England and English honor and civilization. I can believe that a rough English sailor, who had not used a sacred name since he said his prayer at his mother's knees except in vain, accepted death under like circumstances, rather than say he was not a Christian.

The next determining cause in England's career is

II. *The insular position.* Poor as the island was, this was the opportunity. See what came of it:

(1) Maritime opportunity. The irregular coast-lines, the bays, and harbors, the near islands and mainlands invited to the sea. The nation became, *per force*, sailors,—as the ancient Greeks were and the modern Greeks are: adventurers, discoverers, hardy, ambitious, seeking food from the sea, and wealth from every side.

(2) Their position protected them. What they got they could keep; wealth could ac-

cumulate. Invasion was difficult, and practically impossible to their neighbors. And yet they were in the bustling world, close to the continent, commanding the most important of the navigable seas. The wealth of Holland was on the one hand, the wealth of France on the other. They held the keys.

(3) Their insular position and their free institutions invited refugees from all the continent, artisans and skilled laborers of all kinds. Hence, the beginning of their great industries, which made England rich, in proportion as her authority and chance of trade expanded over distant islands and continents. But this would not have been possible without the third advantage which I shall mention, and that is:

III. *Coal.* England's power and wealth rested upon her coal beds. In this bounty nature was more liberal to the tight little island than to any other spot in Western Europe, and England took early advantage of it. To be sure, her coal field is small compared with that of the United States,—an area of only 11,900 square miles to our 192,000. But Germany has only 1,770; Belgium, 510; France, 2,086, and Russia only in her expansion of territory leads Europe in this respect, and has now 30,000 square miles of coal beds. But see the use England makes of this material: in 1877, she took out of the ground 134,179,968 tons. The United States the same year took out 50,000,000 tons; Germany, 48,000,000; France, 16,000,000; Belgium, 14,000,000. This tells the story of the heavy industries.

We have considered as elements of national greatness the race itself, the favorable position, and the material to work with. I need not enlarge upon the might and the possessions of England, nor the general beneficence of her occupation wherever she has established fort, factory, or colony. With her flag go much injustice, domineering, and cruelty, but on the whole the best elements of civilization.

The intellectual domination of England has been as striking as the physical. It is stamped upon all her colonies; it has by no means disappeared in the United States. For more than fifty years after our independence, we imported our intellectual food,—with the exception of politics, and theology in certain forms,—and largely our ethical guidance from England. We read English books, or imitations of the English way of looking at things; we even accepted the English caricatures of our own life as genuine,—notably in the case of the so-called typical Yankee. It is only recently that our writers have begun to describe our own life as it is,

and that readers begin to feel that our society may be as interesting in print as that English society which they have been all their lives accustomed to read about. The reading-books of children in schools were filled with English essays, stories, English views of life; it was the English heroines over whose woes the girls wept; it was of the English heroes that the boys declaimed. I do not know how much the imagination has to do in shaping the national character, but for half a century English writers, by poems and novels, controlled the imagination of this country. The principal reading then as now—and perhaps more then than now—was fiction, and nearly all of this England supplied. We took in with it, it will be noticed, not only the romance and gilding of chivalry and legitimacy, such as Scott gives us, but constant instruction in a society of ranks and degrees, orders of nobility and commonalty, a fixed social status, a well ordered, and often attractive, permanent social inequality, a state of life and relations based upon lingering feudal conditions and prejudices. The background of all English fiction is monarchical; however liberal it may be, it must be projected upon the existing order of things. We have not been examining these foreign social conditions with that simple curiosity which leads us to look into the social life of Russia, as it is depicted in Russian novels; we have on the contrary absorbed them generation after generation as part of our intellectual development, so that the novels and the other English literature must have had a vast influence in molding our mental character, in shaping our thinking upon the political as well as the social constitution of states.

For a long time the only American counteraction, almost the only, to this English influence was the newspaper, which has always kept alive and diffused a distinctly American spirit—not always lovely or modest, but national. The establishment of periodicals which could afford to pay for fiction written about our society, and from the American point of view, has had a great effect in our literary emancipation. The wise men whom we elect to make our laws—and who represent us intellectually and morally a good deal better than we sometimes like to admit—have always gone upon the theory with regard to the reading for the American people, that the chief requisite of it was cheapness, with no regard to its character so far as it is a shaper of notions about government and social life. What educating influence English fiction was having upon American life, they have not inquired, so

long as it was furnished cheap, and its authors were cheated out of any copyright on it.

At the North, thanks to a free press and periodicals, to a dozen reform agitations, and to the intellectual stir generally accompanying industries and commerce, we have been developing an immense intellectual activity, a portion of which has found expression in fiction, in poetry, in essays, that are instinct with American life and aspiration; so that now for over thirty years, in the field of literature, we have had a vigorous offset to the English intellectual domination of which I spoke. How far this has in the past molded American thought and sentiment, in what degree it should be held responsible for the infidelity in regard to our "American experiment," I will not undertake to say. The South furnishes a very interesting illustration in this connection. When the civil war broke down the barriers of intellectual non-intercourse behind which the South had ensconced itself, it was found to be in a colonial condition. Its libraries were English libraries, mostly composed of old English literature. Its literary growth stopped with the reign of George III. Its latest news was the "Spectator" and the "Tatler." The social order it coveted was that of monarchical England, undisturbed by the fiery philippics of Byron or Shelley, or the radicalism of a manufacturing age. Its chivalry was an imitation of the antiquated age of lords and ladies, and tournaments, and buckram courtesies, when men were as touchy to fight, at the lift of an eye-lid or the drop of a glove, as Brian du Bois Guilbert, and as ready for a drinking bout as Christopher North. The intellectual stir of the North, with its disorganizing radicalism, was rigorously excluded, and with it all the new life pouring out of its presses. The South was tied to a republic, but it was not republican, either in its politics or its social order. It was, in its mental constitution, in its prejudices, in its tastes, exactly what you would expect a people to be, excluded from the circulation of free ideas by its system of slavery, and fed on the English literature of a century ago. I dare say that a majority of its reading public, at any time, would have preferred a monarchical system and a hierarchy of rank.

To return to England. I have said that English domination usually carries the best elements of civilization. Yet it must be owned that England has pursued her magnificent career in a policy often insolent and brutal, and generally selfish. Scarcely any considerations have stood in the way of her trade and profit. I will not dwell upon her opium culture in India, which is a proximate cause of

famine in district after district, nor upon her forcing the drug upon China,—a policy disgraceful to a Christian queen and people; we have only just got rid of slavery, sustained so long by Biblical and official sanction, and may not yet set up as critics. But I will refer to a case with which all are familiar—England's treatment of her American colonies. In 1760 and onward, when Franklin, the agent of the colonies of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, was cooling his heels in lords' waiting-rooms in London, America was treated exactly as Ireland was,—that is, discriminated against in every way; not allowed to manufacture; not permitted to trade with other nations, except under the most vexatious restrictions; and the effort was continued to make her a mere agricultural producer and a dependant. All that England cared for us was that we should be a market for her manufactures. This same selfishness has been the key-note of her policy down to the present day, except as the force of circumstances have modified it. Steadily pursued, it has contributed largely to make England the monetary and industrial master of the world.

With this outline, I pass to her present condition and outlook.

The dictatorial and selfish policy has been forced to give way somewhat with regard to the colonies. The spirit of the age and the strength of the colonies forbid its exercise; they cannot be held by the old policy. Australia boldly adopts a protective tariff, and her parliament is only nominally controlled by the crown. Canada exacts duties on English goods, and England cannot help herself. Even with these concessions, can England keep her great colonies? They are still loyal in word. They still affect English manners and English speech, and draw their intellectual supplies from England. On the prospect of a war with Russia, they nearly all offered volunteers. But everybody knows that allegiance is on the condition of local autonomy. If united Canada asks to go, she will go. So with Australia. It may be safely predicted that England will never fight again to hold the sovereignty of her New-World possessions against their present occupants. And, in the judgment of many good observers, a dissolution of the empire, so far as the western colonies are concerned, is inevitable, unless Great Britain, adopting the plan urged by Franklin, becomes an imperial federation, with parliaments distinct and independent, the crown the only bond of union,—the crown, and not the English parliament, being the titular and actual sovereign. Sovereign power in the parliament over America, Franklin never would admit. His idea was that all

the inhabitants of the empire must be citizens, not some of them subjects ruled by the home citizens.

The two great political parties of England are really formed on lines constructed after the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832. The Tories had been long in power. They had made many changes and popular concessions, but they resisted parliamentary reform. The great Whig lords, who had tried to govern England without the people and in opposition to the crown in the days of George III., had learned to seek popular support. The Reform Bill, which was ultimately forced through by popular pressure and threat of civil war, abolished the rotten boroughs, gave representation to the large manufacturing towns and increased representation to the counties, and the suffrage to all men who paid ten pounds a year rent in boroughs, or in the counties owned land worth ten pounds a year or paid fifty pounds rent. The immediate result of this was to put power into the hands of the middle classes, and to give the lower classes high hopes, so that, in 1839, the Chartist movement began, one demand of which was universal suffrage. The old party names of Whig and Tory had been dropped, and the two parties had assumed their present appellations of Conservatives and Liberals. Both parties had, however, learned that there was no rest for any ruling party except a popular basis, and the Conservative party had the good sense to strengthen itself in 1867 by carrying through Mr. Disraeli's bill, which gave the franchise in boroughs to all householders paying rates, and in counties to all occupiers of property rated at fifteen pounds a year. This broadening of the suffrage places the power irrevocably in the hands of the people, against whose judgment neither crown nor ministry can venture on any important step.

In general terms it may be said that of these two great parties the Conservative wishes to preserve existing institutions, and latterly has leaned to the prerogatives of the crown, and that the Liberal is inclined to progress and reform, and to respond to changes demanded by the people. Both parties, however, like parties elsewhere, propose and oppose measures and movements, and accept or reject policies, simply to get office or keep office. The Conservative party of late years, principally because it has the simple task of holding back, has been better able to define its lines and preserve a compact organization. The Liberals, with a multitude of reformatory projects, have, of course, a less homogeneous organization, and for some years have been without well-defined issues. The conservative

aristocracy seemed to form a secure alliance with the farmers and the great agricultural interests, and at the same time to have a strong hold upon the lower classes. In what his opponents called his "policy of adventure," Lord Beaconsfield had the support of the lower populace. The Liberal party is an incongruous host. On one wing are the Whig lords and great land-owners, who cannot be expected to take kindly to a land reform that would reform them out of territorial power; and on the other wing are the Radicals, who would abolish the present land system and the crown itself, and institute the rule of a democracy. Between these two is the great body of the middle class, a considerable portion of the educated and University trained, the majorities of the manufacturing towns, and perhaps, we may say, generally the non-conformists. There are some curious analogies in these two parties to our own parties before the war. It is, perhaps, not fanciful to suppose that the Conservative lords resemble our own aristocratic leaders of democracy, who contrived to keep near the people and had affiliations that secured them the vote of the least educated portion of the voters; while the great Liberal lords are not unlike our old aristocratic Whigs, of the cotton order, who have either little sympathy with the people or little faculty of showing it. It is a curious fact that during our civil war, respect for authority gained us as much sympathy from the Conservatives, as love for freedom (hampered by the greed of trade and rivalry in manufactures) gained us from the Liberals.

To return to the question of empire. The bulk of the Conservative party would hold the colonies if possible, and pursue an imperial policy; while certainly a large portion of the Liberals—not all, by any means—would let the colonies go, and, with the Manchester school, hope to hold England's place by free trade and active competition. The imperial policy may be said to have two branches, in regard to which parties will not sharply divide: one is the relations to be held toward the western colonies, and the other is the policy to be pursued in the East in reference to India and to the development of the Indian empire, and also the policy of aggression and subjection in South Africa.

An imperial policy does not necessarily imply such vagaries as the forcible detention of the forcibly annexed Boer republic. But everybody sees that the time is near when England must say definitely as to the imperial policy generally, whether it will pursue it or abandon it. And it may be remarked in passing, that the Gladstone government, thus far, though pursuing this policy more moderately

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than the Beaconsfield government, shows no intention of abandoning it. Almost everybody admits that if it is abandoned, England must sink to the position of a third-rate power like Holland. For what does abandonment mean? It means to have no weight, except that of moral example, in continental affairs: to relinquish her advantages in the Mediterranean; to let Turkey be absorbed by Russia; to become so weak in India as to risk rebellion of all the provinces, and probable attack from Russia and her Central Asian allies. But this is not all. Lost control in Asia is lost trade; this is evident in every foot of control Russia has gained in the Caucasus, about the Caspian Sea, in Persia. There Russian manufactures supplant the English; and so in another quarter: in order to enjoy the vast opening trade of Africa, England must be on hand with an exhibition of power. We might show by a hundred examples, that the imperial idea in England does not rest on pride alone, on national glory altogether, though that is a large element in it, but on trade instincts. "Trade follows the flag" is a well-known motto; and that means that the lines of commerce follow the limits of empire.

Take India as an illustration. Why should England care to keep India? In the last forty years the total revenue from India, set down up to 1880 as £1,517,000,000, has been £53,000,000 less than the expenditure. It varies with the years, and occasionally the balance is favorable, as in 1879, when the expenditure was £63,400,000 and the revenue was £64,400,000. But to offset this average deficit, the very profitable trade of India, which is mostly in British hands, swells the national wealth; and this trade would not be so largely in British hands if the flag were away.

But this is not the only value of India. Grasp on India is part of the vast oriental net-work of English trade and commerce, the carrying trade, the supply of cotton and iron goods. This largely depends upon English prestige in the Orient, and to lose India is to lose the grip. On practically the same string with India are Egypt, Central Africa, and the Euphrates valley. A vast empire of trade opens out. To sink the imperial policy is to shut this vision. With Russia pressing on one side, and America competing on the other, England cannot afford to lose her military lines, her control of the sea, her prestige.

Again, India offers to the young and the adventurous a career, military, civil, or commercial. This is of great weight—great social weight. One of the chief wants of England to-day is careers and professions for

her sons. The population of the United Kingdom in 1876 was estimated at near thirty-four millions; in the last few decades the decennial increase had been considerably over two millions; at that rate, the population in 1900 would be near forty millions. How can they live in their narrow limits? They must emigrate, go for good, or seek employment and means of wealth in some such vast field as India. Take away India now, and you cut off the career of hundreds of thousands of young Englishmen, and the hope of tens of thousands of households.

There is another aspect of the case which it would be unfair to ignore. Opportunity is the measure of a nation's responsibility. I have no doubt that Mr. Thomas Hughes spoke for a very respectable portion of Christian England, in 1861, when he wrote Mr. James Russell Lowell, in a prefatory note to "Tom Brown at Oxford," these words:

"The great tasks of the world are only laid on the strongest shoulders. We, who have India to guide and train, who have for our task the educating of her wretched people into free men, who feel that the work cannot be shifted from ourselves, and must be done as God would have it done, at the peril of England's own life, can and do feel for you."

It is safe, we think, to say that if the British Empire is to be dissolved, disintegration cannot be permitted to begin at home. Ireland has always been a thorn in the side of England. And the policy toward it could not have been much worse, either to impress it with a respect for authority, or to win it by conciliation; it has been a strange mixture of untimely concession and untimely cruelty. The problem, in fact, has physical and race elements that make it almost insolvable. A water-logged country, of which nothing can surely be predicted but the uncertainty of its harvests, inhabited by a people of most peculiar mental constitution, alien in race, temperament, and religion, having scarcely one point of sympathy with the English. But geography settles some things in this world, and the act of union that bound Ireland to the United Kingdom in 1800, was as much a necessity of the situation as the act of union that obliterated the boundary line between Scotland and England in 1707. The Irish parliament was confessedly a failure, and it is scarcely within the possibilities that the experiment will be tried again. Irish independence, so far as English consent is concerned, and until England's power is utterly broken, is a dream. Great changes will doubtless be made in the tenure and transfer of land, and these changes will react upon England to the ultimate abasement of the landed aristocracy; but this

equalization of conditions would work no consent to separation. The undeniable growth of the democratic spirit in England can, no more, be relied on to bring it about, when we remember what renewed executive vigor and cohesion existed with the commonwealth, and the fiery foreign policy of the first republic of France. For three years past we have seen the British Empire in peril on all sides, with the addition of depression and incipient rebellion at home, but her horizon is not as dark as it was in 1780, when, with a failing cause in America, England had the whole of Europe against her.

In any estimate of the prospects of England, we must take into account the recent marked changes in the social condition. Mr. Escott has an instructive chapter on this in his excellent book on England. He notices that the English character is losing its insularity, is more accessible to foreign influences, and is adopting foreign, especially French, modes of living. Country life is losing its charm; domestic life is changed; people live in "flats" more and more, and the idea of home is not what it was; marriage is not exactly what it was; the increased free and independent relations of the sexes are somewhat demoralizing; women are a little intoxicated with their newly-acquired freedom; social scandals are more frequent. It should be said, however, that, perhaps, the present perils are due not to the new system but to the fact that it is new; when the novelty is worn off the peril may cease.

Mr. Escott notices primogeniture as one of the stable and, curious enough, one of the democratic institutions of society. It is owing to primogeniture that while there is a nobility in England there is no *noblesse*. If titles and lands went to all the children, there would be the multitudinous *noblesse* of the continent. Now, by primogeniture, enough is retained for a small nobility, but all the younger sons must go into the world and make a living. The three respectable professions no longer offer sufficient inducement, and they crowd more and more into trade. Thus the middle class is constantly recruited from the upper. Besides, the upper is all the time recruited from the wealthy middle; the union of aristocracy and plutocracy may be said to be complete. But merit makes its way continually from even the lower ranks upward, in the professions, in the army, the law, the church, in letters, in trade, and, what Mr. Escott does not mention, in the reformed civil service, newly opened to the humblest lad in the land. Thus there is constant movement up and down in social England, approaching, except in the traditional nobility,

the freedom of movement in our own country. This is all wholesome and sound. Even the nobility itself, driven by *ennui*, or a loss of former political control, or by the necessity of more money to support inherited estates, goes into business, into journalism, writes books, enters the professions.

What are the symptoms of decay in England? Unless the accumulation of wealth is a symptom of decay, I do not see many. I look at the people themselves. It seems to me that never in their history were they more full of vigor. See what travelers, explorers, adventurers they are. See what sportsmen, in every part of the globe, how much they endure, and how hale and jolly they are—women as well as men. The race, certainly, has not decayed. And look at letters. It may be said that this is not the age of pure literature—and I'm sure I hope the English patent for producing machine novels will not be infringed—but the English language was never before written so vigorously, so clearly, and to such purpose. And this is shown even in the excessive refinement and elaboration of trifles, the minutia of reflection, the keenness of analysis, the unrelenting pursuit of every social topic into subtleties untouched by the older essayists. And there is still more vigor, without affectation, in scientific investigation, in the daily conquests made in the realm of social economy, the best methods of living and getting the most out of life. Art also keeps pace with luxury, and shows abundant life and promise for the future.

I believe, from these and other considerations, that this vigorous people will find a way out of its present embarrassments, and a way out without retreating. For myself, I like to see the English sort of civilization spreading over the world, rather than the Russian or the French. I hope England will hang on to the East, and not give it over to the havoc of squabbling tribes, with a dozen religions and five hundred dialects, or to the military despotism of an empire whose morality is only matched by the superstition of its religion.

The relations of England and the United States are naturally of the first interest to us. Our love and our hatred have always been that of true relatives. For three-quarters of a century our *amour propre* was constantly kept raw by the most supercilious patronage. During the past decade, when the quality of England's regard has become more and more a matter of indifference to us, we have been the subject of a more intelligent curiosity, of increased respect, accompanied with a sincere desire to understand us. In the diplomatic scale Washington still ranks below the

Sublime Porte, but this anomaly is due to tradition, and does not represent England's real estimate of the status of the republic. There is, and must be, a good deal of selfishness mingled in our friendship,—patriotism itself being a form of selfishness,—but our ideas of civilization so nearly coincide, and we have so many common aspirations for humanity that we must draw nearer together, notwithstanding old grudges and present differences in social structure. Our intercourse is likely to be closer, our business relations will become more inseparable. I can conceive of nothing so lamentable for the progress of the world as a quarrel between these two English-speaking people.

But, in one respect, we are likely to diverge. I refer to literature; in that, assimilation is neither probable nor desirable. We were brought up on the literature of England; our first efforts were imitations of it; we were criticised—we criticised ourselves—on its standards. We compared every new aspirant in letters to some English writer. We were patted on the back if we resembled the English models; we were stared at or sneered at if we did not. When we began to produce something that was the product of our own soil and our own social conditions, it was still judged by the old standards, or, if it was too original for that, it was only accepted because it was curious or bizarre, interesting for its oddity. The criticism that we received for our best was evidently founded on such indifference or toleration that it was galling. At first we were surprised; then we were grieved; then we were indignant. We have long ago ceased to be either surprised, grieved, or indignant at anything the English critics say of us. We have recovered our balance. We know that since Gulliver there has been no piece of original humor produced in England equal to "Knickerbocker's New York;" that not in this century has any English writer equaled the wit and satire of the "Biglow Papers." We used to be irritated at what we called the snobbishness of English critics of a certain school; we are so no longer,

for we see that its criticism is only the result of ignorance,—simply of inability to understand.

And we the more readily pardon it, because of the inability we have to understand English conditions, and the English dialect, which has more and more diverged from the language as it was at the time of the separation. We have so constantly read English literature, and kept ourselves so well informed of their social life, as it is exhibited in novels and essays, that we are not so much in the dark with regard to them as they are with regard to us; still we are more and more bothered by the insular dialect. I do not propose to criticise it; it is our misfortune, perhaps our fault, that we do not understand it; and I only refer to it to say that we should not be too hard on the "Saturday Review" critic when he is complaining of the American dialect in the English that Mr. Howells writes. How can the Englishman be expected to come into sympathy with the fiction that has New England for its subject,—from Hawthorne's down to that of our present novelists,—when he is ignorant of the whole background on which it is cast; when all the social conditions are an enigma to him; when, if he has, historically, some conception of Puritan society, he cannot have a glimmer of comprehension of the subtle modifications and changes it has undergone in a century? When he visits America and sees it, it is a puzzle to him. How, then, can he be expected to comprehend it when it is depicted to the life in books?

No, we must expect a continual divergence in our literatures. And it is best that there should be. There can be no development of a nation's literature worth anything that is not on its own lines, out of its own native materials. We must not expect that the English will understand the literature that expresses our national life, character, conditions, any better than they understand that of the French or of the Germans. And, on our part, the day has come when we receive their literary efforts with the same respectful desire to be pleased with them, that we have to like their dress and their speech.

*Charles Dudley Warner.*



## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Coöperation in Christian Work.

THE praise of Christian unity is often chanted now-a-days; the grand chorus of the Evangelical Alliance stately joins in celebrating the excellency of its glory, and there is an unwritten liturgy of pleasant phrases, describing its delights, into which most Christians, in their devotions, spontaneously glide. Of this sort of sentiment there is even a surpluse. The terms in which it is commonly set forth have become so prodigiously inflated that they pass for much less than their dictionary value. Meantime, the schisms increase, the churches are multiplied far beyond the needs of worshippers, and the relation of the sects is practically one of rivalry.

Most of the great denominational assemblies devote a day to the reception of what are called fraternal delegates, and the speeches of these delegates are full of the sentiment of unity. But there is nothing in them more substantial than sentiment. Propositions looking toward the concentration of forces in Christian work are never heard in these places. The applause of the platforms would cease, and a coolness would soon fall upon the meeting, if any such suggestion were heard. Indeed, the speakers on these occasions are generally careful to explain that they do not expect or desire any practical union in Christian work. "Union," said a distinguished speaker at one of these meetings, not long ago, "union is chimerical; union is impossible; it is useless to talk of union at present; but we may have unity—the unity of the spirit; that we ought to pray for and promote in every possible way." Precisely. Union is concrete; unity is abstract; what the average "fraternal delegate" wants is an abstract or sentimental unity that will call for the sacrifice of no sectarian advantages.

Nevertheless, all these love-feasts of Christian fellowship, from the Evangelical Alliance down to the union prayer-meeting in the country villages, bear united testimony that the differences between the sects—between those called Evangelical, at any rate—are not of any real importance. In other words, they bear witness that the sectarian divisions of the Christian church in city and country, by which in so many places its power is destroyed and its glory turned to shame, all rest on non-essential differences.

There is a large body of Christian men in all the sects—mostly quiet men who do not talk much in the union meetings, but whose contributions support, in large measure, the churches and the missionary societies—who have been paying close attention to these useless divisions, and who are beginning vigorously to apply to them their logic and their common sense. "If the differences between these sects are so unimportant as you say," they argue, "why should they be perpetuated at such cost? Why should four weak churches, all substantially alike, be maintained in a small village, when one efficient church could be easily supported? Why should the

sects in the cities struggle on as rivals, rather than as allies, often crippling one another by their competition, getting in one another's way with their mission enterprises, having no stated consultations, and making no concerted effort to secure a harmonious and complete occupation of their common field? Such a waste of power, such a confusion of plans and purposes, would ruin any other enterprise. Why should this greatest of enterprises be crippled by divisions which, as you testify, are of no real consequence?"

These questions are beginning to be asked more and more earnestly, and by a class of men whom the sectarian managers will not wisely undertake to snub. The readers of this magazine have heard them asked more than once. The broad and genuine catholicity of Dr. Holland, and his invincible common sense, led him to urge these questions long ago, and he never ceased to press them upon the conscience of the churches. Almost a quarter of a century has passed since he wrote the essay on "The Lord's Business," included in "Gold Foil," in which he sent the truth home in this trenchant way:

"The call is uttered and echoed in every part of the world for more money and more men; but is it too much to say that enough of both have been squandered in the business management of the Christian enterprise to have carried Christianity into every household? The money expended in church edifices and inefficient governmental church establishments, and bootless and worse than bootless controversies, and the upbuilding of rival sects, would have crowned every hill upon God's footstool with a church edifice, and placed a Bible in every human hand. Further than this, if the men now commissioned to preach the Gospel were properly apportioned to the world's population, millions would enjoy their ministrations who never heard the name of Jesus Christ pronounced, and never will. The towns in Christendom which feebly support, or thoroughly starve, two, three, or four ministers, when one is entirely adequate for them, are almost numberless."

Those who followed the discussions of this department of the magazine through the years of Dr. Holland's editorship, know how often and strongly he struck this chord. Through his teaching, and the teachings of other men impressed with the same conviction, the truth of this matter has become the common property of a multitude of sagacious and influential business men in all the churches, and it is safe to predict that something good will come of it. The wicked and wasteful rivalries and competitions between sects that differ about non-essential matters will not always be tolerated. It will be necessary for the managers of the denominational machines to find a *modus vivendi*. The denominations may continue to exist for a long time, but they will be obliged to come to a better understanding, and not merely sing the praises of unity, but learn to unite in Christian work.

In promoting reforms of this nature, words are often things, and we beg to suggest a word which may help

in the solution of this problem. Suppose we stop talking of union and of unity, and begin to consider the duty of *coöperation* in Christian work. This is the desideratum—*coöperation*. In town and city and mission field, Christians, the disciples of a common Master, ought to *coöperate*. Can they *coöperate*? Who will deny it?

When we come to speak of the methods of *coöperation*, there is much to say. Here wisdom is wanted, but means will not be lacking to men whose hearts are set upon the attainment of the end. In the present number of the magazine begins a short serial by Dr. Gladden, devoted to the discussion of methods of *coöperation* in Christian work. We think our readers will agree with us in regarding it as among the most suggestive, practical, and entertaining studies of the subject that have yet been made. It is to be hoped that "The Christian League of Connecticut" will serve as a model for similar movements in other communities throughout the country.

#### The Dreaded American Aristocracy.

"WHOM the gods would destroy they first make mad." The insane persistency of the machine politicians in the system of political assessments, in the face of the exposure, protest, and ridicule of the public press, is likely to prove the death-blow of the system itself. During the last few months this whole subject has been elucidated in a manner altogether unprecedented. Nor was it necessary for the critics to argue dryly on general principles; the gentlemen of the machine were magnanimously active in furnishing current and striking examples of the sordid selfishness, hypocrisy, impropriety, cruelty, and absurdity of the proceeding. The pathetic stories of individual hardship with which the papers have teemed have been highly effective in stirring the public anger against this wholesale political robbery; but humor is sometimes a more powerful foe than the deepest pathos or the most savage satire, and from the time that the story started the rounds of the newspapers concerning the prompt and sweeping assessment of the cats in the Philadelphia Post-office, hubbub in America became a difficult occupation indeed. Difficult, but not impossible,—for it is, in a sense, natural for a Hubbell to hubble; just as it is for a singer to sing, a canter to cant, a beggar to beg. But when public opposition to a practice like this takes not only the form of scorn, but of ridicule, it is much less easy to carry it on in the presence of a people whose bump of humor is so largely developed as is that of the people of America.

We have no intention to enter here into a general discussion of this subject, but wish merely to allude to a single phase of it. We have heard a great deal during the past few years about the dangers of an office-holding aristocracy. There is a class of patriots in this country whose thoughts by day and whose dreams by night are racked by the dread of an aristocracy of office-holders. We do not exactly know what the dreaded thing is. We know, of course, what an office-holder of the present day is: namely, a person who, putting behind him all selfish thoughts, all considerations of his own, his family's, or his friends' advancement or advantage, devotes himself solely and

assiduously to the responsible duties of a public office. What the patriots above referred to believe that such a man is to become, when civil service reform (that is, retention in office during good behavior) works its worst upon him, we have no means of knowing. But, from a cursory view of the aristocracy of "the mother country," where the genuine aristocrat is acknowledged to exist, we can imagine that the office-holding aristocrat of the future will hold large landed estates, be driven to his office in an old family coach (with his coat-of-arms on the door-panel), ride over the country on the trail of foxes (or the American anise-seed substitute therefor), sport a yacht, belong to all the best clubs in town, and date his family back, if not to the Conquest, at least to the *Mayflower* or to Pocahontas. Now it is most likely that we are all at sea in our endeavors to get at the idea of an office-holding aristocrat, such as scares the imagination of the American patriot. It cannot be just what we have thought it might be, though this is bad enough; it must be something altogether more nightmare-producing than this.

Yes, the office-holding aristocrat of the future must be an excessively terrible fellow, or he would not be so perturbing to the mind of the anti-reformer, nor would eminent reformers, like Mr. Godkin for instance, take so much pains to allay the fears of the gentlemen of the machine on this subject.\* It is evident that if clerks and heads of departments, all through the United States, in the custom-houses, in the post-offices, in the city-halls, in the court-houses, are to be kept in office "during good-behavior," they will immediately begin to behave badly. That is a self-evident proposition.

Let it be acknowledged, then, that without "rotation in office," the principles of American liberty will be undermined. But what, then, has Mr. Hubbell been about? Does he realize what it is to hubble, *i. e.*, to screw money for election purposes out of men, women, children, and cats, who can scarcely live on their incomes? Does he realize that by this process he has been laying the foundations of a gigantic and permanent "office-holding aristocracy,"—an aristocracy which is to perpetuate itself forever by a venal and shameless system?

#### The Exodus of Lunatics.

IN one of Mr. Charles Reade's enthusiastic novels, an attempt is made to picture the miseries of sane people improperly shut up by designing relatives in English lunatic asylums. So far as we know such cases are rare, either abroad or in America, and when responsible persons are wrongfully committed, it is either through the carelessness or ignorance of medical men who sign their commitment certificates. Of late, nevertheless, a number of persons held in American asylums for the insane have been pronounced of sound mind by Supreme Court judges before whom they have been brought, and promptly discharged,—one judge going so far as to say that the alleged lunatic was not insane, and never had been. This extraordinary piece of judicial assumption immediately raises the question

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equality of conditions would work no consent to separation. The undeniable growth of the democratic spirit in England can, no more, be relied on to bring it about, when we remember what renewed executive vigor and cohesion existed with the commonwealth, and the fiery foreign policy of the first republic of France. For three years past we have seen the British Empire in peril on all sides, with the addition of depression and incipient rebellion at home, but her horizon is not as dark as it was in 1780, when, with a failing cause in America, England had the whole of Europe against her.

In any estimate of the prospects of England, we must take into account the recent marked changes in the social condition. Mr. Escott has an instructive chapter on this in his excellent book on England. He notices that the English character is losing its insularity, is more accessible to foreign influences, and is adopting foreign, especially French, modes of living. Country life is losing its charm; domestic life is changed; people live in "flats" more and more, and the idea of home is not what it was; marriage is not exactly what it was; the increased free and independent relations of the sexes are somewhat demoralizing; women are a little intoxicated with their newly-acquired freedom; social scandals are more frequent. It should be said, however, that, perhaps, the present perils are due not to the new system but to the fact that it is new; when the novelty is worn off the peril may cease.

Mr. Escott notices primogeniture as one of the stable and, curious enough, one of the democratic institutions of society. It is owing to primogeniture that while there is a nobility in England there is no *noblesse*. If titles and lands went to all the children, there would be the multitudinous *noblesse* of the continent. Now, by primogeniture, enough is retained for a small nobility, but all the younger sons must go into the world and make a living. The three respectable professions no longer offer sufficient inducement, and they crowd more and more into trade. Thus the middle class is constantly recruited from the upper. Besides, the upper is all the time recruited from the wealthy middle; the union of aristocracy and plutocracy may be said to be complete. But merit makes its way continually from even the lower ranks upward, in the professions, in the army, the law, the church, in letters, in trade, and, what Mr. Escott does not mention, in the reformed civil service, newly opened to the humblest lad in the land. Thus there is constant movement up and down in social England, approaching, except in the traditional nobility,

the freedom of movement in our own country. This is all wholesome and sound. Even the nobility itself, driven by *ennui*, or a loss of former political control, or by the necessity of more money to support inherited estates, goes into business, into journalism, writes books, enters the professions.

What are the symptoms of decay in England? Unless the accumulation of wealth is a symptom of decay, I do not see many. I look at the people themselves. It seems to me that never in their history were they more full of vigor. See what travelers, explorers, adventurers they are. See what sportsmen, in every part of the globe, how much they endure, and how hale and jolly they are—women as well as men. The race, certainly, has not decayed. And look at letters. It may be said that this is not the age of pure literature—and I'm sure I hope the English patent for producing machine novels will not be infringed—but the English language was never before written so vigorously, so clearly, and to such purpose. And this is shown even in the excessive refinement and elaboration of trifles, the minutia of reflection, the keenness of analysis, the unrelenting pursuit of every social topic into subtleties untouched by the older essayists. And there is still more vigor, without affectation, in scientific investigation, in the daily conquests made in the realm of social economy, the best methods of living and getting the most out of life. Art also keeps pace with luxury, and shows abundant life and promise for the future.

I believe, from these and other considerations, that this vigorous people will find a way out of its present embarrassments, and a way out without retreating. For myself, I like to see the English sort of civilization spreading over the world, rather than the Russian or the French. I hope England will hang on to the East, and not give it over to the havoc of squabbling tribes, with a dozen religions and five hundred dialects, or to the military despotism of an empire whose morality is only matched by the superstition of its religion.

The relations of England and the United States are naturally of the first interest to us. Our love and our hatred have always been that of true relatives. For three-quarters of a century our *amour propre* was constantly kept raw by the most supercilious patronage. During the past decade, when the quality of England's regard has become more and more a matter of indifference to us, we have been the subject of a more intelligent curiosity, of increased respect, accompanied with a sincere desire to understand us. In the diplomatic scale Washington still ranks below the

Sublime Porte, but this anomaly is due to tradition, and does not represent England's real estimate of the status of the republic. There is, and must be, a good deal of selfishness mingled in our friendship,—patriotism itself being a form of selfishness,—but our ideas of civilization so nearly coincide, and we have so many common aspirations for humanity that we must draw nearer together, notwithstanding old grudges and present differences in social structure. Our intercourse is likely to be closer, our business relations will become more inseparable. I can conceive of nothing so lamentable for the progress of the world as a quarrel between these two English-speaking people.

But, in one respect, we are likely to diverge. I refer to literature; in that, assimilation is neither probable nor desirable. We were brought up on the literature of England; our first efforts were imitations of it; we were criticised—we criticised ourselves—on its standards. We compared every new aspirant in letters to some English writer. We were patted on the back if we resembled the English models; we were stared at or sneered at if we did not. When we began to produce something that was the product of our own soil and our own social conditions, it was still judged by the old standards, or, if it was too original for that, it was only accepted because it was curious or bizarre, interesting for its oddity. The criticism that we received for our best was evidently founded on such indifference or toleration that it was galling. At first we were surprised; then we were grieved; then we were indignant. We have long ago ceased to be either surprised, grieved, or indignant at anything the English critics say of us. We have recovered our balance. We know that since Gulliver there has been no piece of original humor produced in England equal to "Knickerbocker's New York;" that not in this century has any English writer equaled the wit and satire of the "Biglow Papers." We used to be irritated at what we called the snobbishness of English critics of a certain school; we are so no longer,

for we see that its criticism is only the result of ignorance,—simply of inability to understand.

And we the more readily pardon it, because of the inability we have to understand English conditions, and the English dialect, which has more and more diverged from the language as it was at the time of the separation. We have so constantly read English literature, and kept ourselves so well informed of their social life, as it is exhibited in novels and essays, that we are not so much in the dark with regard to them as they are with regard to us; still we are more and more bothered by the insular dialect. I do not propose to criticise it; it is our misfortune, perhaps our fault, that we do not understand it; and I only refer to it to say that we should not be too hard on the "Saturday Review" critic when he is complaining of the American dialect in the English that Mr. Howells writes. How can the Englishman be expected to come into sympathy with the fiction that has New England for its subject,—from Hawthorne's down to that of our present novelists,—when he is ignorant of the whole background on which it is cast; when all the social conditions are an enigma to him; when, if he has, historically, some conception of Puritan society, he cannot have a glimmer of comprehension of the subtle modifications and changes it has undergone in a century? When he visits America and sees it, it is a puzzle to him. How, then, can he be expected to comprehend it when it is depicted to the life in books?

No, we must expect a continual divergence in our literatures. And it is best that there should be. There can be no development of a nation's literature worth anything that is not on its own lines, out of its own native materials. We must not expect that the English will understand the literature that expresses our national life, character, conditions, any better than they understand that of the French or of the Germans. And, on our part, the day has come when we receive their literary efforts with the same respectful desire to be pleased with them, that we have to like their dress and their speech.

*Charles Dudley Warner.*



## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Coöperation in Christian Work.

THE praise of Christian unity is often chanted now-a-days; the grand chorus of the Evangelical Alliance stately joins in celebrating the excellency of its glory, and there is an unwritten liturgy of pleasant phrases, describing its delights, into which most Christians, in their devotions, spontaneously glide. Of this sort of sentiment there is even a surplage. The terms in which it is commonly set forth have become so prodigiously inflated that they pass for much less than their dictionary value. Meantime, the schisms increase, the churches are multiplied far beyond the needs of worshippers, and the relation of the sects is practically one of rivalry.

Most of the great denominational assemblies devote a day to the reception of what are called fraternal delegates, and the speeches of these delegates are full of the sentiment of unity. But there is nothing in them more substantial than sentiment. Propositions looking toward the concentration of forces in Christian work are never heard in these places. The applause of the platforms would cease, and a coolness would soon fall upon the meeting, if any such suggestion were heard. Indeed, the speakers on these occasions are generally careful to explain that they do not expect or desire any practical union in Christian work. "Union," said a distinguished speaker at one of these meetings, not long ago, "union is chimerical; union is impossible; it is useless to talk of union at present; but we may have unity—the unity of the spirit; that we ought to pray for and promote in every possible way." Precisely. Union is concrete; unity is abstract; what the average "fraternal delegate" wants is an abstract or sentimental unity that will call for the sacrifice of no sectarian advantages.

Nevertheless, all these love-feasts of Christian fellowship, from the Evangelical Alliance down to the union prayer-meeting in the country villages, bear united testimony that the differences between the sects—between those called Evangelical, at any rate—are not of any real importance. In other words, they bear witness that the sectarian divisions of the Christian church in city and country, by which in so many places its power is destroyed and its glory turned to shame, all rest on non-essential differences.

There is a large body of Christian men in all the sects—mostly quiet men who do not talk much in the union meetings, but whose contributions support, in large measure, the churches and the missionary societies—who have been paying close attention to these useless divisions, and who are beginning vigorously to apply to them their logic and their common sense. "If the differences between these sects are so unimportant as you say," they argue, "why should they be perpetuated at such cost? Why should four weak churches, all substantially alike, be maintained in a small village, when one efficient church could be easily supported? Why should the

sects in the cities struggle on as rivals, rather than as allies, often crippling one another by their competition, getting in one another's way with their mission enterprises, having no stated consultations, and making no concerted effort to secure a harmonious and complete occupation of their common field? Such a waste of power, such a confusion of plans and purposes, would ruin any other enterprise. Why should this greatest of enterprises be crippled by divisions which, as you testify, are of no real consequence?"

These questions are beginning to be asked more and more earnestly, and by a class of men whom the sectarian managers will not wisely undertake to snub. The readers of this magazine have heard them asked more than once. The broad and genuine catholicity of Dr. Holland, and his invincible common sense, led him to urge these questions long ago, and he never ceased to press them upon the conscience of the churches. Almost a quarter of a century has passed since he wrote the essay on "The Lord's Business," included in "Gold Foil," in which he sent the truth home in this trenchant way:

"The call is uttered and echoed in every part of the world for more money and more men; but is it too much to say that enough of both have been squandered in the business management of the Christian enterprise to have carried Christianity into every household? The money expended in church edifices and inefficient governmental church establishments, and bootless and worse than bootless controversies, and the upbuilding of rival sects, would have crowned every hill upon God's footstool with a church edifice, and placed a Bible in every human hand. Further than this, if the men now commissioned to preach the Gospel were properly apportioned to the world's population, millions would enjoy their ministrations who never heard the name of Jesus Christ pronounced, and never will. The towns in Christendom which feebly support, or thoroughly starve, two, three, or four ministers, when one is entirely adequate for them, are almost numberless."

Those who followed the discussions of this department of the magazine through the years of Dr. Holland's editorship, know how often and strongly he struck this chord. Through his teaching, and the teachings of other men impressed with the same conviction, the truth of this matter has become the common property of a multitude of sagacious and influential business men in all the churches, and it is safe to predict that something good will come of it. The wicked and wasteful rivalries and competitions between sects that differ about non-essential matters will not always be tolerated. It will be necessary for the managers of the denominational machines to find a *modus vivendi*. The denominations may continue to exist for a long time, but they will be obliged to come to a better understanding, and not merely sing the praises of unity, but learn to unite in Christian work.

In promoting reforms of this nature, words are often things, and we beg to suggest a word which may help

in the solution of this problem. Suppose we stop talking of union and of unity, and begin to consider the duty of *coöperation* in Christian work. This is the desideratum—*coöperation*. In town and city and mission field, Christians, the disciples of a common Master, ought to *coöperate*. Can they *coöperate*? Who will deny it?

When we come to speak of the methods of *coöperation*, there is much to say. Here wisdom is wanted, but means will not be lacking to men whose hearts are set upon the attainment of the end. In the present number of the magazine begins a short serial by Dr. Gladden, devoted to the discussion of methods of *coöperation* in Christian work. We think our readers will agree with us in regarding it as among the most suggestive, practical, and entertaining studies of the subject that have yet been made. It is to be hoped that "The Christian League of Connecticut" will serve as a model for similar movements in other communities throughout the country.

#### The Dreaded American Aristocracy.

"WHOM the gods would destroy they first make mad." The insane persistency of the machine politicians in the system of political assessments, in the face of the exposure, protest, and ridicule of the public press, is likely to prove the death-blow of the system itself. During the last few months this whole subject has been elucidated in a manner altogether unprecedented. Nor was it necessary for the critics to argue dryly on general principles; the gentlemen of the machine were magnanimously active in furnishing current and striking examples of the sordid selfishness, hypocrisy, impropriety, cruelty, and absurdity of the proceeding. The pathetic stories of individual hardship with which the papers have teemed have been highly effective in stirring the public anger against this wholesale political robbery; but humor is sometimes a more powerful foe than the deepest pathos or the most savage satire, and from the time that the story started the rounds of the newspapers concerning the prompt and sweeping assessment of the cats in the Philadelphia Post-office, hubbub in America became a difficult occupation indeed. Difficult, but not impossible,—for it is, in a sense, natural for a Hubbell to hubble; just as it is for a singer to sing, a canter to cant, a beggar to beg. But when public opposition to a practice like this takes not only the form of scorn, but of ridicule, it is much less easy to carry it on in the presence of a people whose bump of humor is so largely developed as is that of the people of America.

We have no intention to enter here into a general discussion of this subject, but wish merely to allude to a single phase of it. We have heard a great deal during the past few years about the dangers of an office-holding aristocracy. There is a class of patriots in this country whose thoughts by day and whose dreams by night are racked by the dread of an aristocracy of office-holders. We do not exactly know what the dreaded thing is. We know, of course, what an office-holder of the present day is: namely, a person who, putting behind him all selfish thoughts, all considerations of his own, his family's, or his friends' advancement or advantage, devotes himself solely and

assiduously to the responsible duties of a public office. What the patriots above referred to believe that such a man is to become, when civil service reform (that is, retention in office during good behavior) works its worst upon him, we have no means of knowing. But, from a cursory view of the aristocracy of "the mother country," where the genuine aristocrat is acknowledged to exist, we can imagine that the office-holding aristocrat of the future will hold large landed estates, be driven to his office in an old family coach (with his coat-of-arms on the door-panel), ride over the country on the trail of foxes (or the American anise-seed substitute therefor), sport a yacht, belong to all the best clubs in town, and date his family back, if not to the Conquest, at least to the *Mayflower* or to Pocahontas. Now it is most likely that we are all at sea in our endeavors to get at the idea of an office-holding aristocrat, such as scares the imagination of the American patriot. It cannot be just what we have thought it might be, though this is bad enough; it must be something altogether more nightmare-producing than this.

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Let it be acknowledged, then, that without "rotation in office," the principles of American liberty will be undermined. But what, then, has Mr. Hubbell been about? Does he realize what it is to hubble, *i. e.*, to screw money for election purposes out of men, women, children, and cats, who can scarcely live on their incomes? Does he realize that by this process he has been laying the foundations of a gigantic and permanent "office-holding aristocracy,"—an aristocracy which is to perpetuate itself forever by a venal and shameless system?

#### The Exodus of Lunatics.

IN one of Mr. Charles Reade's enthusiastic novels, an attempt is made to picture the miseries of sane people improperly shut up by designing relatives in English lunatic asylums. So far as we know such cases are rare, either abroad or in America, and when responsible persons are wrongfully committed, it is either through the carelessness or ignorance of medical men who sign their commitment certificates. Of late, nevertheless, a number of persons held in American asylums for the insane have been pronounced of sound mind by Supreme Court judges before whom they have been brought, and promptly discharged,—one judge going so far as to say that the alleged lunatic was not insane, and never had been. This extraordinary piece of judicial assumption immediately raises the question

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whether a judge, presumably ignorant of medicine, no matter how learned he may be in his own profession, has any right to decide questions concerning insanity as a disease,—for it is as much a disease as small-pox, and as peculiar in its expressions as other better understood affections.

We hold that no one is justified in saying, after nothing more than a brief examination in a court-room, that an individual is not insane because the alleged lunatic does not then act strangely, or because he happens to answer properly certain questions that may be put to him upon the witness-stand. It is frequently the case that if such a person is requested to talk upon other subjects than those suggested by the lawyer, he will burst forth into an insane and incoherent torrent of words. So, too, fifteen minutes before, or fifteen minutes after leaving the witness-stand, he may show unmistakable symptoms of mental disease. Some of the recent decisions in these cases are examples of all that is unwise and blundering, and, it may be assumed, are in conflict with the unprejudiced opinions of alienists and people of common sense, and it is to be feared that no reaction in public feeling will take place until a terrible act of violence is done by some crazy person who has been set at large.

If it were possible to follow the English laws, which in some respects are not to be improved upon, the friends of alleged lunatics who take the responsibility of commitment, no less than the lunatics themselves, would be protected. An unbiased board of commissioners is what is really needed, and the sooner we have it the better.

#### Wise Benevolence.

ONE of the significant facts of the recent social progress of the United States is the reaction which has set in against the giving of alms. If a census could be taken of the money received by beggars in New York city for each of the last ten years, we venture to say that it would show a decided and continual decrease in the total amount. This fact stands in the relations both of cause and effect to another fact,—that the benevolent work of the metropolis was never better organized than now. What with the religious missions, the loan associations, the fresh-air fund, the house-to-house visiting, the distribution of flowers and reading-matter to the sick, and many another well-devised agency, there is very little room for new organizations. Citizens have learned that these societies can do benevolent work better than they can themselves, and they are glad to delegate the functions to experts. For, in New York, a man must be an expert to be properly qualified to hand a dime to a street-mendicant, and here benevolent work has been reduced to such a science that we doubt not members of the State Charities Aid Association can tell almost to a cent how much that well-meant act will cost the city,—how much of the expense will go to the penitentiary, and how much to the alms-house.

The indoctrination of New Yorkers with the idea

that work is better than alms has been a large part of the labor of the above-mentioned association, an account of which will be found in the issue of this magazine for July, 1882. We print in the present number a more detailed account of another phase of the great charity reform which it has accomplished,—a paper which ought to reach especially every woman and every benevolently inclined person of wealth. It will be a great disappointment to many readers to learn, at the end of the paper, that this "new profession" in which they have become interested is not open to them. To devote so many pages to it seems like "hewing out roads to a wall." Why, one might ask, when there is such an excess of applications for admission to institutions like the Bellevue school and the Cooper Union women's class for wood-engraving—why should encouragement be offered to women to enter either? The answer is that it is this readiness of women to accept new opportunities for work as they are offered that will create for them further opportunities. When it is known that there is a natural demand for a certain class of work in which they have reached excellence, and that greater facilities are needed to enable them to pursue it, the door cannot long be closed to them, either for lack of money or by unthinking prejudice. No one can insure a livelihood to another in the new profession. Success will depend on the personal equation, and the individual must take or refuse the risks. Of the growing demand for trained nurses, however, there can be no doubt. A physician has recently said: "There are to-day not more than two hundred trained nurses doing private nursing in New York, while there are twenty-five hundred physicians; perhaps twelve hundred, or about half of these, do good and make a fair living. There should be nearly as many trained nurses at work in the same field. A physician in full practice frequently has from three to six nurses in charge of his private cases at one time." Other large cities offer no less promising a field.

There is a wise saw that it is better to keep an old friend than to make a new one. We put it to those of our wealthy men who are planning how they may best distribute money in public usefulness, whether they would not better intrust it to a well-organized, efficient institution that has learned its business, such as the Training School, than to pioneer some "new field," at a loss of a large per cent. for tutorship, organization, and "plant," as the manufacturers say. Here is an enterprise, that, beginning in the imagination of one wise woman, has included in its councils a large number of the most far-sighted, practical, and influential men and women of New York; that, starting as a theory, amid indifference or opposition, has set the copy for this class of work in America; that has purified the moral tone of hospital life and raised the standard of nursing throughout the country; and finally, that has opened to women of refinement a career at once honorable, dignified, and lucrative. Surely the managers of such an institution may safely be trusted to extend these opportunities as far as the generosity of Americans will permit.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### Trial by Jury.

LAFAYETTE, IND., September, 1882.

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: The experience of all who are familiar with courts and their workings, shows that a person who is seeking only justice never desires the intervention of a jury; that a jury trial is always the hope of the person who desires to perpetrate an injustice; and that with the aid of a jury there is always a chance, and often more than an even chance, of making the judiciary sanction a wrong. There is no one familiar with the courts and their workings who does not understand fully the great and usually controlling effect produced upon juries by certain elements, if present. Not unfrequently a woman or a child, being a party to a controversy, is the element which controls the action of a jury. An individual and a corporation being the parties to a suit, the individual secures the verdict of the jury. The estate of a decedent, who has left considerable property, and no wife or children, on the most meager proofs will, by a jury, be held liable to any demand, however preposterous. A jury will nearly always find against the validity of a will, if its provisions do not have its approbation.

These are a few of the many instances in which it is well known that the finding of a jury will be controlled, to a great degree, if not absolutely, by some matter which has not the remotest bearing on the merits of the controversy. The time occupied in a trial by jury, the long harangues on questions of evidence, are all to be set down, on the one side or the other, to the desire to get before the jury some evidence that is immaterial, but which will, probably, produce an effect on the finding; and not unfrequently an offer to introduce a particular piece of evidence, though rejected, produces the desired effect.

In the courts of the United States, the distinction between cases at law and in equity, and the English practice in each class of cases, have been substantially maintained. In these courts all equity cases are tried by the court, without the aid of a jury. The equity cases are those in which the largest interests are involved, the most complicated questions of fact determined, and the most intricate questions as to the rights of all parties having any interest in the subject matter of the litigation are settled. Yet the want of a jury is never felt in these cases, and the parties to them are much better assured of a righteous result than the parties to suits at law, where a jury trial can

be had. In the cases tried by jury in the Federal courts, the jury nuisance is not at its worst, for there the judge, as in the English courts, tells the jury substantially what to do, and promptly sets aside its verdict if it is not in accordance with his directions.

In Indiana, where the jury trial is a matter of right in every case, the bar association of the State appointed three eminent lawyers to report upon the jury trial, etc. A report was made by them, in which they say: "The practical working of this inflexible rule of trial by jury in all civil cases has been hurtful; in many cases it amounts to a denial of justice." That trial by jury is utterly unfit for the purpose of ascertaining the truth, in all cases where the truth is not easily and readily to be found, is a proposition warranted by the experience of all who are familiar with the working of the system. And this result of experience is the one ordinary reasoning would reach, independent of experience. May we not conclude, then, that the trial by jury is worse than useless in cases where the facts are complicated, and the truth can only be known after a careful and painstaking examination? If in such cases the jury trial is not an aid, but a hindrance, to the administration of justice, in what case can it be an aid? The trial by jury is not merely worthless, but it is very expensive. It would perhaps be a fair estimate to say that at least one-half of the entire expense of the administration of justice would be saved by abolishing the trial by jury.

All that has been said of the trial by jury, in cases between individuals, is equally true as applied to the trial of persons accused of crime. The criminal has an abiding faith in juries,—a faith which is well founded; so well, that of the guilty who are accused of crimes, but an insignificant fraction are convicted, rarely one who has the means to secure the full benefit of the protection to crime given by a jury trial.

It may be asked, what should be substituted for the jury? Nothing; wipe it out; let every cause be tried by the judge, and, if there is an appeal from his finding, let the case, by the appellate court, be reexamined on the whole evidence, and the rights of the parties finally settled. This reexamination, when the whole evidence is taken down by a short-hand writer, as it is now in all important cases, would insure the judgment of the appellate court on the merits of the controversy, and end it, and would be a perfect protection against mistakes, bias, prejudice, or corruption on the part of the judge who first hears the case.

Very truly yours,  
Robert Jones.

## LITERATURE.

### Bret Harte's "Collected Works."\*

MR. HARTE'S earliest volume was published, it seems, in 1865,—a "thin volume of verse," war poems and the like, of more than the average interest, and of considerable promise in character-sketching. Two years later came "The Condensed Novels," which showed a happy imitative and burlesque faculty, and a crisp, rapid movement, both qualities which entered into all Mr. Harte's later writings. The "Bohemian Papers," brief and spicy, came with the "Novels." The author claims for these years—1862-1866—two efforts in dialect, "The Society upon the Stanislaus" and the "Story of Miss," which strike the key-note of his most original work. The poem, as a specimen of serious humor, strikes the midriff as nearly as may be,—being as coarse and as fine as the best serious humor of the western slope. The "Story of Miss" touches the pathetic and opens the fountain of tears.

All these things were only locally known, until "The Luck of Roaring Camp" challenged a wider field. The author tells us how this story was tossed back from the blushing young lady type-setter of the "Overland Monthly" to the serious-minded printer; from him to the anxious publisher; from the publisher, with a solemn face, to the author; from the author, with firmness, to a "committee of three"; from the three, with irresolution, to the author again; and from him, with obstinate confidence, to the public—"without emendation, omission, alteration, or apology." So much local agitation was followed by local irritation. California was distressed, refusing to be comforted. "The religious press frantically excommunicated" the story, "and anathematized it as the offspring of evil." "Christians were cautioned against pollution by its contact." But the author waited confidently for "the larger verdict" of America; and the "return mail from the East brought a letter . . . from the publishers of the 'Atlantic Monthly,' addressed to the—to them—unknown 'Author of 'The Luck of Roaring Camp.''" The letter was "opened and found to be a request, upon the most flattering terms, for a story for the *Atlantic* similar to the 'Luck.' The same mail brought newspapers and reviews welcoming the little founding of Californian literature with an enthusiasm that half frightened the author." It was the beginning of fame. The "Luck" was soon followed by "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Miggles," "Tennessee's Partner," etc., which equipped the new genius for that literary triumphal procession across the continent that introduced him, with more than a flourish of trumpets, to the East.

The poems and stories which brought his "triumph" are much the best of Bret Harte's work. "He has reached his highest point," said one of the shrewdest judges of literary fire-works, when the "Heathen Chinee" had put the nation in a broad

grin; "he will never do anything so good again;"—and this is probably the sober judgment of critics and readers to-day. But then, the work of those early days was so good and so novel that it would bear some reiteration. The vein of ore was single, and the best of it was mined, yet the chunks still left were *ore*. How carefully the unsunned depths have since been searched is made clear as we run over these five volumes of "Collected Works." There is endless repetition and reiteration. There is much second-class material. But altogether there is a very respectable income of enjoyment to the reader. When we remember that Wordsworth, the most prolific genius of this century, left only about thirty poems which the candid reader can praise unmixedly, we ought to consider the half-dozen poems and half-dozen stories of Bret Harte's which are sure to live, as a sufficient contribution to American genius to give him fame.

It was assuredly the dawn of a new day for Western literature when those early productions appeared. We have since had free range in Western humor and pathos. One Horse Gulch and Poker Flat have become the head-quarters of plain and strong language—whether absolutely true to nature or not, the historians of the "Exodus of '49" must decide.

The dialectic peculiarities which Mr. Harte was perhaps the first to introduce us to were varied,—the old Spanish of Mission Dolores, the new Chinese, and many mixed specimens from the Eastern migration. He seemed born to catch and fix the characteristic features of each, and he caught and fixed them so admirably, that, like Sam Weller's lingo, his have become the standard varieties. Behind the dialects are the idioms, which are too racy for the Sunday-school and bring a moral indigestion to a good many worthy people. Some of these idioms were not indigenous to California, but came steeped in the honeydews of Kentucky. Behind them were the manners and morals, open and frank to a degree to which Truthful James does scant justice. Beside them Ah Sin's "little game" was "childlike and bland." The author admits that this state of morals was part of a "picturesque passing civilization," and one would be inclined to hope that a civilization was passing which made Grace Conroy the ideal lady and Arthur Poinsett the superb champion of manhood in Sacramento, and which left Jack Hamlin to carry off the honors of knightly courtesy. The picture is dark, as Mr. Harte paints it, but full of brilliant flashes of human kindness, for which flashes the author searches with much of the Dickens spirit and more than the Dickens fervor. One is sometimes led to think that the search had become a passion with him,—that some inherent quality of opposition had made him resolved to lie in wait on that road from Jerusalem to Jericho oftener than legitimate business called him, not only to bind up the wounds of him who "fell among thieves," but to soothe the injured sensibilities of the thieves themselves. He

\* The Works of Bret Harte. Riverside Edition. Collected and revised by the author. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

was very, very merciful to Jack Hamlin,—but he believes in "mercy." "Of all the various forms in which Cant presents itself to suffering humanity," he says, "I know of none so outrageous, so illogical, so undemonstrable, so marvelously absurd, as the Cant of 'Too much mercy.'" Whether this kind of mercy is too merciful or not, we leave to the moralists.

In looking at the artistic work of these five volumes, two superior qualities strike us: the genius for climax, and the happy faculty of making sharp contrasts. Each becomes too much a trick at last, the use of which is traceable to the Dickens influence on a nature constructed after the Dickens pattern. But Dickens had more fertility, and gave us a new trick every time. He was, moreover, assiduous, and collected fresh material for each new volume, which our author does not do, nor does the latter handle large material skillfully. In "Gabriel Conroy," for example, one can hardly escape the conviction that he had written a series of brilliant short stories for the proper fusing of which he could obtain no sufficient heat. When he finally gets his persons together, it is by the use of the old superficial devices. In three diverse corners of the West, for instance, the same earthquake shakes Culpepper Starbottle temporarily out of five thousand dollars, Pete Dumphy, the arch-villain, out of a document highly important to the heroine, and Grace Conroy out of her snug retreat at the rancho of San Geronimo. It shakes a brace of villains out of a rich silver "lead," and a pair of excellent people into possession of the official documents which testify to their ownership in valuable mines. It shuts a prison-door against three Vigilantes and their followers, thereby gaining time for the escape of the hero, whom it afterward further serves by loosening for him a statue of Liberty, which he flings down upon the Vigilantes. This was pretty good for one earthquake, though, of course, quite possible,—just as Cooper's devices with the Pathfinder are quite possible; but an artistic novelist, following nature, and having premonitions of the present realistic school of fiction, would have devised another way, though with more expense, perhaps, to his inventive powers. But, whatever the artistic inequalities may be, and whatever the repetition of tricks that have made us laugh once, and whatever the sense we may get that genius is a marketable commodity, there can be no doubt of the *genius* which lies glittering, gem-like, throughout these five volumes.

In the last two stories, published since the above ("Flip," and "Found at Blazing Star," By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), there are no novel points. Miggles and Jack Hamlin would serve to indicate the leading characters. The early California blackleg is there, and if they are no longer blessed in California with the chivalrous breed, Mr. Harte keeps up the traditions in Lance Harriott, whose face is "rosy, round, shining with irrepressible good humor and youthful levity"; whose large, blue eyes are "infantine in their innocent surprise and thoughtlessness." He can still handle the cards, the deringer, and those dangerous blue eyes, as well as of old; and, indeed, is a hero and a scoundrel of the first water,—while "Flip," who succors him in distress, and "moons" over him, is ragged, unkempt,

saucy, and angelic up to the initial development of the pin-feathers. If she did not follow "Miss" and "Miggles," she would be a creation.

#### Underwood's "Longfellow."

THIS is one of those old-fashioned laudatory biographies, now happily becoming an extinct species. The facts of the poet's life are given in good order. There are the usual illustrations: frontispiece portrait; views of various houses by him inhabited; the Old Clock on the Stairs; inkstands in which was dipped that pen which, etc., etc.; desk on which were written those immortal works, etc., etc. There are testimonials from classmates at Bowdoin, and the appendix contains, among other miscellaneous matter, a valuable bibliography taken from "The Literary World," and a somewhat boastful exhibit of the sales of Longfellow's books.

It were greatly to be wished that no one would rush into the work of literary biography without having such modicum of dramatic talent as would enable him to present at least one figure on his stage; and so much critical acumen as to help him toward some understanding of the characteristics and limitations of the genius that he describes. One could willingly exchange several volumes of this literary job-work for a few keen, discriminating pages, which should get the man Longfellow and the portrait of his mind sharply before us. As to Mr. Underwood's fitness for the critical part of his task, a few of his statements will give a sufficient notion. According to these, the "Voices of the Night" "are wholly without parallel in our day, in the quality of touching and elevating the moral nature." "It may be questioned if any American audience ever heard it ['The Building of the Ship'] without giving the inevitable tribute of tears." "His readers are more numerous than those of any poet, except the Psalmist David." "In the extent and diversity of his works he stands the peer of any. If poets like Gray and Collins are immortalized by the few gems they added to our literature, what is to be said of Longfellow, who has produced fifty times as many,—most of them superior in force and beauty to the mosaics of the one or the classic odes of the other." "Excepting Goethe, and, perhaps, Schiller, there was none [of the German poets] more original and suggestive than himself." "He alone is entitled to be called the poet of humanity."

Our author's excursion into the controversy provoked by Poe's attack on Longfellow is not fortunate; and what he says about the poetry of Poe, Emerson, and Robert Browning is simply fatuous. As to the old question of Longfellow's originality, it does not turn, we conceive, on the point whether he did or did not borrow lines and phrases from Motherwell and other poets, or whether he took the measure and style of "Hiawatha" from the Finnish epic "Kalevala." He might have done much more than this without forfeiting any claim to originality; and Poe's furious onslaught was, of course, absurd and in parts crazily egotistic. The reason why originality in a high sense has been by many critics denied to Longfellow is that his genius was adaptive, sympathetic, and almost

\* Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. A Biographical Sketch by Francis H. Underwood. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

feminine in its character; that the intellectual problems of the age did not touch him; that much of his poetry was, as Margaret Fuller said of it, "exotic"; that while always sweet, graceful, and musical he was seldom strong, and never subtle or profound. He was best at a translation or when his mind was set working by books. His real weakness came out in his prose. It is impossible to imagine a man like Holmes or Lowell, *e. g.*, turning out such sentimental and rhetorical prose as that of "Hyperion." All these things have been said over and over again, and it seems ungracious to reiterate them. They do not detract from the great and genuine merits of our loved poet, whose tender and beautiful verse has won a popularity which is matter of pride to every American. But when his biographer undertakes to draw a picture, without either shading or proportion, it is right to remind him that *Definitio est negatio*. One may resent the suggestion sometimes made that Longfellow is the poet of young ladies' seminaries, and yet recognize the vast interval between him and such poets as Browning and Emerson.

Professor Sumner's "Andrew Jackson" (American Statesmen Series).\*

THE title of Mr. Sumner's volume is somewhat misleading. It is not so much a biography as an account of the politics and finance of Jackson's time. We get from it the impression of Jackson, less as an individual than as a public force, moving through the history of his times with relentless vigor. Of the play of individual passion and motive, of the development of character that led him into the various positions he assumed, we get little or no account. For these the reader must go to other biographies, particularly that of Mr. Parton, who, if he is inaccurate and inclined to make altogether too much of his subject, has the art of biography, the art of making us understand and sympathize, at least intellectually, with the career he describes.

Mr. Sumner has not himself sufficient sympathy with Jackson to enable him to do this. It would hardly be too much to say that his feeling for him is one of contempt. He sees in him little more than the accidental leader of a mob,—the mob being the people of the United States. This view has been taken before by a well-known critic of the Jackson period. In a passage which Mr. Sumner quotes with approval, Adams thus described the conditions of politics in 1834: "The prosperity of the country, independent of all agency of the Government, is so great that the people have nothing to disturb them but their own waywardness and corruption. They quarrel upon discussions of a doit, and split up in gangs of partisans of A, B, and C, without knowing why they prefer one to another. Caucuses, country, State and national conventions, public dinners and dinner-table speeches two or three hours long, constitute the operative power of electioneering; and the parties are of working men, temperance reformers, anti-masons, Union and State-rights men, nullifiers, and above all Jackson men, Van Buren men, Clay

men, Calhoun men, Webster men, and McLean men, whigs and tories, republicans and democrats, without one ounce of honest principle to choose between them."

If this was an exact or accurate picture of the politics of the country during the period between the close of the second war with England and Jackson's retirement from the Presidency,—and no one who reads Mr. Sumner's book will find a very different one in it,—it would be hard to understand how the prosperity of the United States referred to by Adams can be accounted for. Certainly not in the management of its finances, for here the history of the country is a history of crazy experiments, always resulting in disaster. Mr. Sumner, as an economist, dwells with a good deal of detail on the so-called "banking" of the period, and on Jackson's war with the United States Bank, and shows very conclusively that the idea of banking then prevalent throughout the country was simply that of furnishing a means of getting money to people who had no credit. The banks, too, were partisan institutions and were unscrupulously used to aid the party which chartered them. It is not too much to say that this notion of banking, by no means yet extinct, was the only one which was able to get a footing in the national mind down to the period of the Rebellion. Of the early part of the century Mr. Sumner says: "State banks at that time were distinctly regarded as political engines, each bank had a well-defined party character, and 'accommodated' only those of its own party. It seems that people then would have been as much astonished if a group of federalists asked for a bank charter from a Republican legislature as we should be now if a Republican should ask a Democratic House to elect him clerk." Again, "to read the doctrines and plans of 1814-15 one would think the people had thought that a bank manufactured capital out of nothing, and could give it away. Its main duty was to dole it out fairly, and if the existing banks did not do this, some more ought to be made. They talked about a man's 'right' to accommodation as if a bank resembled a town pump, at which every one might draw."

Whenever any large group of insolvent debtors wanted to relieve themselves from their embarrassments, or there was any great loss of property in the community, the creation of a bank was the usual means of relief that suggested itself. When Tammany Hall got into debt, a plan was formed for paying it by making a bank. When the great fire of 1835 occurred in New York, a proposition was brought forward to create a bank as a mode of relieving the sufferers.

Mr. Sumner thinks that the evils of the State bank system were quite as great, if not worse, than any possible disaster to be apprehended from the Bank of the United States, but he has not taken into account the enormous political power and opportunities for plunder the continuance of the old system would have lodged at Washington. The present national banks make the best banking system the country has ever known, and though their circulation is based on Government bonds, they are private concerns practically disconnected from politics, and the attempt to apply the "town pump" theory to them, and make them provide circulation to the various States in proportion to their population, has broken down. Jackson undoubt-

\* American Statesmen. Andrew Jackson as a public man. What he was, what chances he had, and what he did with them. By William Graham Sumner. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

edly rendered a great service to the country, for which Mr. Sumner does not give him credit, in divorcing the federal administration and national politics from the business of banking.

Jackson was not a "statesman" in any proper sense of the word at all. He had almost no conception of the principles of government, and he had a furious and uncontrollable temper, which made it impossible for him to weigh evidence on any subject where personal antipathies were involved. He had, however, a blind belief in the future of the country, and in himself as a representative of it, which carried him through everything. He was, from the time of his early Indian fighting down to his retirement from politics, a despot; and his popularity came from his having an instinct for the kind of despotism the public wanted. He put down nullification in South Carolina, and removed the deposits from the bank, much as he hanged Ambrister and Arbuthnot in Florida. For law he cared nothing, and for law, during his time, the people of the United States cared little or nothing. The mob described by Adams were a frontier nation just beginning to feel their power. The traditions of the revolution and of federalism had died out. The Supreme Court under Marshall had done its work; the United States began to be feared without being much respected abroad. It was the period for an adventurer like Jackson to make himself the idol of the country, and he did it, by trampling law under foot, or by trampling resistance to it underfoot, as suited the occasion, but at every step making the national sense of growing importance stronger.

#### Blauvelt's "The Present Religious Conflict."

MR. BLAUVELT'S small book is intended as a sample. A "formal volume," or, perhaps, several formal volumes on the "Religion of Jesus" and "Supernatural Religion" are to follow this; in the future volumes the author will unfold more fully his theories. In this one he contents himself with the endeavor to prove that a crisis in theological thought has arrived; that the current orthodoxy is untenable; and that "a revision of the most revolutionary character" must be made of its fundamental doctrines. Mr. Blauvelt has strongly stated the objections to the received doctrines of inspiration, but he does not discuss the theory suggested by Professor Bruce and Doctor Newman Smyth, in which the Bible is treated as the record of the history of a people under special divine guidance. What answer he would make to this theory we cannot tell; possibly he might not dispute it. At any rate, he declares his belief that "the Bible contains, as well as professes to contain, an element which is in the form of a direct divine revelation." And, although he leaves us somewhat in the dark respecting his views of the nature of Christ, he strongly says: "It cannot be denied \* \* \* that the Jesus of the synoptical Gospels was a most pronounced believer in the supernatural. This Jesus believed in miracles. This Jesus believed in the efficacy of prayer. This Jesus believed in special providences. This Jesus believed in special and divine revelations. And this belief of Jesus in the supernatural, the miraculous, is

integral, inwrought, vital to his religious system" (page 120). When, therefore, he subsequently declares: "Our devotion to Jesus—the personal Jesus of history—is so great, our confidence in his religious system is so complete, and our consecration to his service is so absolute, that we are perfectly resigned, not only to follow after him in life, but to share his fortunes after death" (page 161), we are left to conclude that Mr. Blauvelt, like Strauss, has still a religion left, although he is rather chary about confessing it, and, notwithstanding the fact that, so far as the present volume reveals his temper, he is more ready to pull down than to build up. However, it is not fair to make a final judgment on this tentative and introductory essay. It should be added that Mr. Blauvelt writes, apparently, with conviction and sincerity.

#### De Kay's "The Vision of Esther."

THIS is a continuation of "The Vision of Nimrod" (reviewed in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for June, 1881). The specter of Esther, the priestess of the sunfane, appears to the Persian reformers and tells of her life as Nimrod's queen; her guilty passion for the high-priest Ahram; the cabals against the latter by Bitsu the eunuch; the madness of Nimrod; the ruin of the Tower of Babel and the plague in Babylon; Ahram's flight to the Mediterranean and his pursuit by Esther and Bitsu; the battle on the strand between fugitives and pursuers; and the final escape of Ahram, who sails away into the sunset. A third installment, to be entitled "The Vision of Ahram," will complete the series and will deal largely with America.

There is something impressive in the very size of Mr. de Kay's foundation plans; and the sincerity and boldness of the undertaking, on the part of so young a poet, ought to win sympathy from the generous reader. "The Vision of Esther" opens with the following invocation:

"Moon of the dusk, moon on the skirts of day,  
Scimitar moon gemmed with the star of even,  
Glad, as her cheek shyly from earth away  
Turns in the dark a virginal queen of heaven  
Sweetly you laugh, watching the weary rover  
O'er the rough wold open the low, dark door,  
And a fair maid draw to her breast the lover  
Whose image stands deep in her bosom's core:  
Moon of the trysting tree  
Yellow of blee—"

In this musical stanza there is the strong pulse which beats in the author's best verse. The narrative of "Esther" is more direct and less interrupted by the striking but confusing episodes which abounded in the first part. A poem of so large a scope must be judged by the conduct of the story, the dramatic sufficiency of the characters, the skill and force displayed in the invention of situations. On all these points it would be premature to pronounce until the appearance of the third and final part shall have put the poet's entire conception before the reader. Only then can it clearly be seen whether he has made a permanent addition to our larger poetic literature, or whether he has produced another of those big, dead poems which are rescued from oblivion, if at all, only by an exceptionally fine passage here and there. Meanwhile we may confess to liking the narrative and

\* The Present Religious Conflict. By Augustus Blauvelt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

\* The Vision of Esther. By Charles de Kay. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

descriptive parts of both "Visions" better than the reflective and conversational portions. We have been sensible, especially, of a certain awkwardness in the dialogue passages.

In his preface, the poet calls attention to the bearing of his poem on modern problems. "Polygamy sits in the heart of the United States. The status of woman in Europe and America is unsettled. He brews are still treated with gross or refined injustice. The American judiciary is corrupt. The priest still aims at material conquests. \* \* \* In this relation, there is no need to mention the daily unfairness of the white races to the dark-skinned, especially in the United States." Doubtless these applications will be made more closely in "The Vision of Ahram," but we trust that Mr. de Kay will not be led away by the desire to point a moral, but will do his best to make his series a *poem* and simply a poem,—not a contribution to sociology.

We wish to call particular attention to the divisions of the book entitled "The Flight to the Ships" and "The Battle on the Strand," which are perhaps the most rapid and spirited portions of the whole. As an example of the author's narrative manner, we quote the two stanzas which tell what befell when Esther saw the vessel of her wounded lover disappear in the west:

"The waters widen, darken now. And I  
Perceive his weak hand raised to me in answer—  
Forgiving. 'Tis a mute and sad good-bye.  
Too bitter! As the stricken gull, the lancer  
Of silly fish, struck by a slinger's stone  
Meets the cold sea, I leaped insensate onward,  
Downward, and plunged,—I rose. I was alone.  
But on the arc of one great pallor sunward  
The shadowy hulls appeared  
Like specters weird.

"The oaths and cries are soothed to merest prattle,  
Against the sky uphoisted, square the yards,  
Outree the sails; outdie the signs of battle,—  
A breeze upspring. As moths will quit their shreds,  
The moth-winged barks, like things that seek the splendor  
Of dayshine fled and glories of the sun,  
Stand on and on, until their outline slender  
Is etched, is sketched, is lost the west upon!  
Forever in that deep  
Methought to sleep."

These energetic and imaginative lines, in which the appearances of the horizon to a "man overboard" are indicated abruptly, and without wasting any words in the analysis of the swimmer's feelings, are very characteristic of what—if we wished to be pedantic—we might call Mr. de Kay's "method." With one more example from "The Battle on the Strand" we close our too brief notice of a very remarkable work:

"And for the third time Ahram reeled, the seeming  
Serenity that roused his foemen's wrath  
Shivered, as crack the faces cold of gleaming  
And moveless lakes below the whirlwind's path.  
But if the glacier glides its icy foot  
Below that wave, and clouds blot out the splendor  
Of sun—a jar—and through the liquid shoot  
Long crystals, catching in and in, to render  
The lake a clear dark block  
Hard as the rock."

Boker's "Book of the Dead."\*

We confess to being puzzled as to the purpose of Mr. Boker's long poem. That it would never have been written but for Mr. Tennyson's "In Memo-

\*The Book of the Dead. By George H. Boker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

riam" is clear enough. It follows that wonderfully tender and beautiful poem afar off; but what else it is "after" is not so evident. Mr. Tennyson had a well-chosen theme for his pearls of sorrow. A friend was dead whose remarkable beauty of character and intellectual promise set him within the very edge of the public vision. Private grief bordered closely on public woe. Of this Tennyson took advantage, and, with exquisite art, molded that perfect expression of the sense of bereavement and of its spiritual alleviations.

Mr. Boker, too, has an under-song about which to cluster a versified wrath, but precisely of what public value it is we are unable to discover, nor will he tell us.

"'Tis not my purpose to explain  
The truths here dimly set in view;  
These hieroglyphics of the brain  
Are meant for others to undo."

"I hang my painted pictures high,  
I paint them ill, or paint them well;  
If they say nothing to the eye  
Then I have nothing more to tell."

What we make out—indeed, we are told it again and again—is that some one has died,—some dear friend, "the man of men most loved by me." He had been great and successful and much worshiped in life. He had done much for many men, including some treacherous friends:

"In life they played their cunning parts,  
They lauded everything he did.  
In death, they—bold, heroic hearts—  
Stabbed at him through the coffin-lid!"

But who this friend was, and who the Judas was that betrayed him, or any sufficiently definite notions of time, place, or person, we do not learn. Sometimes the anguish seems to be wholly personal; sometimes it appears to have a larger front, and the reader looks for great public wrongs that should call for such an out-pouring of a year's vials of wrath which are to scar the memory of the "Judas" forever:

"At times the patience of my soul  
With sudden rage is overflowed;  
I sparkle like an angry coal  
On which a furious breath is blown."

"In wrath my frenzied numbers roar,  
A brandished sword in every verse,  
And thus upon my foes I pour  
The flames of my prophetic curse."

But—one is continually asking through two hundred and fourteen pages—why so publicly and impotently? If it is a general sorrow, why may we not all know about it, and share it intelligently? If it is private, why such exorbitant curses and lamentations, lasting through a year? If this song is meant to reach out into the wide public experience and embrace all men's grief and passion, the tone of the lament should indicate it more constantly. And herein, it seems to us, is the failure of the poet's art. He does not establish his claim to touch the public heart. His anguish is too individual to express what is common to all, and it is not individual enough to direct our sympathies.

Mr. Boker was not wont to play hide and seek with his purpose in the days when he wrote "The Betrothal" and "The Widow's Marriage," "The Bal-

lad of Sir John Franklin," and "Königsmark." To be sure, he was wont to take us over to

"Merry London, his most kindly nurse,"

and set us down in some by-street, where we could listen to Coleridge at one remove, or to Shakspeare at two. But, in story-telling, he went straight to the mark. His *dramatis personæ* were clever, and knew what to say and how to say it well. They were witty and bright, full of action and quite capable of passion, which they showed, but said little about. They spoke old English, indeed, and had committed to memory all the old stage traditions. But, whether as old friends or as clever friends, we felt an interest in them from the moment when they stated their troubles, or planned their fun, until they laughed or cried themselves off the stage. In the "Book of the Dead" there seems to be both less art and less reality.

#### A Prairie Idyl.\*

THE author of "A Prairie Idyl" is intent on living, and enters the sacred precincts at once, not stopping often to brood over her relations to others. Her fancy is charming, because it is healthy and playful, and shows a joyous sympathy with all life about us. The picture which is drawn in this opening poem, of a certain half-wild, half-cultivated, idyllic nook in the woods, shows a close union between precise knowledge and the idealizing faculty. The quiet and beautiful seclusion of this nook are described. In winter come to it "brave snow-birds searching after seeds"; in April, "marsh-marigolds on mound and fen."

"And certain birds come seeking then  
For nesting-nooks aloft or low:  
Song-sparrow, bluebird, robin, wren,  
All new in love as one might know—  
Deliriously trilling.  
Oh, how the world enchanted them!  
They fluttered, floated, flaunted by,  
Set clinging feet on stalk or stem,  
And sent *rowlands* into the sky  
As if it needed filling."

These musical visitors are followed by long processions of flowers.

"Ah, then, all out of perfect skies  
Rushed in the lover-bobolinks!  
Like Paganini, music-wise  
Each bird will tell you all he thinks  
On just that one-stringed viol.  
Should Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn  
Set awful challenges afloat;  
This little master, all alone  
Half-way in Heaven, would tune his throat  
And dare them to the trial."

A fancy like this comes from a bright spirit; but there is a deeper meditative mood which is equally natural and healthful. The minor strain in such poems as "When I Call" is exquisitely quaint and pure, and echoes with a sweet and wholly spiritual quality, like the strains of an organ played in the remote corner of a German cathedral. Such poems reach our profoundest religious feeling, and express, even if they do not satisfy, our spiritual longings. If they call to mind George Herbert and other writers, it is nothing against their originality. To walk in the shadow of a

great man, and yet to walk worthily of his great moods, showing no weakness, is evidence of original powers.

There is a reminiscence—perhaps of Mrs. Browning—in the poem "From Saurian to Seraph," but the poem has a strength of its own which promises dramatic force, and a rapidity and ease of transition which indicate the fusing heats of a vivid imagination. Two stanzas serve to suggest a picturesque group in front of a blacksmith's shop,—a lady dismounting from her pony, the brawny blacksmith and his skill,—the beauty of the day, and the rural surroundings, and finally to launch us fairly on the blacksmith's story. He has served seven years at his trade in England, and has since been in forty-two battles.

"Oh, then I had rich times! then I was proud!  
You should have seen: the sabre in my hand  
Was just one red, and dripping like a cloud!  
There never was a life so glad and grand.  
But when the last ball's ricochet made rout,  
And the last shell tore up the bloody sod,  
I used to call my corps of blacksmiths out,  
And drive the nails till every beast was shod."

He had been himself a brute, as low as the Saurian, and as rude:

"I served ten years because I loved to slay,  
And, having fought, was fed. Oh, it was grand!  
My brutish blood ran richer day by day."

Then this same Saurian instinct had followed him from the "service" into the "slums," till a spiritual warning from his dead mother, who had been a Quaker, and the gentle hand of another living Quaker, had suggested less brutal and more helpful ways:

"A truer life I found,  
Caught at the golden lines of brotherhood,  
And scrambled from the mire to safer ground."

He became a diligent engineer on the Underground Railroad, worked and read,

"loved Junius, Cicero,  
And Whittier, made the sober Quakers quake  
For laughter, with my violin and bow."

"Meanwhile I took a wife;—for what's a man  
With all his loves at dry-rot in his heart?  
Unseasoned timbers—bound to mar the plan  
And sink the ship, however fair the chart.  
But a good wife is like a strong, sweet breeze  
That searches in and out and keeps all right."

Then came the rebellion, and he resumed the brute; recovered again, was taken and confined in a rebel prison for two years, was brought home an idiot, but recovered from that also, and rose by degrees from the Saurian stage to the point whence he could at least see the "Seraphs." The story is well told, and is tolerably full of good dramatic incident.

\* Besides this deeper strain,—which, as we have seen, can be passionate,—and a more simple, well-controlled thought, which is sometimes searchingly philosophical, the author has a sureness of ear, of taste, and of judgment, of a very high order.

We are authorized to say that the author of "A Prairie Idyl and other Poems" is Miss Amanda T. Jones, whose name our readers will recognize as having been associated with some of the most thoughtful and original of these very poems, when published for the first time in the pages of this magazine.

\* A Prairie Idyl, and other Poems. Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### The Legal Relations of Mistress and Servant.

THE relations of mistress and servant are so governed by custom and tradition that few ladies, in hiring cooks, chambermaids, or waitresses, and few cooks, chambermaids, or waitresses, in being hired, remember that they are entering into a legal relation. Neither party to this bargain is in the habit of appealing to the courts. No written contract is entered into, and possible litigation and damages are not, as in the case of most other contracts, kept constantly in view. Nevertheless, the relation of mistress and maid is subject to many well-defined rules of law, a few of which are of considerable practical importance. We say the relation between mistress and maid, because, in this country, the actual relations of servants are generally with the lady of the house, though, when it comes to litigation, the parties who appear in court are generally of the other sex. Usually the husband of the mistress is in law responsible for her dealings with her servants, while among servants a litigious disposition is rarely developed among the gentler sex. The rules of law, however, are the same for both sexes.

One of the questions which must frequently arise in any employer's mind is what remedy she has for simple idleness and neglect of duty on the part of a servant. The right of chastisement is obsolete, and the right to obtain a decree for what is known to lawyers as specific performance has never been recognized by the courts. Under these circumstances custom and law coincide in leaving only one course open, which, curiously enough, was that recommended by the learned Puffendorf two centuries ago, "to expel the lazy drones" and "leave them to their own beggarly condition." This advice Puffendorf derived entirely from his investigations into the law of nature. The common law of the United States is, however, precisely in accord with the law of nature, and its rule about idle servants, expressed in the vernacular of to-day, is simply to discharge them.

When they are discharged, is it the duty of the mistress to give them "characters"? This was settled long ago in the case of *Card v. Bird* (3 Esp., 201), decided in England, at the beginning of this century, by Lord Kenyon. The plaintiff's wife, having been dismissed from the service of the defendant, applied to a Mrs. S. for a situation. Mrs. S. was willing to take her if she could get a character from the defendant. The defendant refused to give her one, and she consequently brought an action. Lord Kenyon said that such an action had never been heard of then, and no such action has been heard of since. But, though the employer is not bound to give any character at all, she is at perfect liberty to do so, and if she does it she is bound to tell the truth, and not indulge in malicious insinuations. The rules of law with regard to servants' characters are simply those of a sound social morality. One or two cases decided in the English courts will show this and the rules

would be precisely the same in this country. Sir Gervas Clifton never complained of his butler's conduct while he was with him, but suddenly dismissed him without notice, and without a month's wages. The butler was not entitled to the month's wages, but refused to leave the house without them. A violent altercation took place, and a policeman was sent for who finally ejected the butler. Sir Gervas subsequently gave the butler a very bad character, and, in the course of it, made some charges which were not true. On these facts the butler recovered a verdict for twenty pounds. (*Rogers v. Clifton*, 3 B. and P., 587.) Under ordinary circumstances, characters given to or statements made about servants are what are known at law as "privileged communications," that is, they may be made, if made truthfully, without fear of the consequences. Thus, in another English case, a master discharged his cook and footman, and they asked him his reason for doing so; he told the footman, in the absence of the cook, that "he and the cook had been robbing him," and told the cook, in the absence of the footman, that he had discharged her because "she and the footman had been robbing him." It was decided that these statements were privileged, and that neither cook nor footman had any cause of action against him.

Disputes of this sort seldom get into the courts in this country, partly because we are less litigious than the English, and partly because work is easier to get here. A dispute which has been made the subject of adjudication here is one which, no doubt, often arises in practice between master and servant and mistress and maid; and that is, when the servant leaves the employment wrongfully before his or her term of service expires, is the employer bound to pay for the time? The old rule was that nothing was due. The modern rule is unsettled, but the better opinion is that the employer is bound to pay for the time actually given. In most cases, however, we presume the servant actually receives wages for the whole time.

G. S.

### "Going Abroad for an Education."

I HAVE read the article in the September CENTURY on "Going Abroad for an Education," with interest and hearty approval of the points made, with one exception. My observation and experience differ from those of the writer of that article in regard to the conditions upon which a young man can take a degree in a German university. He says the diplomas which Americans receive at German universities "are nothing more, as a rule, than certificates that they have pursued certain studies at these universities, and quite another thing from the degree which the German student receives. It is hardly within the range of possibility for a graduate from an American college, even if he 'reads a little German,' to be graduated at a German university."

Allow me to modify this statement. I am personally acquainted with at least a dozen graduates

from American colleges who have taken the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from German universities within the last seven years. The diploma in these cases is no mere certificate of studies pursued, but a certificate of the degree conferred "*propter egregiam . . . scientiam dissertatione et examine adprobata*" — as reads one to which I refer, and which is identical with the diploma given to the German graduate. The examination is often undergone — at least in Göttingen — side by side with a German student, and no distinction is made between the American and German in regard to the questions. Every student, it is true, whether he be a candidate for a degree or not, has, in his *Anmeldungs-buch*, a certificate of studies pursued. This is a book which each matriculate receives, and in which he enters the lectures he proposes to attend. Following these entries are blanks for the treasurer's receipt for fees, and for the signatures of the professors at the beginning, middle, and end of the Semester, in certification of faithful attendance on their lectures. The book thus shows at a glance what lectures, etc., the student has paid for and attended. It is, however, not a certificate from the university, but rather a collection of individual certificates from the professors, of attendance merely.

As to matriculation at a German university, in no case within my knowledge has an American candidate been called upon to pass an examination on the studies of the gymnasium. His college diploma has, in most cases, been enough to secure his admission to the university privileges. The only examination he has to look forward to is the final one for his degree. "Annals" are unknown.

Allow me to re-state, in the following terms, the conditions upon which a graduate of an American college, who "reads a little German," can take a degree in a German university. (1) Familiarity with the language. (2) The successful accomplishment of an original investigation in the student's specialty. (3) The presentation of a dissertation giving the results of this work (but not required, I believe, at Heidelberg). (4) A searching oral examination on the student's specialty and the branches subordinate to it.

John T. Stoddard.

#### A Young Folks' School of Observation.

OUR school system too often trains out of existence some of the most valuable faculties of the human mind. Children are taught to read and write and cipher till their mental vision becomes too shortsighted to note the infinite changes of earth and sky and water. The power to see, to discriminate, to interpret facts, is lost, and with it the great educational influences of later life. The curiosity of a child carries with it a divine intimation. He is not born a questioning animal, merely to drive to distraction the grown-up world to which he belongs. But, like every other God-given faculty, this curiosity needs to be wisely directed and judiciously repressed, or satisfied, as the case may be.

A mere book education is a very poor preparation for the real work of life. Scholars are proverbially impractical, and what is true of the extreme instance is, in a modified sense, equally true of those which are less extreme. There is no one mental quality of

such universal application in everyday life as the power of keen and accurate observation, and just this power an undue application to books destroys.

Anything which promises to supplement school training by the development of the observing faculty, merits the hearty sympathy and coöperation of all who are interested in the cause of education. This is exactly what the Agassiz Association proposes to do, while, at the same time, it gathers a fund of facts, and affords healthful amusement to the children interested in it. The idea of a Natural Science Association for children originated in Switzerland, but America was not long in following the example. Some years ago this American Society was organized at Lenox, Mass.

In the November number of the "St. Nicholas Magazine" for 1880, Mr. Harlan H. Ballard, the founder of the chapter at Lenox, published a little article, proposing a St. Nicholas branch to the Agassiz Association. The editor cordially indorsed the idea, and since then the pages of that magazine have been, from time to time, the vehicle of communication in matters pertaining to the Association. In response to the invitation issued in November, hundreds of letters came pouring in from children all over the land, and by the following February twenty-seven chapters, numbering over two hundred members, had been formed as parts of the St. Nicholas branch.

Mr. Ballard undertook to receive and answer the letters. The Association, at the expiration of twenty months, had, however, reached the number of three thousand four hundred members, etc., and the correspondence had become enormous, really beyond the management of one man. Mr. Ballard has therefore published a little hand-book,\* the one whose title is given at the bottom of this page, which is intended to answer many of these questions. It gives a history of the Association; directions how to form a chapter; suggestions as to the mode of writing; rules for the making and filling of cabinets; a list of the books to be consulted, and many other suggestions interesting and useful to a beginner in the fascinating study of science. The Association can scarcely be too highly commended as a happy combination of amusement and instruction, without the usual aimlessness of the one and the irksomeness of the other.

S. B. H.

#### "To Teach the Young Idea How to Shoot."

THE article upon "Children's Logic," by S. B. H., in the August CENTURY, struck a responsive chord in the heart of one who would like to add a word upon the subject. If, through life, our progress in reasoning could be made proportional to that of the first years of childhood, old age would find us much wiser than we are. But the natural powers of observation are too soon made to give place to the artificial training of the schools, when, with many children, mental development ceases. Many of us have grown up in utter ignorance of the beautiful things in nature by which we are surrounded, when, if we had received satisfactory answers to our eager, childish questions, we might have found a charm in the natural history taught

\* Hand-Book of the "St. Nicholas" Agassiz Association. By Harlan H. Ballard, Principal of Lenox Academy: Pittsfield, Mass.

in the schools, which, in its theoretical treatment, seemed to repel us.

It is indeed true that "mother" ought to mean more to children than it usually does; but this will never be so long as mothers of wealth, devoting their time to the pleasures of fashionable society, give up their children entirely to the care of illiterate servants; so long as the mothers of poverty work for the scanty food which sustains their children; or the mothers of the middle class, unheeding the mental and moral nakedness of their children, spend their time in making clothing which, in its elaborateness, is inclined to rival that of the children of wealthy parents.

Why do we meet with so many uninteresting men and women, so many who dress well and talk well, so far as the grammatical form is concerned, but whose dearth of ideas is disclosed by the tendency to gossip? Mothers should make themselves interesting to their children, and answer their questions, instead of repelling them. If the questions are puzzling,—as many of them are,—the problems, if reasonable, should be solved, though days of earnest research be necessary to do it. Any mother of intelligence and ambition, with the means now within the reach of every one, can acquire a knowledge of botany, geology, zoölogy, and astronomy, which will render a walk with her children, by day or by night, a perfect delight to her and to them. These things will quicken their observation and make them more intelligent men and women; also happier, because no matter where their lot may be cast, the wonders of nature will be before their eyes, an everlasting source of enjoyment.

This is no dream of the imagination, but the outcome of a successful experiment. I could tell you of a little girl, six years old, who cannot read a word, but who knows many flowers, and how they grow, and can roughly classify them; who knows the names of some of the planets and constellations, and where to look for them; who delights in watching the ants, bees, and birds, and in hearing stories about them, and who expresses her ideas with ease and accuracy. All this has been accomplished without perceptible effort on the part of the child, though, of course, there has been earnest effort on the part of the mother.

*Lillian Mayne.*

#### A Family Ice-house.

MANY people imagine that domestic economy means a heroic going without; but true economy means a liberal use of everything that administers to good health. So far as ice is concerned, the best economy is to use it in profusion. Have as much as you want, but cut and store the ice yourself, or buy it at wholesale in winter, when it is cheap. Every family that has room enough out of doors for a small ice-house will save money by building one. It should be as much a part of the establishment as the refrigerator in the kitchen. It need not be unsightly, nor at all troublesome to keep in order. Charitable societies in cities give ice to the sick poor in hot weather, and if you are generous,—paradoxical as it may appear,—a well-filled ice-house will seldom be a source of coolness between neighbors.

Ice melts faster in free air than in confined air, faster in water than in confined air, and faster in the

sun than in the shade. It will melt in any ice-house; it simply melts slowly in a good one, and rapidly in a poor one. Reduced to its simple elements, the success of an ice-house depends upon site, drainage, ventilation, and construction. The best site for a family ice-house is some shady place under a tree, or the north side of a building which is also protected from the wind. Shade is of the first importance, and shelter from the wind the next; so, if there is a choice, take the shady place. If a good position cannot be found, put it anywhere. The melting ice in the house causes a constant flow of water. If the soil on which the house is to stand is sandy or gravelly, and has a gentle slope, there is nothing to do but to dig a cellar about two feet deep and fill it with stones. Cover the upper layers with smaller stones and sand. This will make the floor on which the ice is to rest. The water will escape easily through the sand and stones, and there will be no chance for currents of air to flow upward into the house. The tendency of the air in a badly made ice-house is always to flow through it. Therefore, while there must be drainage, there must be no inlets for air. If the soil is wet and not easily drained, the surface must be covered two feet thick with stones, and the house placed on top of this. If this is done, the sides of the stone work must be made tight with mortar, to prevent the entrance of air. If provision must be made for carrying off the water, the pipe must be trapped to prevent the air from entering the pipe and thus getting into the house. A well-drained foundation having been prepared, a wooden sill must be laid, on which the walls are to rest. On this sill will rest the uprights. These may be simply planks eight inches wide and two inches thick. They may be placed at intervals on the sill, and held in place by a string-piece on top. On the outside of the uprights may be nailed boards with battens or clapboards. On the inside they are simply boarded up with cheap stuff. The whole aim is to make a hollow wall. The space between the outside and inside boarding must be filled solid with tan-bark, saw-dust, or rough chaff of any kind. Upon the walls place a common pitch-roof, boarded and battened or shingled. It must be rain-tight, and must not be air-tight. There should be an opening at the ends, or a hood or ventilator, to permit a free circulation of air through the upper part of the house. The door should have double walls filled with saw-dust.

These, in brief, are the conditions: perfect drainage below, double walls filled with saw-dust, no entrance for air below, and free ventilation above. The ice should be laid on a foot of saw-dust or chaff, and a space of twelve inches all round between the ice and the wall should be filled with saw-dust, as well as all the cracks between the blocks. When it is all in the house, saw-dust is spread two feet deep on top of the ice. The cost of an ice-house must vary with the price of labor and materials. A house twelve feet square and ten feet high will hold enough ice for one family, and certainly will not cost much money to build. An ice-house should always be painted white, and, if convenient, it should be covered with vines, which will partly neutralize the heat of the sun's rays.

*Charles Barnard.*

## THE WORLD'S WORK.

### Boat Propulsion.

WHILE the power used to move ships has been made the subject of many experiments, and marine engines have been brought to a high degree of efficiency, the screw by which the power has been utilized has, in a certain sense, stood still. Its position at the stern has remained unchanged ever since it was first used. It has been tried at the bow, where it worked well enough, until it proved troublesome when brought in contact with drift-wood. It has been placed at the sides, where it operated only as an imperfect paddle-wheel. More recently it has been tried in an entirely new position. The vessel to which the new method of placing the screw has been applied is a lighter, designed for carrying heavy freight upon a crooked and shallow river. The hull, which is of wood, is about 28.35 meters (ninety feet) long, and 10.08 meters (thirty-two feet) wide, and draws about one meter, when loaded with one hundred tons of freight. In general appearance the boat does not differ from the ordinary steam-lighters used in American waters. The hull is of the usual shape, except at the stern. Here the after-body turns abruptly inward at the water-line, making a double curve toward the stern-post. Below the water-line, the hull carries a lip or projection that follows the ordinary lines of a ship's stern. In the concave recess on each side of the stern is placed a single screw facing outward. That is, the shaft carrying a screw at each end extends directly across the hull. This shaft is just at the water-line, and carries each screw half-submerged. The deck above each screw overhangs the hull, as in American river-boats. The engine (which for certain reasons is quite small for the boat) is placed between the two screws and directly connected with the shaft. On turning the two screws placed in this position, it would appear that they would act as paddle-wheels. They do so, but the amount of work performed in moving the boat is thought to be very small. Experiments seem to prove that the movement of the boat is caused by the streams of water turned by the screws against the wedge-shaped hull. The water thrown into the concave part of the stern cannot easily escape, and the result is the hull is thrust forward by the action of the water against it. The actual trials of the boat show that she can be moved with a full load, in rather rough water, "at a speed of from four to five knots an hour. This is considered a good speed for such a boat, with an engine of such power. On the second trial trip, careful measurements were made of the power utilized by the screws. The boat was towed at her usual speed, and the amount of strain on the tow-line found by the aid of a dynamometer. The power needed to move the boat, compared with the actual working power of the engine, was found to be over fifty per cent. In other words, one-half the actual power of the engine appears to be realized in moving the boat. This is regarded as a very favorable showing for the position of the

screws. The trial trips of the new boat are regarded as interesting contributions to the question of screw-propulsion. The positions of the screws gives a good economy of the power employed, and in the new and faster boats, that are to be built upon the same pattern, even more interesting results may be expected.

### The Waterphone.

THIS is the name applied to a new mechanical device for observing, by means of sound, the flow of liquids in pipes. It consists of a metallic diaphragm inclosed in an ear-trumpet resembling a telephone. The diaphragm is connected and supported at the center by a slender steel rod that extends through the trumpet, while it is free on all sides and does not touch the trumpet in which it is inclosed. The object sought is to amplify any sonorous vibrations that may travel through the rod, so that, on placing the trumpet to the ear, the sounds may be heard. So far, the only use to which the apparatus has been put has been the detection of waste in city service-pipes. The apparatus is applied directly to the valve or stop-cock controlling the supply of water delivered at dwellings. The stop-cock is uncovered by opening the trap in the sidewalk, and the key is turned till the water is shut off. The steel rod of the instrument, which is threaded at the end, is then screwed into the top of the key. If any water is escaping past the stop-cock, or if the pipe leaks at this point, the sound of the moving water is heard in the waterphone. On letting the water flow freely into the house, any leaks or waste within may be detected in the same way. Any stream, however small, makes a sound, and by the aid of the apparatus it may be amplified or increased sufficiently in volume to enable the observer to tell how much water is running past the stop-cock. These observations are made at midnight, when the streets are quiet and when the water is supposed to be shut off within the house. The chief merit of the invention lies in the simple and convenient manner in which the sonorous vibrations caused by flowing liquids may be conveyed to the ear. While the apparatus has, so far, only been applied to the detection of leaks in water-pipes, it will, no doubt, find many other uses. It could be used to observe sounds caused by mechanical movements in places not easily accessible. It is practically an enlarged stethoscope for detecting obscure sounds. In some cities the stop-cock placed under the sidewalk is turned by a long rod let down into a small well in the walk. This rod has, in such places, been used to detect waste. It is simply held to the ear (and it might better be held in the teeth with the ears closed), when the sound of the water may be heard, the sonorous vibrations traveling along the rod to the ear, or, if held in the teeth, thence through the bones of the head to the ear. The diaphragm for amplifying the sounds is clearly an improvement on this.

## The Music Electograph.

THE suggestion was made in "The World's Work" for June (page 318, vol. xxiv.) that the common chemical telegraph systems, of which the American Rapid is an example, might easily be made to record music played upon an organ or piano. It now appears that this idea has been made the subject of experiment, and that a practical apparatus has recently been constructed to carry out this suggestion. The inventions were quite independent, and appear to have been made at about the same time. In the new apparatus the recording mechanism is quite independent of the instrument to which it is to be electrically connected. The aim is to cause the depression of a key of the piano to close a circuit, and to accomplish this a wooden bar is placed over the keys and resting at each end on the blocks at the sides of the key-board. From this bar are suspended, by wire rods, pellets, that rest one on each key, for about four octaves in the center of the key-board. Each of these pellets has a slight vertical play, and serves to make and break an electric circuit. While the key is untouched, the pellet is supported and the circuit is open. On depressing the key the pellet falls and the circuit is closed, and remains closed as long as the key is kept down. Wires connect each pellet with a small battery, and with a recording apparatus resembling the ordinary Morse recorder, the wires being insulated and twisted together into a cable. The recording apparatus consists of a clock train for moving a system of rollers, through which a ribbon of paper is caused to move. The first set of rollers moisten the paper with the chemical solution, this solution being the same as used in any chemical telegraph. The next system of rollers is both printing and recording, one roller making the lines in ink upon the paper that represent the musical staff, and the other being placed in the circuit from the battery. A style kept in position by a spring rests upon the ribbon, as it passes over this roller, there being a style for every circuit and for every note of the four octaves. The depressing of any key closes that circuit, and causes the current to flow through the style and through the moving paper, and, so long as the current passes, a blue stain is left on the paper. These stains represent the notes touched on the key-board. Another circuit, with a circuit-closing device in the form of a foot-pedal, is added to mark the bars or the beginning of each measure. From an examination of a portion of one of the stained ribbons, it appears the music staff is printed in narrow, black lines, there being four ledger lines above the treble staff and three below the bars, these being dotted lines to distinguish them from the others. The music is recorded in long and short stains, and in choral style of music can be read and played without serious difficulty. In the copy seen, the markings of the time was very indistinct, but, aside from this, it was clear enough to be played at sight, as from the common musical notation, and there appears to be no reason why any music could not be recorded in the apparatus, and with a little practice easily transcribed into the ordinary characters. So far as can be learned, the apparatus is a practical success.

## New Motors.

Two motors, both designed to be independent of steam, have been recently carried through the experimental stage, and now appear to be ready for the severer test of actual work in business. Of the examples examined, one is a five horse-power engine, using crude petroleum as a fuel, and the other is a ten horse-power air-engine. Of the many experiments that have been made to use petroleum as a source of power, by far the larger part have been based upon the idea of using the oil as a fuel in making steam. In the new motor the oil is burned in or near the cylinder, very much as gas is burned in a gas-engine. In the engine examined, the cylinder is horizontal, and rests upon a stand or frame containing a tank for compressed air. The piston and the two piston-rods are hollow, the rods being connected by means of flexible tubes with the street-main, so that a constant circulation of cold water is kept up through one rod and the piston, and out through the other rod. There is also a water-jacket on the cylinder, the object being to keep all parts as cool as possible. At the end of the engine, and connected with the crank-shaft, is a small air-pump for keeping the air-tank filled with compressed air. The crude oil is kept in a tank near the engine, and is drawn from the tank as required in the engine, through a small pipe, by a small pump connected with the engine. The oil is delivered by the pump to a burner placed at the rear end of the cylinder. This burner has an annular wick, the oil being thrown upon the rear end of the wick, while the air needed for combustion is supplied from the compressed-air tank. To prevent the flame from passing into the cylinder, the end of the cylinder next the burner is covered with fine wire-netting. In the center of the burner is the inlet for the compressed air, the opening being controlled by a valve moved by the engine. There is also a governor for regulating the supply of air, the design being to cut off the air at any point of the stroke required. The engine is single-acting, and its operation may be easily understood. When it is desired to start the engine, the burner is lighted through an opening at the top, and the engine is given a few turns by hand to obtain a supply of compressed air. The piston being drawn back near the burner, the compressed air is allowed to enter. The immediate effect is a greatly increased combustion of the oil, and the air is heated and expanded. The expansion of the air is the immediate source of power, and under its influence the piston is driven backward, thus making the effective stroke. At the right point the supply of air is cut off, the stroke being finished by the expansion already obtained. At the end of the stroke the exhaust port, which is the same as the inlet at the end of the cylinder, is opened, and the spent air is allowed to escape while the piston is moved back by the momentum of the engine. The engine examined was not at work at the time, it having just been stopped for the purpose of painting; but, from reliable reports, it is said to work cheaply and easily, and with very little attention. It is believed to be the first motor of its class using a cut-off controlled by a governor, and having both the air and oil supply regulated by the speed and the amount of work put upon the motor.

The second motor is described as a differential high-pressure air-engine. By this is meant that heated air is employed as the source of power, the same body of air being continuously heated and cooled alternately, the difference between the pressure of the cold and the hot air being used to move the pistons in the cylinders. To accomplish this, four cylinders are used and arranged in pairs for the purpose of balancing one against the other. In each pair is a working-cylinder with a piston having a single action, or one effective stroke, and a larger cylinder in which the air is heated preparatory to its use in the working-cylinder. The four cylinders are upright and are grouped together, the larger ones of each pair being placed over the furnaces. The pistons in each of the larger cylinders are connected by means of their rods and link, and a rocking beam, thus balancing one against the other. The pistons in the two working-cylinders are also connected in the same way. Above each of the larger cylinders is placed a great number of small air-pipes and surrounded by a casing. Cold water is designed to circulate around these pipes precisely as in a condenser. There is also an air-pump and a water circulating pump connected with the engine. While these are the main features of the motor, the arrangement of the various parts is too complicated for explanation without the aid of intricate diagrams. It is sufficient to observe the principle upon which the engine works and to note the results.

The air used in the engine is confined and is employed over and over, alternately heated in the larger cylinder immediately over the fire, and then displaced by the movement of the piston and allowed to expand and thus spend its force in the working-cylinder. After the stroke is made, this same body of air, by the descent of the working piston (by the movement of the opposite piston), is passed to the condenser and goes through the small pipes back into the larger cylinder. On its passage through the small pipes it parts with a portion of its heat and is reduced in pressure. The power is thus obtained by the difference in pressure between the heated and the cooled air. The air above the pistons in the working-cylinders is not used as a source of power, as it is merely transferred through pipes from one cylinder to the other, and each stroke thus making the pressure above the pistons the same in each cylinder at all times. The motor examined was at work and appeared to run with great steadiness. It was silent, and moving at a speed of over eighty revolutions a minute. The engine has been at work for over a year, and has been put to a number of practical tests, the most severe being the running of a series of electric lights, and with entire success. It is reported, on good authority, to be very economical in fuel and oil; it certainly is easily managed, and is safe from all danger of fire and explosion. Engines of one or more hundred horse-power are soon to be built upon the same plan.

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

## Narcissus in Camden.

A CLASSICAL DIALOGUE OF THE YEAR 1882.

*("In the course of his lecture Mr. ——— remarked that the most impressive room he had yet entered in America was the one in Camden town where he met ———. It contained plenty of fresh air and sunlight. \* \* \* On the table was a simple cruse of water." \* \* \*)*

PAUMANOKIDES. NARCISSUS.

PAUMANOKIDES.

Who may this be?

This young man clad unusually, with loose locks, languorous, glidingly toward me advancing,

Toward the ceiling of my chamber his orbic and expressive eye-balls uprolling,

As I have seen the green-necked wild-fowl the mallard in the thundering of the storm,

By the weedy shore of Paumanok my fish-shaped island.

Sit down, young man!

I do not know you, but I love you with burning intensity,

I am he that loves the young men, whosoever and wheresoever they are or may be hereafter, or may have been any time in the past,

Loves the eye-glassed literat, loves also and probably more the vender of clams, raucous-throated, monotonous-chanting,

Loves the Elevated Railroad employee of Mannahatta my city;

I suppress the rest of the list of the persons I love, solely because I love you,

Sit down *Alce*, I receive you!

NARCISSUS.

O clarion, from whose brazen throat

Strange sounds across the seas are blown,

Where England, girl as with a moat,

A strong sea-lion, sits alone!

A pilgrim from that white-cliffed shore,

What joy, large flower of Western land!

To seek thy democratic door,

With eager hand to clasp thy hand!

PAUMANOKIDES.

Right you are!

Take then the electric pressure of these fingers, O my Comrade!

I do not doubt you are the one I was waiting for, as I loaf'd here enjoying my soul,  
Let us two under all and any circumstances stick together from this out!

NARCISSUS.

Seeing that isle of which I spake but late  
By ignorant demagogues is held in fee,  
The grand Greek limbs of young Democracy  
Beckoned me thence to this ideal State,  
Where maiden fields of life Hellenic wait  
For one who in clear culture walks apart  
(Avoiding all rude clamors of the mart  
That mar his calm) to sow the seeds of great  
Growths yet to be—the love of sacred Art,  
And Beauty, of this breast queen consecrate,  
Whose throne mean Science seeks to violate;  
The flawless artist's lunacy serene,  
His purely passionate and perfect hate  
And noble scorn of all things Philistine.

PAUMANOKIDES.

Hold up there, Camerado!  
Beauty is all very good as far as it goes, and Art the perpetuator of Beauty is all very good as far  
as it goes, but you can tell your folks,  
Your folks in London, or in Dublin, or in Rome, or where the Arno flows, or where Seine flows,  
Your folks in the picture-galleries, admiring the Raphaels, the Tintoretos, the Rubenses, Vandykes,  
Correggios, Murillos, Angelicos of the world,  
(I know them all, they have effused to me, I have wrung them out, I have abandoned them, I have  
got beyond them.)—

NARCISSUS (*aside, with tenderness*).

Ah, Burne-Jones!

PAUMANOKIDES.

Tell them that I am considerably more than Beauty!  
I, representing the bone and muscle and cartilage and adipose tissue and pluck of the Sierras, of  
California, of the double Carolinas, of the Granite State, and the Narragansett Bay State, and the  
Wooden Nutmeg State!  
I, screaming with the scream of the bald-headed bird the eagle in the primitive woods of America my  
country, in the hundred and sixth year of these States!

Dear son, I have learned the secret of the Universe,  
I learned it from my original *bonne*, the white-capped ocean,  
I learned it from the Ninth-Month Equinoctial, from the redwood-tree, and the Civil War, and the  
hermit-thrush, and the telephone, and the Corliss engine,  
The secret of the Universe is not Beauty, dear son, nor is it Art the perpetuator of Beauty,  
The secret of the Universe is to admire one's self.  
Camerado, you hear me!

NARCISSUS.

Ah, I too loitering on an eve of June  
Where one wan narciss leaned above a pool,  
While overhead Queen Dian rose too soon,  
And through the Tyrian clematis the cool  
Night airs came wandering wearily, I too,  
Beholding that pale flower, beheld Life's key at last, and knew

That love of one's fair self were but indeed  
Just worship of pure Beauty; and I gave  
One sweet, sad sigh, then bade my fond eyes feed  
Upon the mirrored treasure of the wave,  
Like that lithe beauteous boy in Tempe's vale,  
Whom hapless Echo loved—thou know'st the Heliconian tale!

And while heaven's harmony in lake and gold  
Changed to a faint nocturne of silver-gray,  
Like rising sea-mists from my spirit rolled  
The grievous vapors of this Age of Clay  
Beholding Beauty's re-arisen shrine,  
And the white glory of this precious loveliness of mine!

PAUMANOKIDES.

I catch on, my Comrade!  
—You allow that your aim is similar to mine, after all is said and done.  
Well, there is not much similarity of style, and I recommend my style to you.  
Go gaze upon the native rock-piles of Mannahatta, my city,  
Formless, reckless,

Marked with the emerald miracle of moss, tufted with the unutterable wonder of the exquisite green grass,

Giving pasture to the spry and fearless-footed quadruped the goat,  
Also patched by the heaven-ambitious citizens with the yellow handbill, the advertisement of patent soaps, the glaring and vari-colored circus poster:

Mine, too, for reasons, such arrays;

Such my unfettered verse, scorning the delicatessen of dilettantes.

Try it, I'll stake you my ultimate dollar you'll like it.

NARCISSUS (*gracefully waiving the point*).

Haply in the far, the orient future, in the dawn we herald like the birds,  
Men shall read the legend of our meeting, linger o'er the music of our words;

Haply coming poets shall compare me then to Milton in his lovely youth,  
Sitting in the cell of Galileo, learning at his elder's lips the truth.

Haply they shall liken these dear moments, safely held in History's amber clear,  
Unto Dante's converse bland with Virgil, on the margin of that gloomy mere!

PAUMANOKIDES.

Do not be deceived, dear son;

Amid the choruses of the morn of progress, roaring, hilarious, those names will be heard no longer.

Galileo was admirable once, Milton was admirable,

Dante the Italian was a cute man in his way,

But he was not the maker of poems, the Answerer!

I Paumanokides am the maker of poems, the Answerer,

And I calculate to chant as long as the earth revolves,

To an interminable audience of haughty, effusive, copious, gritty, and chipper Americans!

NARCISSUS.

What more is left to say or do?

Our minds have met; our hands must part.

I go to plant in pastures new

The love of Beauty and of Art.

I'll shortly start.

One town is rather small for two

Like me and you!

PAUMANOKIDES.

So long!

Helen Gray Cone.

#### PAGES FROM AN ALBUM.

THE little book, some of whose pages we herewith reproduce, is a tiny autograph album, whose blue plush covers contain not a mere list of names wrung from bored but complaisant notabilities, but all sorts of willing and charming tributes of friendship in verse, in prose, in picture. We can no farther tell who is the owner of this marvelous little album, than that it is a young American. It is in the name of charity that she lets us print (with the consent of the authors and their representatives) two of its most notable contributions. The slight but graceful verses of Longfellow were, he himself said at the time, the only ones that he ever wrote originally for an album. The Browning lines have a personal interest; the first ten appeared in one of his latest volumes; the last ten are new, and are in explanation (where none should have been demanded) of one of his finest and most characteristic utterances.

"Touch him mine so lightly, into song he broke:  
Song so quick-receptive - not our feather, seed,  
Not one flower - just felt but straight it fell awake -  
Vitalizing virtue: song would song suckled  
Sudden as spontaneous - prove a poet-soul!"

Indust?

With's the song-soil rather, sweet hard and bare:  
Sun and dew their midnights, storm and frost their rage:  
Vainly both expand - flowers few awaken there:  
Quiet in its cleft broods - what the after-age  
Knows and names a pine, a nation's heritage.

Thus I wrote in London, musing on my better,  
 Poets dead and gone: and lo, the critic's cry  
 "Out on such a boast!" — as if I dreamed that fellows  
 Binding Dante, bind up — me! as if, true, poets,  
 were not also humble!

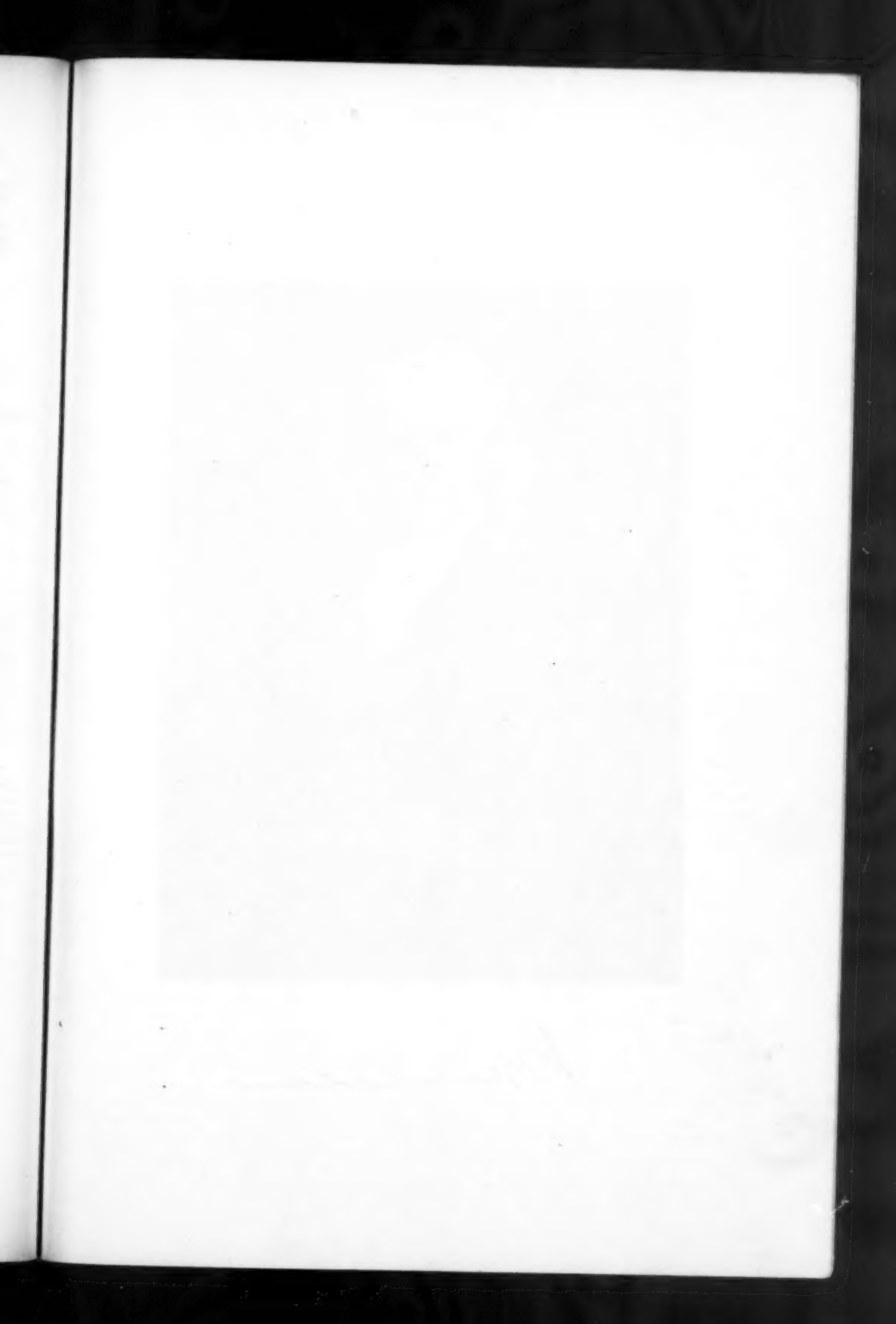
So I smiled and sighed  
 As I opened your book in Venice this bright morning,  
 Sweetest and friend of mine! and felt the lay or song  
 "What so in my soil lie — truck — for praise or scolding —  
 Out in grateful fancies — weeds, but weeds upland  
 Almost into flowers — held by such a kindly hand!  
 Robert Browning. Venice, Oct. 14. '80.

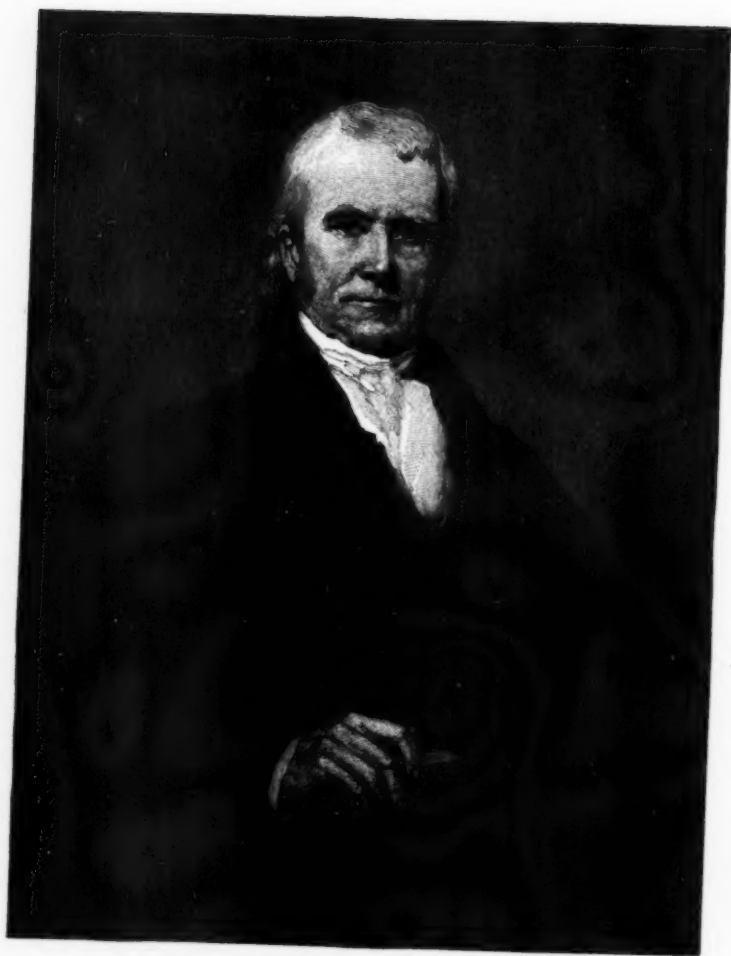
She who comes to me and pleadseth  
 In the lovely name of Edith,  
 Will not fail of what was wanted.  
 Edith means the "Blessed"; therefore  
 All that she may wish or care for  
 Will, when best for her, be granted!

Johnny W. Longfellow

Jan 1. 1873.







*J. Mansell*

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